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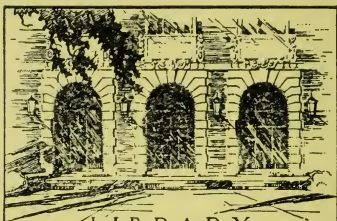


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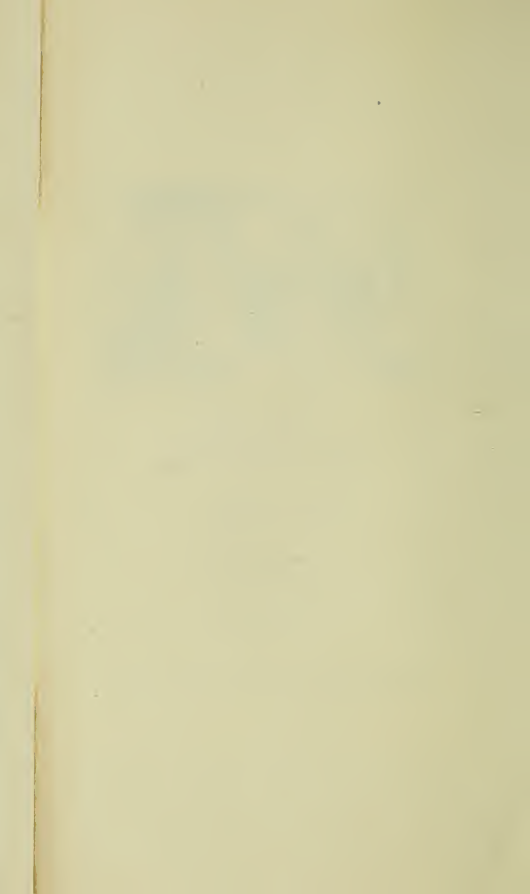


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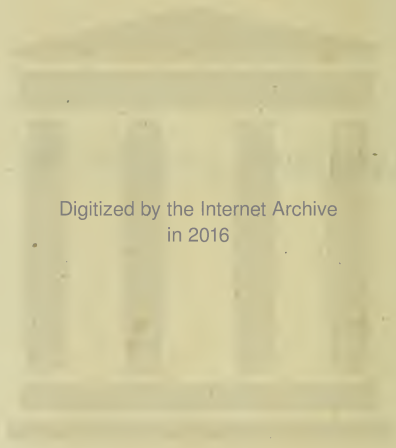
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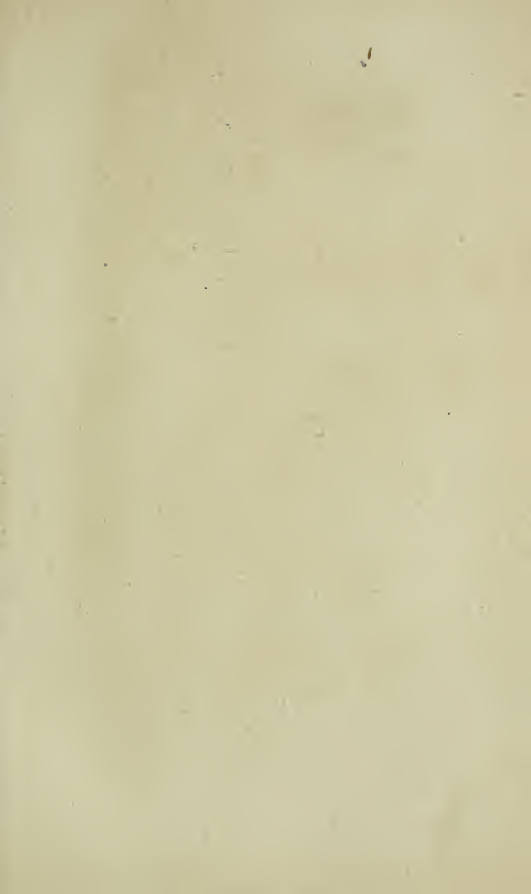
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NAPOLEON ANECDOTES.



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GENERAL RAPP ANNOUNCING, TO THE EMPEROR, THE RETREAT OF THE
RUSSIANS AT AUSTERLITZ.

LONDON,

Published by C. S. Arnold, 21, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, 11 March, 1822.

THE NAPOLEON ANECDOTES:

ILLUSTRATING THE
MENTAL ENERGIES

OF THE LATE
EMPEROR OF FRANCE;

AND THE
CHARACTERS AND ACTIONS

OF HIS
CONTEMPORARY STATESMEN AND WARRIORS.

Servant.—Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Flavius.—Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days.—

To have his pomp, and all that state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends!
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness!—Alas, kind lord!
He's flung, in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.—
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll serve his mind with my best skill;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.—*Timon of Athens.*

VOL. V.

LONDON:

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THE
NAPOLEON ANECDOTES.

CONDUCT OF THE FRENCH PRIESTHOOD.

BUONAPARTE resolved to raise the old and fallen church to support his own new dynasty. The restoration of Catholicism was proclaimed in 1801, at the cathedral of Paris, and a code of faith made out and imposed by an act of the legislature. *The new bishops accepted, with acclamation, an imperial catechism reported to have been dictated by Buonaparte himself, and (says the ex-bishop of Blois, in his work on the Gallican church), "Rédigée exprès en faveur d'un individu et de sa famille, catéchisme à l'usage de toutes les Eglises de l'Empire de France."* "Catechism for the use of all the churches of the French empire, compiled expressly in favour of an individual and his family."

A new concordat was signed between the military chief Buonaparte and his dependant, the pontiff. Benefices were to be given; sees raised; wealth was again to circulate among a long impoverished clergy;

and no epithet was deemed too adulatory, no eulogium too flattering for this new Constantine! who, having upset the thrones of Europe, set up the throne of St. Peter. Even those of the dignified emigrant clergy of France who had held synods in London* to stamp the emperor with epithets of re-

* This council of eminent clergy was held in the house of Monsieur Dillon, ex-bishop of Narbonne; and from this "*close divan*" issued many bulls against Buonaparte. Even the pope was threatened with excommunication by an ex-bishop, who declared in a letter addressed to his holiness, that he "had disposed of the church of France, without consulting those whom the *Holy Ghost* had established to govern it." In time, however, the most furious of these bull fulminators against the "Usurper" became softened, and consented to return to France, and accept of benefices and bishopricks under the new regime. Foremost of these placable priests was the Abbe Boisgelin, who, preaching at his chapel in King-street, Portman-square, exclaimed with enthusiasm to a congregation of old emigrant gentry, "*Plutôt mourir, que de violer le pact de la religion et de la monarchie.*" "Let us sooner die than violate the pact of religion and of monarchy." Permitted, however, to return to France, he forgot "*le pact*" under a cardinal's hat, which he obtained through the "Usurper's" favour, who, on his return, made him archbishop of Tours. Another of these faithful doctors, who had exclaimed in his "*Defense de l'ordre social,*" "*Qu'on place sur le trone de France celui que la loi appelle, lui seul n'a pas besoin d'élection pour regner, il est élu depuis neuf cent ans.*" "Let them place on the throne of France him whom the law calls, he alone has no need of election to reign; he has been elected these nine hundred years." Thus preached the Abbe Du Voisin till he was allowed to return to France, when, forgetting the *election of nine hundred years standing* of his legitimate king, he accepted a mitre from the hands of the "Usurper," and was made Bishop of Nantz. No sooner, however, had "*L'Envoye du Tres Haut*" felt the touch of adversity, than the Boisgelin, the Du Voisin of the new times, laid aside the catechism of Cyrus, and changed their sobriquets of "*Le nouveau Charlemagne*" for "*Le Despot du Jour*" while they set forth to recover the "*Ampoule Sacre*" with which St. Remis consecrated Clovis, and to anoint him who had been "*elected nine hundred years back.*"

probation, and to fulminate bulls against his usurpation, now came forward to assist at his coronation, to confer his apotheosis, and to lavish on him the epithets of "*celui qui ouvert les Temples, et relève les Autels!—L'Envoyé du Très Haut!—l'homme de sa droite—le Cyrus—le Constantin—le Theodore—le Charlemagne du tems actuel.*" "He who opens the temples, and restores the altars!—The messenger of the Almighty!—the man of his right hand—the Cyrus—the Constantine—the Theodore—the Charlemagne of the present age." Such were the technical formulas bestowed on the "despot" in all the episcopal *mandemens*, and in the concordat itself, by those "bishops, priests, and deacons," who sang *Te Deums* in Notre Dame and St. Denis for the victories of the "Usurper!"

DISCOVERY OF FOCHE'S TREACHERY.

"THE cause of the removal of M. Fouché, whom I succeeded as minister of police, on the 3d of June, 1810," says General Savary, "was as follows: He was disgraced by the emperor for having conducted an intrigue, tending to give him credit with the public for establishing a peace with England: and it so happened that in consequence of interfering in what did not concern him, and employing agents about the Marquis of Wellesley, then foreign minister in England, he overthrew, by his intrigues, an actual negotiation which was otherwise likely to terminate favourably. This negotiation had been authorised by the emperor, and had been opened through the means of a Dutch house, which had sent one of the partners to London, who was doing

very well there, when the steps taken by the agent of Fouché gave rise to suspicion. It was M. Fagan, an old officer of the Irish brigade in the French service, who was employed by M. Fouché in this affair, and to him I am indebted for the account of this mission. The Marquis of Wellesley found, in what was said to him on one side by the agent of M. Fouché, and on the other by the person with whom he was first in treaty, an incoherence which naturally excited some suspicion, and not being able to unravel the affair, and ignorant in which of the two to place confidence, he broke off with both of them, and gave orders for their quitting the country. The emperor, who could not conjecture the reason of so abrupt a conclusion, and one so different from what he had hoped for, had the matter investigated, and soon learned that M. Fouché had been negotiating on his own part, and had consequently *substituted an intrigue in lieu of an actual treaty*. He was likewise informed that M. Ouvrard had been the agent of M. Fouché in England. The emperor immediately ordered his arrest unknown to the minister Fouché, because if he had instructed him with it, he would not have failed putting him on his guard: whereas, the emperor was desirous to interrogate him before he could have any communication with M. Fouché, consequently an order was immediately forwarded to me from St. Cloud (I was in Paris) to arrest Ouvrard and to conduct him to Vincennes privately; and it was enjoined me to do so before the return of M. Fouché, who was then (it being Wednesday) with the council of ministers at St. Cloud."

BUONAPARTE'S STYLE OF CONVERSATION.

OF Buonaparte's style of conversation, M. Le Mercier, an early friend of the emperor's, observed, that when he was obliged *to make conversation*, it was neither marked by sallies, nor originality; that to talk, for talking sake, was to him the most insupportable *ennui*. But when something struck with force on his imagination, when some latent passion was unexpectedly touched on, some chord of favourite association accidentally awakened, then, all was force, energy, and originality; there was something irresistibly fascinating in every thing he uttered. He had a powerful imagination, and of a romantic cast; he was fond of heroic poetry, and particularly attached to historical tragedy, a subject on which he spoke well, and loved to speak much.

It has been frequently said in France, by those who knew Buonaparte through all the strange vicissitudes of his most checquered life, that he was "*un charmant causeur*;" and extremely interesting and amusing in intimate and familiar conversation. "I have often written under his dictation," said a man of great celebrity and talent; "I have frequently been startled by his idiom and turn of phrase, and even ventured to tell him that *it was not French*. But when I attempted to change or improve, I found I only enfeebled; and that *his bad French was powerful language*. He dictated with great rapidity; wrote frequently for the journals; and was the author of the greater part of his own manifestoes and bulletins to the army."

NAPOLEON AVERSE TO RIDICULE.

THE late Emperor of France was extremely fearful "*de se donner en ridicule.*" One day, in his private apartments, he was talking on the subject of air-balloons. One of his courtiers observed, that he had heard, that the fearless spirit of the emperor, even in childhood, had led him to ascend in an air-balloon. Napoleon saw something ludicrous in this anecdote, which he declared was wholly unfounded, "I appeal to you," he said with great *naïveté*, turning to the Baron de **** who was present, "*whether that is in my way.*"

THE QUESTION OF NAPOLEON'S LEGITIMACY.

MUCH having been said respecting the usurpation of the French throne by Napoleon, we will in few words make our readers acquainted with the situation in which France stood with the continental powers, previous and subsequent to his coronation, a document by no means unworthy the serious consideration of those who feel interested in the political events of Europe since the decapitation of Louis XVI.

After the death of Louis, the flight of his brothers, and the demise of the dauphin, the French being bound to no legitimate princes, made use of their natural right of election, and instituted such a form of government as they conceived necessary under the existing state of things. From that period all the ties between France and the Bourbons were severed, and in consequence that family, politically

speaking, ceased to exist. The new government of France, so constituted, was recognised by all the powers: in 1795 the treaty of Basil was signed between France and Prussia; on the 22d of July following another treaty was ratified at the same place between the republic and Spain, which on the 7th of June, 1796, was further cemented, and a treaty of alliance entered into with the executive directory. On the 15th of May in the same year Sardinia signed a treaty with the republican government, which on the 15th of October was followed by that of Naples. The pope, the petty German States, and Italy equally recognised the new order of things in France. The treaty of Campo Formio was signed with Austria under the Directory, and that of Luneville when Buonaparte filled the post of first consul. Every power in succession equally ratified the consular government, which upon the first of Brumaire, tenth year of the republic, proclaimed a general peace. England in turn by the treaty of Amiens of the 1st of October, 1801, Spain by that of the 27th of March, 1802, and Russia on the 8th of October, of the same year, severally recognised the consular government of France.

Upon Napoleon's being chosen emperor by the unanimous voice of the people, Austria allowed his title, by the treaty of Presburgh, signed the 26th of December, 1805; the same ratification elevating to regal dignity the sovereigns of Bavaria and of Wirtemberg, who were at that epoch the allies of France. On the 11th of December, 1807, the elector of Saxony equally received the title of king, by virtue of the treaty of Posen concluded with Napoleon.

Did Europe in any one instance dispute the legitimacy of these titles ratified by the emperor? Did she not recognise in him the imperial dignity, which France had voluntarily conferred? Prussia, by the treaty of Tilsit signed on the 6th of July, 1807, acknowledged the French empire, and consequently Napoleon as emperor. The autocrat of Russia, in virtue of the same treaty, not only allowed Napoleon the title of emperor, but equally sanctioned the kingly rights of his brothers. In short, the treaties of the 14th of October, 1809, and of the 6th of January, 1810, between France and Sweden equally rendered valid the new dynasty placed upon the throne of France. From such incontrovertible evidence it cannot for a moment be denied that the whole of Europe had become the ally of Napoleon. Some family alliances between branches of that of the emperor and several of the most illustrious houses of Europe tended still more to consolidate the social compact established in France; and was it not after the guarantee of the constitution of the French empire, and the various treaties contracted with the sovereigns and foreign powers, that *Maria Louisa*, Archduchess of Austria, became the consort of the Emperor Napoleon, and gave birth to the imperial Prince *Charles Francis Napoleon, King of Rome*?

Wherefore then was Napoleon branded as an *usurper*? Royalty having been abolished in France, she was everywhere recognised as an empire. The reins of government were confided to Napoleon, who ascended a *vacant throne*: consequently he could be *no usurper* under such circumstances: *Napoleon occupied the place of no one: he only de-*

throned the DEMON OF ANARCHY. Upon his abdication, which was voluntarily made to spare the effusion of French blood and the horrors of civil war; did he not make his determination known to the allied powers, by the Dukes of Tarentum and of Vicenza, and by the Prince of Moskwa, stating that he deposed the crown in favour of his son? Was not this abdication deemed sufficient to ensure the peace of Europe, till by a succession of events these just resolves were revoked? Since the allies, then, merely waged war against Napoleon; why, after he had quitted France for ever, and the crown was placed on the head of his son under his august mother, did they change the dynasty and disappoint a people who cherished the offspring of their former ruler: had not this been done, victims without number would still have existed to contemplate the felicity of France, the justice of the allies, and the resignation of the hero.

If Napoleon was not a *legitimate*, towards what European throne are we to direct our eyes in order to hail the person of A LEGAL OCCUPANT?—The fact is that, as the Emperor Napoleon himself expressed on a certain occasion, “*CHANCE and FORCE are the only legitimate kings in the world.*”

THE ANTICHAMBER FOR DEPENDENT SOVEREIGNS.

It was reserved for Buonaparte to add to the legitimate suite of royal waiting rooms, that of the *salle des rois*, he being the only sovereign of Europe who found it necessary to provide a waiting room for tributary kings.

One of these kings, an old legitimate, was observed by the Duke de NOAILLES (the father-in-law of General La Fayette) to be *un roi d'antichambre*, and he entrusted him with a *mémoire* to the emperor concerning some private affairs. When, from time to time, the duke asked his majesty the success of his mission, his constant reply was, "*à vous dire vrai, Monsieur le Duc, je n'ai jamais pu trouver le moment.*" "To tell you the truth, *Monsieur le Duc*, I have never been able to find an opportunity."—*Monsieur le Duc* at length withdrew his *mémoire*, and at the next levee-day had no difficulty himself *à trouver le moment*.

Another of these antichamber potentates of Napoleon was the Prince of Monaco. He was the first to turn with Buonaparte's reverses; and on the emperor's return from Elba he took flight. Buonaparte met him on the road, and seizing him by the breast of his coat, he asked abruptly, "*Où allez-vous, Monaco?*" "Where are you going, Monaco?"—Monaco stuttered, "*Je viens—Je vais—J'allois—J'irais,*" and was regularly conjugating the whole of this most irregular verb, when Buonaparte with a laugh shook him off, saying, "*Allez-vous en, Monaco, vous-êtes comme je vous ai toujours connu.*" "Be-gone, Monaco, you are what I have always found you."—Monaco ran home as fast as he could, and now exercises the most despotic rule over the lives and properties of the subjects of his little principality.

KLEBER'S ADVANCE-GUARD LOST IN THE DESERT, AND SAVED BY NAPOLEON.

IN proceeding to Asia, the French army had to cross the desert, which separates the continent from Africa. Kleber, who commanded the advance guard, mistook his road, and lost his way in the desert. Napoleon, who was following at the distance of half a day's march, attended by a slender escort, found himself at nightfall in the midst of the Turkish camp; he was closely pursued, and escaped only because, it being night, the Turks suspected an ambush was intended. The next source of uneasiness was the doubtful fate of Kleber and his detachment, and the greater part of the night was passed in the most cruel anxiety. At length they got information respecting them from some Arabs of the deserts, and the general-in-chief hastened, on his dromedary, in quest of his troops. He found them overwhelmed with despair, and ready to perish from thirst and fatigue; some of the young soldiers had in a moment of frenzy even broken their muskets. The sight of their general seemed to give them new life, by reviving their hopes. Napoleon informed them that a supply of provisions and water was coming up behind him; "but," said he, to the troops, "if relief had been longer delayed, would that have excused your murmuring and loss of courage? No, soldiers; learn to die with honour."

CHARACTER OF TALLEYRAND AND METTERNICH.

"TALLEYRAND," said the emperor, "*est le plus vil des agioteurs, bas flatteur. C'est un homme corrompu,* who has betrayed all parties and persons. Wary and circumspect; always a traitor, but always in conspiracy with fortune, Talleyrand treats his enemies as if they were one day to become his friends; and his friends, as if they were to become his enemies. He is a man of talent, but venal in every thing. Nothing could be done with him but by means of bribery. The kings of Wirtemberg and Bavaria made so many complaints of his rapacity and extortion, that I took his porte-feuille from him: moreover I found that he had divulged, to some *intriguants*, a most important secret, which I had confided to him alone. He hates the Bourbons in his heart. When I returned from Elba, Talleyrand wrote to me from Vienna, offering his services, and to betray the Bourbons, provided I would pardon and restore him to favour. He argued upon a part of my proclamation, in which I said there were circumstances which it was impossible to resist, which he quoted. But I considered that there were a few I was obliged to except, and refused, as it would have excited indignation if I had not punished somebody."

"I asked," says Mr. O'Meara, "if it were true that Talleyrand had advised him to dethrone the King of Spain, and mentioned that the Duke of Rovigo had told me that Talleyrand had said in his presence, 'Your majesty will never be secure upon your throne, while a Bourbon is seated upon

one.' Napoleon replied, 'True, he advised me to do every thing which would injure the Bourbons, whom he detests.'"

The Emperor then spoke at length about Talleyrand. "The triumph of Talleyrand," said he, "is the triumph of immorality. A priest united to another man's wife, and who has paid her husband a large sum of money to leave her with him. A man who has sold every thing, betrayed every body and every side. I forbade Madame Talleyrand the court, first, because she was a disreputable character, and because I found out that some Genoese merchants had paid her four hundred thousand francs, in order to gain some commercial favours by means of her husband."

Mr. O'Meara asked the emperor, if he had ever said something of the following tenor relative to Metternich: "*One or two lies are sometimes necessary, but Metternich is all lies.* Nothing but lies, lies, lies, from him?" Napoleon laughed and said, "*C'est vrai.* He is composed of nothing but lies and intrigues." I asked if he were not a man of great talent? "Not at all," replied he, "*è bugiardo ed intrigante, intrigante e bugiardo.*" "He is a liar and an intriguer—an intriguer and a liar. That is the sum total of his character."

EDUCATION OF THE FRENCH YOUTH.

TURNING one day to Count Las Cases, "*What a rising generation I leave behind me,*" said the emperor, "*this is all my work. The merits of the French youth will be a sufficient revenge to me. On beholding the work, all must render justice to the*

workman ; and the perverted judgment or bad faith of declaimers must fall before my deeds. If I had thought only of myself, and securing my own power, as has been continually asserted, I should have endeavoured to hide learning under a bushel ; instead of which I devoted myself to the propagation of knowledge. And yet the youth of France have not enjoyed all the benefits I intended they should. My UNIVERSITY, according to the plan I had conceived, was a masterpiece in its combinations, and would have been such in its national results. But an evil disposed person spoiled all, and in so doing he was actuated by the worst of feelings, and doubtless by a calculation of consequences.

BENEFITS CONFERRED BY MURAT ON NAPLES.

THE good effected by Murat, in his government of Naples, belonged to that admirable system which raised him into power. That system worked of itself ; and reflected, alike, credit upon the king, and comfort on the people. The civilisation of France, operating upon the comparative savagism, which ages of misrule had *burned* into the Neapolitan character, could not but be advantageous. The activity of revolutionary councils, acting upon the indolence and inertness of the agents of ancient despotism, could not but animate and invigorate the worn out institutions of the country. Every branch of administration, of finance, war, education, and justice, received developement and improvement. Society was mounted upon the Parisian scale ; French literature was imported ; the French code superseded the cumbrous and vicious

jurisprudence of Ancient Naples; and the nation, notwithstanding its subordination to the imperial politics, and its participation in Napoleon's wars, was fast emerging from its forced barbarism, and rising to take its place amidst European nations, when the fall of Napoleon again threw it back upon the institutes of the Anjous and the Arragons, and the misrule of the sixteenth century.

Murat, who had brought immense wealth with him as his private property, spent the whole among his new subjects; and the taxes which he raised, though large in amount, fell less heavily on the people, from the increase of their means; while the expenditure arising out of a vast variety of improvements, splendid furniture in the palaces, excavations at Pompeii, making roads through the country, establishing schools, &c. carried arts and civilisation through the land.

Of the miserable end of Murat, his ill fated expedition, and summary punishment, enough is already before the public; the only fact to be added to the eventful history is, that Ferdinand had prepared every thing for a *third* flight, before he gave the order for Murat's execution, and was determined most valourously to decamp, if his order met with the slightest resistance!

A HINT TO MARRIED LADIES.

A LADY of rank having been admitted to the table of Buonaparte, after his first campaigns of Italy, wearied the general with a string of extravagant praises, and among other things, exclaimed, "*What*

can one be in this life, not being a General Buona-parte?" to which he replied drily; "*Madame, one may be a dutiful wife and the good mother of a family.*"

NAPOLEON AT THE COUNCIL OF STATE AFTER HIS
REVERSES IN THE WAR OF SAXONY.

ON the ninth of November, 1813, the Emperor returned to Paris, from the campaign in Saxony, when he caused a state council to be convened on the eleventh of that month, prior to which, and at the sitting, the following is a real portrait of the manner in which he conducted himself, and his singular address to that assembly.

Having opened the sitting, and after some immaterial business had been transacted, a proposition of the *Senatus Consultus* was read, for the purpose of placing three hundred thousand men at the disposal of the war minister, who were to be drawn from the old conscriptions, solemnly liberated or exhausted. At this a profound silence reigned throughout the assembly; when at length a member in a solemn tone, exclaimed: "Sire, the safety of the empire!—the expression—*frontiers invaded.*" —"Well, and why not be explicit?" said the emperor. "Is it not better to speak the truth here? Is not Wellington in the south? Russia in the north? are not the Austrians and Bavarians advancing in the east?—Wellington in France!—What a scandal; what a disgrace!—and the population has not risen in mass to repulse him!—how the English will laugh at the obsequious civility of

our country people.—But the English have no vessels there. This has nothing to do with maritime manœuvres—they are upon our soil; they must be beaten and driven out!

“All my allies have abandoned me—the Bavarians have proved traitors—cowardly wretches!—They came and stationed themselves in my rear.—They thought to cut off my retreat—but they were nicely handled! how they were cut to pieces! I killed Wrede, and with him all his relatives.—No, let there be no peace until I have burned Munich!—A triumvirate is formed in the north—the same that divided Poland; no peace until it is broken.—Let the ensuing year arrive and then we will see!—I ask three hundred thousand men; I will form a camp of one hundred thousand at Bordeaux; another at Lyons and at Metz; with the preceding levy and what remains, I shall have a million of men under arms; that is enough for the present. I demand three hundred thousand men; but they must be *men* in every respect formed. What are these young conscripts good for? to fill up hospitals or die upon the roads—Frenchmen are always brave; the Piedmontese and the Italians are also brave and fight well: but for all those of the north (the Germans), they are good for nothing—there is no blood; nothing but water runs in their veins.—I can really depend on nothing but the old inhabitants of France.”

“Sire,” interrupted a member, “the Belgians;”—“Yes, yes, the Belgians; perhaps they love me—what is the good of all these addresses which they are led to present to me?—all this is ridiculous—”

“Sire,” said another member, “it is necessary

that ancient France should remain to us.”—“ And Holland ?” resumed the emperor—“ if I was forced to abandon Holland!—rather give it to the sea.—As for Italy, if not subjected to France, she must be independent.

“ Gentlemen, a mighty effort is required—well, well! it is necessary all should march—it shall not come to that: but, in short, suppose it were necessary, M. Cambaceres, and you also, you would march; you should be nominated chiefs of legions, Counsellors of state, ye are fathers of families, chiefs of the nation, with you it remains to inspire with the requisite energy—I know it—ye are soft, ye are pusillanimous—Peace is spoken of—Peace! Peace!—I know not the meaning of this word *Peace!* at a period when nothing should resound but the cry of *War!*—Talk of *Peace* when Wellington is in France !”

Had the energies of Buonaparte fired the nation at the period in question, and had no treasonable machinations existed to hurl him from his throne, France had preserved her grandeur, and Napoleon the seat of empire!

DEATH OF PRINCE PONIATOWSKY.

THE circumstances attending the death of this illustrious prince, as related by his aide-de-camp, are as follows:—On the 19th of October, when the French army began to retreat, the prince was charged by Napoleon with the defence of that part of the suburbs of Leipzig which lies nearest to the Borna road. For this service he had only two thousand Polish infantry assigned him. Perceiving

the French columns on his left flank in full retreat, and the bridge completely choked up with their artillery and carriages, so that there was no possibility of getting over it, he drew his sabre, and, turning to the officers who were about him, "Gentlemen," said he, "it is better to fall with honour." With these words he rushed, at the head of a few Polish cuirassiers and the officers surrounding him, upon the advancing columns of the allies. He had been previously wounded on the 14th and 16th, and on this occasion also received a musket ball in his left arm. He nevertheless pushed forward, but found the suburbs full of the allied troops, who hastened up to take him prisoner. He cut his way through them, received another wound through his cross, threw himself into the Pleisse, and with the assistance of his officers reached the opposite bank in safety, leaving his horse behind in the river. Though much exhausted, he mounted another, and proceeded to the Elster, which was already lined by the Saxon and Prussian riflemen. Seeing them coming upon him on all sides, he plunged into the river, and instantly sunk, together with his horse. Several officers, who threw themselves in after him, were likewise drowned; and others were taken on the bank or in the water. The body of the prince was found on the fifth day (Oct. 24, 1813), and taken out of the water by a fisherman. He was dressed in his gala uniform, the epaulets of which were studded with diamonds. His fingers were covered with rings set with brilliants, and his pockets contained snuffboxes of great value and other trinkets. Many of those articles were eagerly purchased by the Polish officers, who were made prisoners, evidently for the purpose of being trans-

mitted to his family; so that the whole produced the fisherman a very considerable sum.

Prince Joseph Poniatowsky was nephew to Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of Poland, and became warmly attached to Napoleon, on account of the flattering prospect which the latter held out, of the complete restoration of his country to its former rank among the nations of Europe.

THE EXTENT OF NAPOLEON'S AMBITION.

To a question put to the emperor, during his exile, respecting his supposed wish for universal dominion, he replied:—

“No, my intention was to make France greater than any other nation; but universal dominion I did not aim at. For example, it was not my intention to have passed the Alps. I purposed, when I had a second son, which I had reason to hope for, *to have made him king of Italy, with Rome for his capital*, uniting all Italy, Naples, and Sicily into one kingdom, and putting Murat out of Naples.”

CHARACTER OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

“JOSEPHINE,” said Napoleon, “died worth about eighteen millions of francs. She was the greatest patroness of the fine arts that had been known in France for a series of years. She had frequently little disputes with Denon, and even with myself, as she wanted to procure fine statues and pictures for her own gallery, instead of the museum. Now, I always acted to please the people; and whenever I obtained a fine statue, or a valuable picture, I sent it there for the benefit of the nation. Josephine

was grace personified (*la grazia in persona*). Every thing she did was with a peculiar grace and delicacy. *I never saw her act inelegantly during the whole time we lived together.* She had grace even *en se couchant*. Her toilet was a perfect arsenal, and she effectually defended herself against the assaults of time."

SALE BY AUCTION OF ARTICLES BELONGING TO
THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

AT the sale of curiosities at Mr. Bullock's Museum, in Piccadilly, in 1819, the articles taken by the Prussians, in Flanders, belonging to Napoleon, were eagerly bought up. The following statement of the prices given for some of the things, will serve to show in what estimation these relics were held:

	£.	s.	d.
The worn out carriage.....	168	0	0
Small Opera glass	5	5	0
Toothbrush.....	3	13	6
Snuff box.....	166	19	6
Military stock or collar.....	1	17	0
Old slippers.....	1	0	0
Razor (common).....	4	4	0
Piece of sponge.....	0	17	6
Shaving-brush.....	3	14	0
Shirt.....	2	5	0
Comb	1	0	0
Shaving-box.....	7	7	0
Pair of old gloves.....	1	0	0
Old pocket handkerchief...	1	11	6

Many other articles sold for prices equally high.

BUONAPARTE NEARLY MADE PRISONER.

AFTER the passage of the Mincio, Napoleon having concerted all his plans, and pursued the enemy in every direction, entered a castle on the left bank of the river. He was troubled with the head-ache, and used a foot bath. A large detachment of the enemy, in great confusion, arrived, having ascended the river as far as the castle. Napoleon was there, and only a few persons were with him; the sentinel on duty at the gate had just time to close it, exclaiming, "TO ARMS!" and the general of the army of Italy, in the arms of victory, was compelled to escape through the back gates of the garden, with but one boot on!

MATRIMONY BROUGHT INTO FASHION IN ITALY
BY NAPOLEON.

BUONAPARTE endeavoured to bring matrimony into fashion in his Italian dominions, and he succeeded. In the circle held after his coronation, at *Milan*, he turned to a lady of high rank, and asked her, with his usual abruptness, "*where was her husband?*" She replied, "*At home, sire.*"—"Cosa fa?" (What is he doing?) She replied, drily, "*Fa niente.*" (Nothing.) "*Fa niente! Fa niente!*" reiterated Buonaparte, contemptuously.—"*Sempre questo maledetto fare niente.*" (Nothing! Nothing! Always this cursed doing nothing.) He insisted that all cards of invitation should be written to include the name of husband and wife—a thing formerly unknown in Italy.

THE MYSTERY OF CAPTAIN WRIGHT'S DEATH
AND THAT OF PICHEGRU CLEARED UP.

THE following curious particulars were communicated to Dr. Warden, after an absence of six weeks from Longwood :—

“ On entering the room I observed the back of the sofa turned towards me ; and on advancing, I saw Napoleon lying at full length on it, and before him was a table covered with books ; among them some volumes on the French revolution. The heat of the day had occasioned him to dismantle himself of coat and waistcoat. The moment his eye met mine, he started up and exclaimed in English, in a tone of good humoured vivacity, ‘ Ah, Warden, how do you do ? ’ I bowed in return ; when he stretched out his hand, saying, ‘ I have got a fever. ’ I applied my hand to his wrist, and observing both from the regularity of the pulsation, and the jocular expression of his countenance, that he was exercising a little of his pleasantry ; I congratulated him on the preservation of his health, and complimented him, at the same time, on the progress he appeared to have made in the English language. ‘ I certainly enjoy,’ said he, ‘ a very good state of health, which I attribute to a rigorous observance of regimen. My appetite is such, that I feel as if I could eat at any time of the day ; but I am regular in my meals, and always leave off eating with an appetite ; besides I never drink strong wines. With respect to the English language,’ he continued, ‘ I have been very diligent.—I now read your newspapers with ease, and I must own that they afford me no incon-

siderable amusement.—They are occasionally inconsistent, and sometimes abusive. In one paper I am called a liar, in another a tyrant, in the third a monster, and in one of them, which I really did not expect, I am described as a coward; but it turned out after all, that the writer did not accuse me of avoiding danger in the field of battle, or flying from an enemy, or fearing to look at the menaces of fate and fortune; he did not charge me with wanting presence of mind in the hurry of battle, and in the suspense of conflicting armies.—No such thing; I wanted courage, it seems, because I did not coolly take a dose of poison, or throw myself into the sea, or blow out my brains—I have at least too much courage for that.—Your papers are influenced by party principles; what one praises the other will abuse, and so *vice versa*. They who live in the metropolis where they are published can judge of passing events and transactions for themselves; but persons living at a distance from the capital, and particularly foreigners, must be at a loss to determine upon the real state of things, and the characters of public men, from the perusal of your journals.’

“ My unreserved language appeared to meet Napoleon’s approbation; and he asked me, to my great surprise, if I remembered the history of Captain Wright?—I answered, ‘ perfectly well; and it was a prevailing opinion in England, that you ordered him to be murdered in the temple.’ With the utmost rapidity of speech, he replied, ‘ *For what object? Of all men he was the person whom I should have most desired to live—whence could I have procured so valuable an evidence as he would have proved, on the trial of the conspirators, in and about*

Paris. The heads of it he himself had landed on the French coast. Listen,' continued Napoleon, 'and you shall hear. The English brig of war, commanded by Captain Wright, was employed by your government in landing traitors and spies in the west of France. Seventy of the number had actually reached Paris; and so mysterious were their proceedings, so veiled in impenetrable concealment, that although General Réal, of the police, gave me this information, the name or place of their resort could not be discovered. I received daily assurances that my life would be attempted, and though I did not give entire credit to them, I took every precaution for my preservation.—The brig was afterwards taken near L'Orient, with Captain Wright, its commander, who was carried before the prefect of the department of Morbeau, at Vannes: General Julian, then prefect, had accompanied me in the expedition to Egypt, and recognised Captain Wright on the first view of him.—Intelligence of this circumstance was instantly transmitted to Paris; and instructions were expeditiously returned to consign them to trial. The law of France would have subjected Wright to the punishment of death for crimes of minor consideration. My grand object was to procure the principals, and I considered the English Captain's evidence of the utmost consequence towards completing my object."—Napoleon again and again most solemnly asserted, that Captain Wright died in the Temple by his own hand, as described in the *Moniteur*, and at a much earlier period than has been generally believed.

"In the same conversation, Napoleon said, 'Your country also accuse me of the death of Pichegru.'

I replied, ‘ It is most certainly and universally believed throughout the whole British empire, that he was strangled in prison by your orders.’ He rapidly answered, ‘ *What idle, disingenuous folly ! a fine proof how prejudice can destroy the boasted reasoning faculties of Englishmen ! Why, I ask you, should that life be taken away in secret, which the law consigns into the hands of the public executioner ?* The matter would have been different with respect to Moreau. Had he died in a dungeon, there might have been grounds to justify the suspicion that he had been guilty of suicide. He was a very popular character, as well as much beloved by the army : and I should never have lost the odium, however guiltless I might have been, if the justice of his death, supposing his life to have been forfeited by the laws, had not been made apparent by the most public execution.’ ”

THE FAIRY COURT OF THE KING OF ROME.

IN the apartments of the *rez-de-chaussée*, once occupied by Catherine de Medicis, Napoleon Francis Charles, ex-king of Rome, held his fairy court, at the age of five years ; and was taught to “ *représenter noblement avec grace* ” on each returning sabbath, when he received the homage of prelates and marshals, courtiers, and statesmen, wielding the sceptre of the Cæsars, *in the form of a baby’s rattle*, and often when thus—

“ Dress’d in a little brief authority,”

it occasionally happened with the courtiers, that
“ not to laugh, exceeded all *power of face*.”

His majesty of Rome, though a beautiful and promising personage, sometimes indulged in caprices incidental to the wantonness of power. One morning, when his levee was unusually crowded, no arguments could prevail on the king to leave some toys given him by his *cher papa*. His amiable governess, the Comtesse de Montesquieu, was obliged to have recourse to the authority of his imperial mother, who ordered that the rod should not be spared, and the child spoiled, but that the king should be *forced* into the audience chamber to receive his court. A person of rank, present upon this momentous occasion, when royalty kissed the rod, asserts, that no trace of the swollen cheek or tearful eye was to be found in the countenance of the tiny king; *but that he at once recovered himself, and held out his hand to be kissed with so smiling a grace, that no opposition to his royal will could be traced, in his most gracious manner.*

THE QUESTION RESPECTING THE POISONING OF THE SICK SET AT REST.

THE disposal of the sick troops in Egypt is thus explained in the emperor's own words:—

“ Previous to leaving Jaffa, and after the greatest number of the sick and wounded had been embarked, it was reported to me that there were some men in the hospital so dangerously ill as not to be able to be moved. I ordered immediately the chiefs of the medical staff to consult together upon what was best to be done, and to give me their opinion on the subject. Accordingly they met, and found that there were *seven or eight men* so dangerously ill

that they conceived it impossible for them to recover; and also that they could not exist twenty-four or thirty-six hours longer; that moreover, being afflicted with the plague, they would spread that complaint amongst all those who approached them. Some of them, who were sensible, perceiving that they were about to be abandoned, demanded with earnest entreaties to be put to death. Larrey was of opinion that recovery was impossible, and that those poor fellows could not exist many hours; but as they might live long enough to be alive when the Turks entered, and experience the dreadful torments which they were accustomed to inflict upon their prisoners, *he thought it would be an act of charity to comply with their desires, and accelerate their end by a few hours.* Desgenettes did not approve of this, and replied, that his profession was to cure the sick, and not to dispatch them. Larrey came to me immediately afterwards, informed me of the circumstances, and of what Desgenettes had said; adding, that perhaps Desgenettes was right. ‘But,’ continued Larrey, ‘those men cannot live for more than a few hours, twenty-four, or thirty-six at most; and if you will leave a rear guard of cavalry to stay and protect them from advanced parties, it will be sufficient.’ Accordingly I ordered four or five hundred cavalry to remain behind, and not to quit the place until all were dead. They did remain, and informed me that all had expired before they had left the town; but I have heard since, that Sydney Smith found one or two alive, when he entered it. This is the truth of the business. Wilson himself, I dare say, knows now that he was mistaken. Sydney Smith never

asserted it. I have no doubt that this story of the poisoning originated in something said by Desgenettes, who was a *bavard*, which was afterwards misconceived or incorrectly repeated. Desgenettes,' continued the emperor, ' was a good man, and notwithstanding that he had given rise to this story, *I was not offended, and had him near my person in different campaigns afterwards.* Not that I think it would have been a crime, had opium been given to them; on the contrary, I think it would have been a virtue. To leave a few *miserables*, who could not recover, in order that they might be massacred by the Turks with the most dreadful tortures, as was their custom, would, I think, have been cruelty. *A general ought to act with his soldiers, as he would wish should be done to himself.* Now would not any man, under similar circumstances, who had his senses, have preferred dying easily a few hours sooner, rather than expire under the tortures of those barbarians? You have been amongst the Turks,' said Napoleon to Mr. O'Meara, ' and know what they are; I ask you now to place yourself in the situation of one of those sick men, and that you were asked which you would prefer, to be left to suffer the tortures of those miscreants, or to have opium administered to you?' Mr. O'Meara replied, ' *most undoubtedly I would prefer the latter.*' ' Certainly, so would any man,' answered Napoleon: ' if my *own son* (and I believe I love my son as well as any father does his child), were in a similar situation with those men, I would advise it to be done; *and if so situated myself, I would insist upon it, if I had sense enough, and strength enough to demand it.* But, however, affairs were *not* so pressing as to

prevent me from leaving a party to take care of them, which was done. If I had thought such a measure as that of giving opium necessary, I would have called a council of war, have stated the necessity of it, and have published it in the order of the day. It should have been no secret. *Do you think that if I had been capable of secretly poisoning my soldiers* (as doing a necessary action secretly would give it the appearance of a crime), *or of such barbarities as driving my carriage over the dead, and the still bleeding bodies of the wounded, that my troops would have fought for me with an enthusiasm and affection without a parallel?* No, no, I never should have done so a secondtime! Some would have shot me in passing. Even some of the wounded, who had sufficient strength left to pull the trigger, would have dispatched me.

“‘*I never,*’ continued Napoleon, ‘*committed a crime in all my political career. At my last hour I can assert that. Had I done so, I should not have been here now. I could have dispatched the Bourbons. It only rested with me to give my consent, and they would have ceased to live.*

“‘*I have risen to too great a pitch of human glory and elevation, not to have excited the envy and jealousy of mankind. They will say, ‘it is true that he has raised himself to the highest pinnacle of glory, mais pour y arriver, il commit beaucoup de crimes,* (but to attain it, he has committed many crimes).’ Now the fact is, *that I not only never committed any crimes, but I never even thought of doing so. J’ai toujours marché avec l’opinion de grandes masses et les évènements,* (I have always gone with the opinions of great masses, and

with events). I have always made *peu de cas* of the opinion of individuals, of that of the public a great deal; of what use, then, would crime have been to me? I am too much a fatalist, and have always despised mankind too much, to have had recourse to crime to frustrate their attempts. *J'ai marché toujours avec l'opinion de cinq ou six millions d'hommes*, (I have always marched with the opinion of five or six millions of men); of what use, then, would crime have been to me? In spite of all the libels,' continued he, 'I have no fear whatever about my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The truth will be known, and the good which I have done, with the faults which I have committed, will be compared. I am not uneasy for the result. Had I succeeded, I should have died with the reputation of the greatest man that ever existed. As it is, although I have failed, I shall be considered as an extraordinary man: my elevation was unparalleled, *because* unaccompanied by crime. I have fought fifty pitched battles, almost all of which I have gained. I have framed and carried into effect a code of laws that will bear my name to the most distant posterity. From nothing I raised myself to be the most powerful monarch in the world. Europe was at my feet.'"

NAPOLEON'S COUNCIL OF STATE.

IN one of his walks at St. Helena, the emperor conversed a great deal with Count Las Cases on the subject of the senate, the legislative body, and particularly the council of state. "The latter," he

observed, "was generally composed of well informed, skilful, and honest men. Fermont and Boulay, for example, were certainly of this class. Notwithstanding the immense lawsuits which they conducted, and the vast emoluments they enjoyed, I should not be surprised to learn that they are not now in very flourishing circumstances." The emperor employed the counsellors of state individually, in every case, and with advantage. As a whole, they were his real council—his mind in deliberation, as the ministers were his mind in execution. At the council of state were prepared the laws which the emperor presented to the legislative body, a circumstance which rendered it altogether one of the elements of the legislative power. In the council, the emperor's decrees and his rules of public administration were drawn up; and there the plans of his ministers were examined, discussed, and corrected.

The council of state received appeals and pronounced finally on all administrative judgments; and incidentally on those of all other tribunals, even those of the court of Cassation. There, were examined complaints against the ministers, and appeals to the emperor. Thus the council of state, at which the emperor uniformly presided, being frequently in direct opposition to the ministers, or occupied in reforming their acts and errors, naturally became the point of refuge for persons or interests aggrieved by any authority whatsoever. All who were ever present at the meetings of the council, must know with what zeal the cause of the citizens were there defended. A committee of the council of state received all the petitions of the empire, and

laid before the sovereign those which deserved his attention.

The laws which were prepared in the council of state were presented by commissaries chosen from that council to a committee of the legislative body appointed to receive them; they were there amicably discussed, and were often quietly referred back to the council of state to receive some modifications. When the two deputations could not come to an understanding, they proceeded to hold regular conferences, under the presidency of the arch-chancellor, or arch-treasurer; so that before these laws reached the legislative body, they had already received the assent of the two opposite parties. If any difference existed, it was discussed by the two committees, in the presence of the whole of the legislative body, performing the functions of a jury; which, as soon as its members had become sufficiently acquainted with the facts, pronounced its decision by a secret scrutiny. Thus every individual had an opportunity of freely giving his opinion, as it was impossible to know whether he had put in a red or a white ball. "No plan," said the emperor, "could have been better calculated to correct our national effervescence and our inexperience in matters of political liberty."

"The emperor asked me," continues Count Las Cases, "whether I thought the discussions perfectly free in the council of state, or whether his presence did not impose a restraint on the deliberations? I reminded him of a very long debate, during which he had remained, throughout, singular in his opinion, and had at last been obliged to yield. He immediately recollected the circumstance. "Oh, yes,"

said he, "that must have been in the case of a woman of Amsterdam, who had been tried for her life and acquitted three several times by the imperial courts, but against whom a fresh trial was demanded in the court of Cassation."—The emperor hoped that this happy concurrence of the law might have exhausted its severity in favour of the prisoner; that this lucky fatality of circumstances might have turned to her advantage. It was urged in reply, that he possessed the beneficent power of bestowing pardon; but that the law was inflexible, and must take its course. The debate was a very long one: M. Muraire spoke a great deal, and very much to the point; he persuaded every one except the emperor, who still remained singular in his opinion, and at length yielded, with these remarkable words:—"Gentlemen, the decision goes by the majority here, I remain single, and must yield; but I declare, in my conscience, that I yield only to forms. You have reduced me to silence, but by no means convinced me."

So little was the nature of the council of state understood by people in general, that it was believed no one dared utter a word in that assembly in opposition to the emperor's opinion. Thus, I very much surprised many persons, when I related the fact, that one day, during a very animated debate, the emperor, having been interrupted three times in giving his opinion, turned towards the individual who had rather rudely cut him short, and said in a sharp tone:—"I have not yet done; I beg you will allow me to continue. I believe every one here has a right to deliver his opinion." The smartness of this reply, notwithstanding the solemnity of

the occasion, excited a general laugh, in which the emperor himself joined.

“ *I do not mind being contradicted,*” said he, “ *I seek to be informed. Speak boldly,*” he would repeat; whenever the speaker expressed himself equivocally, or the subject was a delicate one; “ *tell me all that you think; we are alone here; we are all en famille.*”

Nothing could equal the interest which the presence of the emperor excited in the council of state. He presided there regularly twice a week when he was in town, and then none of the members would have been absent for the whole world.

THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.

THE foundation of the freest and most virtuous of known political combinations—the republic of San Marino, is ascribed to a simple, honest stone-mason of Dalmatia, of the name of Marino; who, in the fourth century, having undergone some persecution at home, came, an adventuring artisan, to Rimini. In the course of his recreative wanderings in its neighbourhood, Marino was struck by the solitary altitude of *Monte Titano*, where he found retirement from future persecution, and abundant materials for pursuing his ancient occupation. Marino hewed for himself out of these savage rocks a house and garden; and his skill and hermit virtues attracted the notice of the Bishop Gaudentius, of Rimini, who employed him in pious missions, and through whom he became proprietor of the rude and unfertile mountain which finally took his name. The rock of Marino soon became frequented by the devout and the peaceable; who followed the

active example of the Dalmatian mason, built houses, made gardens, and said their prayers.

Such were the primary elements of that free and tranquil society which, founded on arduous industry and moral probity, has maintained itself unchanged through a series of thirteen centuries, while mightier empires and more magnificent republics have fallen around it: and such the commencement of that republic, which, however diminutive its territory, and limited its means and population, has proved, in the virtue, simplicity, and happiness of its people, the powerful influence of institutions founded on the true interests and unalienable rights of humanity.

The city of San Marino (for the memory of the mason's virtues procured his apotheosis) crowns its isolated rock, in the heart of the papal territory, calling itself a free state, and enjoying all the benefits of a free government, with liberty inscribed above the gates of its little capital, and the portals of its cathedral. It is at once a miracle, and an anomaly in the order of things. The wars of Italy raged from century to century at its base; but the Guelphs and the Ghibellines left it undisturbed as they passed under its summit; the Condottieri and Masnadieri rarely scaled its cliffs; or if the necessities of warfare sometimes brought the armed slaves and powerful tyrants of feudality to the heights of San Marino, still it is remarkable that its rights were held sacred—not excepting that right which powerful sovereigns so often violate in their contests with each other—the right of nations to choose their own government.

When the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy marched a conqueror into Romagna, catching a view in the distance of a high bare rock, lighted

by the sunshine—a landmark in the immensity of space! he demanded its name. He was answered, “*It was San Marino!*” Buonaparte halted, and gazing on the rude site, where, for thirteen hundred years liberty had found refuge amidst barren rocks—he who had warred upon all the despotisms of Europe, and was soon to lay them prostrate before his own, resolved to respect a republic, whose example, bright but uninfluential, through successive ages, appeared little more than a beautiful abstraction! It was a fact still more singular, that Napoleon, who passed not in Italy the confines of Romagna, and refused to visit Rome, resolved to visit San Marino, and to visit it in the name of that great nation (for it *was then great*), which apparently was hastening on to universal empire! In the meantime, while the exigencies of his peculiar situation detained the general-in-chief at Pesaro, the head quarters of the army in Italy, in his impatience to testify the respect for the republic, and even to obtain the suffrages of its worthy citizens, he wrote to its government, both by Berthier and with his own hand; and as a flattering compliment to the intellect of the people, he sent them, in the name of the French republic, a deputation, headed by the celebrated Monge, of the national institute, and of the commission of the arts and sciences in Italy. As the notes which passed between Buonaparte and the republic of San Marino are too curious and too characteristic of the style and manner of the first and best days of the French revolution, to be passed over in silence, we make no apology for here inserting them:

ARMY OF ITALY.

General Staff.

Head Quarters, Pesaro, 19th Pluviose,
year V. of the French republic, one and
indivisible.

The General of Division, Chief of the Staff.

General Buonaparte, commander-in-chief, deposes
Citizen Monge, commissary of the French govern-
ment for the arts and sciences, to the republic of
San Marino, to give assurances of the fraternity and
friendship of the French republic.

(Signed)

ALEX. BERTHIER.

*Address delivered on the Part of the General-in-
Chief, &c. &c. to the Republic of San Marino.*

LIBERTY, which, in the glorious days of Athens and
Thebes, transformed the Greeks into a nation of
heroes, which in the ages of the republic made the
Romans perform prodigies; which, during the brief
interval of her reign in a few towns of Italy, re-
vived the arts and sciences, and shed a lustre over
Florence; was almost entirely banished from Eu-
rope:—Liberty existed only at San Marino, where,
citizens, by the wisdom of your government, and
particularly by your virtues, you have preserved
that inestimable treasure through numerous revo-
lutions, and have defended the sacred deposit during
a long succession of years. The French people, en-
lightened by an age of knowledge, blushing for their
long slavery, have made an effort, and are free. All
Europe, blind to its own interests, still more blind
to the interests of human nature, has leagued and

taken up arms against France. Her neighbours are concerting together respecting the division of her territory, and on every side her frontiers are already invaded, and her fortresses and ports in the power of the enemy; but what is most lamentable, a valuable portion of her own people are kindling civil war, and are striking blows, the whole weight of which must fall upon their common country.

Alone amidst this great storm, without experience, without arms, without chiefs, the French people fly to the frontiers, everywhere present an undaunted resistance, and are speedily triumphant.

The most prudent of the enemies of France withdrew from the coalition; her victories successively obliged others to implore that peace which they obtained. Finally, her enemies are reduced to three in number:—but these are led away by their passions, and will listen only to the dictates of pride, jealousy, and hatred. A French army, annihilated, one after the other, four Austrian armies, is restoring liberty to that fine country, and before your eyes, is crowning itself with immortal glory.

The French republic, beholding with regret this effusion of blood, and content with having set a great example to the universe, proposed a peace, when it might have dictated its own terms.

Would you believe it, citizens? these propositions have everywhere been rejected with pride, or evaded by artifice.

The army of Italy, therefore, in order to obtain tranquillity, is compelled, in pursuing its enemies, to pass near your territory.

I come from General Buonaparte, in the name of the French republic, to give assurance to the ancient

republic of San Marino, of peace and an inviolable friendship.

Citizens, the political constitution of the nations which surround you may undergo some changes. If any part of your frontiers should be the subject of dispute, or even if any uncontested portion of the neighbouring states should be absolutely necessary to you, I am charged by the general-in-chief, to beg that you will inform him thereof. He will feel infinite pleasure in enabling the French republic to give you proofs of its sincere friendship. For my own part, citizens, I rejoice in being employed on a mission, which must be agreeable to both republics, and which affords me an opportunity of expressing the veneration with which you inspire all friends of liberty,

(Signed)

MONGE,

Member of the Institute.

*San Marino, 19th Pluviose, year V. of the
French Republic, one and indivisible.*

*Buonaparte, General-in-Chief, &c. &c. To the Re-
presentatives of the Republic of San Marino.*

Citizen Monge has described to me, citizens, the interesting picture which your little republic presents, and I have given orders that the citizens of San Marino may be exempt from contributions, and respected in whatever part of the states of the French republic they may happen to be. I shall give orders to General Sahuguet, who has his headquarters at Rimini, to transmit to you four pieces of field cannon, which I present to you in the name of

the republic. He will likewise place at your disposal a thousand quintals of corn, which will serve for the supply of your republic until the harvest.

I beg you to believe, citizens, that under every circumstance I shall be anxious to give to the people of San Marino proofs of the esteem and distinguished consideration with which I am,

(Signed)

BUONAPARTE.

The preceding discourse, pronounced by Monge, was answered by the representatives of the republic in terms of enthusiastic admiration of the French nation and the chief of its armies, (an admiration then shared by the liberal of all countries!)—but they refused the *extension* of territory offered them by the conqueror of Italy;—resolved to keep within those narrow boundaries, whose limitation had been in part the cause of their protracted freedom.—They likewise refused the cannon, but accepted the corn.

The army of Italy, which had already “*passed the Rubicon*,” marched on!—it soon hoisted the tri-coloured flag on the ramparts of St. Angelo, and the dome of St. Peter’s!—it drove back the royal Bourbon of Naples, at the head of his Lazzaroni, to the shores of the Mediterranean! and to the asylum of a British fleet!—but it left the republic of San Marino undisturbed! The coalesced sovereigns of Europe have not as yet blown up this rock, nor quoted its gift by Constantine and Pepin to the holy see: they can indeed deprive it of little but its liberties; and out of shame or negligence they have left them inviolate. The government of this tiny state once realized the proposition of universal suffrages, and every *house* sent a representative to the great coun-

cil of the Aringo,—it has, however, undergone some modification; the “multitude of statesmen” was found too numerous for order and deliberation—the council was reduced to sixty—and the Aringo, or assembly of the people, was reserved for great exigencies. Whatever form, however, the government has borne, its leading principles have been always found favourable to virtue and independence—“Honest and rigorous in the execution of justice,” says Addison, “the people of San Marino seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest valleys of the world.” Nothing indeed can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind have for liberty, and of their hatred to arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people; and the campagna of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants.—*Italy; by Lady Morgan.*

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE THE HOPE OF HIS FAMILY.

It would appear, that from his earliest childhood Napoleon's parents rested all their hopes on him. His father, when on his death-bed at Montpellier, though Joseph was beside him, spoke only of Napoleon, who was then at the military school. In the delirium with which he was seized in his last moments, he incessantly called Napoleon to come to his aid with his *great sword*. The grand uncle, Lucien, who on his death-bed was surrounded by all his relatives, said, addressing himself to Joseph, “*You are the eldest of the family; but there is the head of it,*” pointing to Napoleon. “*Never lose*

sight of him." The emperor used to laugh and say, "*This was a true disinheritance; it was the scene of Jacob and Esau.*"

THE EMPEROR'S TREATMENT OF THE POPE.

NAPOLÉON thus forcibly contrasted his own conduct towards the pope during his detention in France, with his own treatment afterwards at the hands of the British government:

"When the pope was in France," said the emperor, "I allotted him a most superb palace, elegantly furnished, at Fontainebleau, and one hundred thousand crowns a month for his expenses. Fifteen carriages were kept for himself and the cardinals, though he never went out. He was a good man, but a fanatic. He was greatly annoyed by the libels which had been published, containing assertions of my having ill treated him, and contradicted them publicly, stating, that, except politically, he had been very well treated. At one time," continued the emperor, "I had it in contemplation to take away all his temporal power, to make him my almoner, and Paris the capital of the Christian world."

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SLEEPING LION.

THIS society was composed of the friends and admirers of the late emperor; and some of its members were tried for treason in July, 1817. There was something very novel and curious in the way in which the members put the fidelity of the Noviciate to the proof. At his first introduction they exacted from him an oath of secrecy and fidelity to

the brethren. On that occasion he was allowed to see and hear very little;—nothing perhaps beyond the mere ceremonials of a masonic meeting. A short time afterwards he was waited upon, generally at midnight, by three of the members, who represented themselves as clerks or officers of police. One of them assuming an air of authority, then told him his life was forfeited, unless he disclosed the names of the persons with whom he entered into a secret association a few evenings before, and advised him to make his peace through him with the minister of police, who would reward him largely for his information. If the noviciate remained true to his oath, and was unawed by the threats, or unseduced by the offers of the mock police, the latter was authorised to resume his real character, and to entrust the new member with some further secrets of the institution. If he yielded, they left him on some pretext quiet in his bed, but never permitted him to enter the lodge again.

BUONAPARTE'S FATALISM.

THE religion of Napoleon, it is said, was a kind of fatalism which constantly appeared in his speeches and bulletins.—Speaking of the death of General Muireur, in Egypt, he said, in a dispatch to the directory, “*General Muireur, in spite of all remonstrance, and by a fatality which I have often remarked in men arrived at their last hour, went out alone, and was assassinated by two Bedouins.*”—On the eve of a battle, he said to the army of Italy, “*Death overtakes the coward, but never takes the brave till his hour is come.*”

NAPOLEON'S REASONS FOR EMANCIPATING THE JEWS.

DURING conversation one day with the emperor, Mr. O'Meara took the liberty of asking him his reasons for having encouraged the Jews so much. He replied, "I wanted to make them leave off usury, and become like other men. There were a great many Jews in the countries I reigned over; by removing their disabilities, and by putting them upon an equality with Catholics, Protestants, and others, I hoped to make them become good citizens, and conduct themselves like others of the community. I believe that I should have succeeded in the end. My reasoning with them was, that, as their rabbins explained to them, *that they ought not to practise usury to their own tribes, but were allowed to do so with Christians and others, that, therefore, as I had restored them to all their privileges, and made them equal to my other subjects, they must consider me to be the head of their nation, like Solomon or Herod, and my subjects as brethren of a tribe similar to theirs. That, consequently, they were not permitted to practise usury with me or them, but to treat us as if we were of the tribe of Judah.* That, having similar privileges to my other subjects, they were, in like manner, to pay taxes, and submit to the laws of conscription and others. By this, I gained many soldiers. Besides, I should have drawn great wealth to France, as the Jews are very numerous, and would have flocked to a country where they enjoyed such superior privileges."

Moreover, I wanted to establish a universal li-

berty of conscience. My system was to have no predominant religion, but to allow perfect liberty of conscience and of thought, to make all men equal, whether Protestants, Catholics, Mahometans, Deists, or others; so that their religion should have no influence in getting them employments under government. In fact, that it should neither be the means of serving or of injuring them; and that no objection should be made to a man's getting a situation on the score of religion, provided he were fit for it in other respects."

NAPOLEON'S TOTAL DISREGARD OF HIS OWN PRIVATE INTEREST.

As soon as Napoleon joined the army of Italy, he proved himself to be a man born for command. From that moment he filled the theatre of the world; he occupied all Europe; he was a meteor blazing in the firmament; he concentrated all eyes, riveted all thoughts, and formed the subject of all conversations. From that time every gazette, every publication, every monument, became the record of his deeds. His name was inscribed in every page and in every line, and echoed from every mouth.

His generalship was, moreover, characterized by the skill, energy, and purity of his military administration;—his constant dislike of speculation of any kind, and his total disregard of his own private interest. "*I returned from the campaign of Italy,*" said he, "*with but three hundred thousand francs in my possession, but I might easily have carried off ten or twelve millions;—that sum might have been mine. I never made out any accounts, nor was I*

ever asked for any. I expected on my return to receive some great national reward. It was publicly reported that Chambord was to be given to me, and I should have been very glad to have had it; but the idea was set aside by the Directory. I had, however, transmitted to France at least fifty millions for the service of the state. This, I imagine, was the first instance in modern history of an army contributing to maintain the country to which it belonged, instead of being a burthen on it."

When Napoleon was in treaty with the Duke de Modena; Saliceti, the government commissary with the army, who had hitherto been on indifferent terms with him, entered his cabinet.—"The commander d'Este," said he, "the duke's brother, is here with four millions in gold, contained in four chests. He comes in the name of his brother to beg of you to accept them, and I advise you to do so. I am a countryman of yours, and I know your family affairs. The directory and the legislative body will never acknowledge services. This money belongs to you; take it without scruple and without publicity. A proportionate diminution will be made in the duke's contribution, and he will be very glad to have gained a protector."—"I thank you," coolly answered General Buonaparte, "*I shall not for that sum place myself in the power of the Duke de Modena!—I wish to continue free.*"

A commissary-in-chief of the same army used often to relate that he had witnessed an offer of seven millions in gold made in a like manner to Napoleon by the government of Venice, to save it from destruction, which offer was refused.—The emperor smiled at the transports of admiration

evinced by this financier, to whom the refusal of his general appeared super-human—an action much more difficult and noble than the gaining of victories. The emperor often dwelt with a considerable degree of complacency on these anecdotes of his disinterestedness.

“When I was placed at the head of affairs as consul,” said the emperor, *“it was only by setting an example of disinterestedness, and employing the utmost vigilance, that I could succeed in changing the conduct of the administration, and putting a stop to the dreadful spectacle of directorial speculations. It cost me an immense deal of trouble to overcome the inclinations of the first persons in the state, whose conduct at length became strict and irreproachable. I was obliged to keep them constantly in fear. How often did I repeat in my councils, that if my own brother were found to be in fault, I should not hesitate to dismiss him.”*

No man in the world had ever more wealth at his disposal, and appropriated less to himself.—Napoleon, according to his own account, possessed as much as four hundred millions of specie in the cellars of the Tuilleries. His extraordinary domain amounted to more than seven hundred millions. He has said that he distributed upwards of five hundred millions in endowments to the army. And, what is very extraordinary, he who circulated such heaps of wealth never possessed any private property of his own! He had collected, in the museum, treasures which it was impossible to estimate, and yet he never had a picture or a curiosity of his own!

On his return from Italy, and on the eve of his

departure for Egypt, he became possessed of Malmaison, and there he deposited nearly all his property. He purchased it in the name of his wife, who was older than himself, and consequently, in case of his surviving her, he must have forfeited all claim to it. The fact is, as he himself has said, that *he never had a taste nor a desire for riches.*

“If I now possess any thing*,” continued he, “it is owing to measures which have been adopted since my departure; but even in that case it must depend on a hair’s-breadth chance whether there be any thing in the world I can call my own or not. *But every one has his relative ideas. I have a taste for founding, and not for possessing. My riches consisted in glory and celebrity; the Simplon and the Louvre were, in the eyes of the people and of foreigners, more my property than private domains could have been. I purchased diamonds for the crown; I repaired and adorned the imperial palaces; and I was often surprised to find that the expenses, lavished by Josephine on her greenhouses and her gallery were a real injury to my JARDIN DES PLANTES and my MUSEE DE PARIS.*”—*Las Cases’ Journal.*

A MEMBER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

THE extraordinary changes which have taken place in the military establishment of France, since the Napoleon dynasty, and the rooted antipathy entertained by the Bourbons towards all officers of that period, has naturally subjected a large portion of those veteran commanders to depend upon their

* The deposit at the house of Lafitte.

scanty half pay for subsistence; one of whom, in order the better to support himself, concealed his military rank, and became the proprietor of a cabriolet, which he drove for hire. This poor fellow happened upon one occasion to be employed by an officer of the royal guard in full regimentals, who, after having made numerous calls in very distant rections, was still desirous to proceed, notwithstanding the driver's expostulating, on account of the jaded state of his horse. The coxcomb used very authoritative language and a blow ensued on the part of this *royale militaire*, which was no sooner inflicted than a duel was proposed by the proprietor of the vehicle. The challenge was ridiculed in the first instance by the assailant, on account of the seeming disparity existing between them: in reply to which the poor half-pay Napoleonist, producing the cross of the legion of honour, always kept concealed beneath his vest, informed the royalist officer of his rank in the army, and the numerous campaigns in which he had signalized himself, and then concluded by remarking, that he conceived he was in every respect entitled to gentlemanly satisfaction from one whose epaulets had never yet been tarnished by the cannon's smoke. This appeal could not be resisted, and a meeting was the result, in which the veteran soldier made his antagonist pay with his life for the unprovoked insult offered to his honour.

The cross of the legion of honour, which was instituted by Napoleon, consisted purposely of *five points*, in order that it might not in any way bear the resemblance of a cross. It is worthy remark, that he denominated the first class, who wore stars upon their breasts, as *grand eagles*, and not *grand crosses*,

as now called by order of the Bourbons. Upon the same principle, the breast insignia of the English order of the Bath being a *star*, the appellation of *grand cross* is truly ridiculous, for, in regard to the antiquity of *stars*, there can be no doubt; being as much anterior to crosses, as the *oak tree* is to the *gallows*.

BARON DENON.

FOREMOST in the vanguard of talent, which accompanied Buonaparte into Egypt, appeared M. Denon, a mere volunteer in this grand but romantic enterprise: his visit to Egypt was purely governed by that enthusiasm for the arts, by that insatiate and learned curiosity, which, from his boyhood, had led him to invoke the *manes* of past ages, and to dispute with time the spoils that should belong to eternity.

The pilgrimage of Denon to Egypt was planned in a moment, as carelessly and as gaily as if it had been a party to the opera. The learned and ingenious men, who were attached to the general-in-chief of the Egyptian expedition, for the service of science and the arts, had already left Paris for their embarkation, and it was but a few days before the departure of the fleet, that at the fire side of Madame Buonaparte's dressing room, it was suddenly proposed to Denon, and as suddenly agreed upon, that he should accompany the general. "*Un mot du héros qui commandoit l'expédition, décida mon départ,*"—"A word from the hero who commanded the expedition, decided my departure,"—says the author of the "*Voyage en Egypte.*" And

the only stipulation which marked an arrangement by which the world has been since so greatly benefited, was, that M. Denon should be at perfect liberty;—master of his time,—and director of his own pursuits.

The monuments of Upper Egypt were the principal objects of his arduous enterprise, and the enthusiasm with which he beheld the ruins of Hermopolis, of Denderah, and of Thebes, he has painted in all the glow of poetic colouring, with all the interest of sincerity and truth. While the extraordinary chief of this extraordinary expedition was taking a city, this ardent worshipper of the arts was taking a ruin; entrenched before Thebes, or designing Apollinopolis, he waged single and successful war against the barbarous oblivion which hung over the precious relics of antiquity; and, leaving the subjugation of the fierce Mamelukes to meaner ambition, contented himself with nothing less than becoming master of the palace of the Ptolemies and the treasures of Sesostris. M. Denon, bred in courts, and reared in the luxury of polished society; yet opposing a delicate constitution and habits of refinement, to the hardships of a perilous expedition; wandering in deserts, plunging into catacombs, neither stunned by the tumult of arms, nor awed by the silence of the tomb; gay, patient, and persevering, presents a fair but splendid epitome of the force and elasticity of the genuine French temperament.

The results of this interesting voyage have long been before the world, and are stamped with its approbation; and though other antiquarians, after a more protracted research, may perhaps accumu-

late a greater mass of observations, and more highly finish *à tête reposée*, what M. Denon has slightly but boldly touched, “*tantôt à toutes voiles, tantôt à toutes jambes*,” as he has himself playfully expressed; yet the annals of literature and the arts will rarely produce a work of such magnitude as his Egypt, executed by an individual who, in instructing, never fails to amuse; and whose grace of style robes the mystic forms of remote antiquity, and long entombed art, in the airy drapery which wit and fancy reserve for the fictions of their own lightest and most splendid creations.

M. Denon had the honour of sharing the court dignities of Voltaire, and while almost yet a boy, was made *gentilhomme ordinaire du Roi*, by Louis XV. A talent peculiarly French, and eminently M. Denon's, is said to have procured him this distinction. At an early age, and but recently arrived from his province, he had already obtained reputation in Paris as a charming *raconteur*; and he was one in a circle at Versailles, when a courtier, more devoted than amusing, was endeavouring to entertain the king with a *good story ill told*; when his majesty, suddenly turning to young Denon, exclaimed:—“*Allons, Denon, racontez-moi cela*.”—“Come, Denon, do you relate that to me.”

Denon soon carried to other courts the talents which had delighted his own:—as secretary to the Russian embassy, he became known to, and particularly distinguished by the Grand Duke Paul, who for some time corresponded with him, *à la dérobée*. He had frequent opportunities of observing the magnificent Catherine, and lived in habits of great intimacy with Diderot, who was

then the life and charm of all the first circles of Petersburg.

On his return from Russia, on the death of Louis XV. he paid a visit to Voltaire, and drew an admirable picture of the patriarch of Ferney, with all *the little localities* of his bedside scenery, equally characteristic of the original and the artist. "Catherine the Great," said M. Denon, in speaking of this visit, "was the subject of eternal disputation between us. *He* spoke of her as he had *described* her;—*I*, as I had *seen* her; and, when I admitted that she was a woman of great views and distinguished manners, Voltaire would never suffer me to add, that her mind was coarse and her heart unfeeling."

M. Denon was retained in his situation of *gentilhomme ordinaire du Roi*, by Louis XVI. and was intrusted by that unfortunate monarch with a secret mission to Switzerland; but mystery and Switzerland were willingly exchanged, by the frankest of all diplomatists, for Italy and the arts; and, when sent as *charge d'affaires* to Naples, and other Italian courts, his long residence in those classic regions called forth all the latent talents of his character, which the circumstances of his life had hitherto but little favoured.

M. Denon was still resident in Italy, in his diplomatic capacity, when the revolution broke out in France. Deprived by that event of his patrimonial possessions, his talents, which had formed the recreation from official labours, became an honourable source of existence. The diplomatic artist retired to Venice; and with that cheerful philosophy, which results from energy of mind and gaiety of

temperament, and which rises superior to the adversity it sustains; he applied himself with such success to the graphic arts, that his engravings were considered as approaching closely to the excellence of Rembrandt's*, and brought a price proportioned to their value. It was at this period, that the genius and laborious study of Denon laid the basis of that brilliant reputation, which, in a future day, subjected the arts and genius of ages to his control, as *Director-general* of the *Musée Français*.

When the law of proscription was fulminated against emigrants, M. Denon returned to France in the midst of the reign of terror;—his habits of life did not permit him to take up arms in any cause; his feelings and principles revolted from the sanguinary spirit which had usurped the government of his country. Before suspicion had time to light on his character; before the sensibility which made him shudder at the horrors he witnessed had subjected his conduct to inquiry, his reputation as an artist became his shield of protection. He was sought for to delineate the transactions of the times, and the blood-stained *fastes* of the ruling democracy. But ere his pencil had immortalized a period, which should be ever blotted from the history of the nation, the death of Robespierre released him from his engagements.

During the above period, Denon was directed to attend a committee for the purpose of making some designs for *les fastes républicaines*. The committee assembled at the Tuilleries, the seat of government,

* Sir W. Hamilton, out of *badinage*, actually passed one of Denon's pieces for an unique of Rembrandt's, and obtained a high price for it from some collector.

at two hours after midnight; for the hours of darkness and repose were then the chosen periods of council and activity. At this solemn season of the night, Denon reached the palace; it was silent and gloomy; an armed guard straggled through its half lighted and spacious apartments. The anti-room of the council chamber was occupied by republican officers, fierce and dark as midnight conspirators; a *huissier* in waiting had orders to receive the diplomatic artist, and to conduct him to a particular apartment.

Left alone in a large dimly-lighted room, Denon discovered he was occupying a silent space, that once resounded to every tone of gaiety and pleasure. It was the apartment of the beautiful Marie Antoinette. Twenty years back he had himself served there, as *gentilhomme ordinaire* to Louis XV. While he was "*chewing the cud of sweet and bitter recollection*," a door opened, and was cautiously closed;—a man advanced to the centre of the room. Observing it occupied by a stranger, he started back.—It was Robespierre! By the light of the lamp on the mantelpiece, Denon could observe the darkening countenance of this king of terrors, who appeared to fumble with his right hand in his breast, as if to claim the safeguard of concealed arms. Denon at once saw the danger of exciting even a momentary apprehension in a mind like his, and he dared not pause to parley, but retreated instantly backward towards the anti-room, his eyes fixed on Robespierre, the eyes of Robespierre fixed on him. A bell, on the table of the apartment he had quitted, rang with violence. In a few minutes the *huissier* who answered it returned, with a po-

lite apology from the *dictator* to the designer of the *fastes républicains*. Denon was again introduced, and it was remarkable, that this furious demagogue, with an evident attempt to disguise the feeling he had experienced from the unexpected presence of a stranger, assumed, in his manners and deportment, an air of high polish and ceremonious breeding, as if he wished to impress upon one, who had himself been reared in courts, an idea of his own gentility, and of his superiority over the "wooden vassals" he was associated with. "He was dressed," says Denon, "like a *petit maître*, and his embroidered muslin waistcoat was lined with *rose coloured silk*."

It was sometime after this memorable event, one evening, at a ball at M. de Talleyrand's, a young officer endeavouring to procure some lemonade, received it at the hands of M. Denon. This little courtesy brought on a conversation, which was the basis of a friendship indestructible by time, or changed by inequality of rank and remoteness of situation, by the exaltations of the most splendid prosperity, or the shocks of the deepest adversity. The young officer was—General Buonaparte.

The friendships formed by Buonaparte, were never relinquished by the Emperor; and among the honours and emoluments heaped on M. Denon, by his imperial friend, he was made a baron of the empire, officer of the legion of honour, member of the institute, and director-general of the *Musée des Arts*. Of the latter high situation he sent in his resignation to the king, on the second restoration; and now vainly courts that retirement and seclusion which neither his character, rank, nor reputa-

tion permit him to enjoy. His house is one of the classic *reposoirs*, where the taste and talent of foreign nations pause, in their enlightened pilgrimage to the shrines of genius, to offer their tribute of admiration and respect. It is the little *Lorretto of the Arts!* and the *high priest* frequently supersedes the divinities at whose altars he presides.

M. Denon, in every sense, owes much to nature, and seems to have been "*né pour tous les arts.*"—"Born to be an adept in all the arts." "He was one day," says Lady Morgan, (from whose interesting work on France we have derived the above particulars), "talking on some subject of natural history to my husband, and describing his efforts to tame a crocodile; some artists came in, he was immediately plunged into a discussion on painting and antiquities; and talked alternately in French and Italian. When we were alone, I asked him the secret of his acquirements;—whether he had not been very studious in his youth? He replied carelessly, '*Tout au contraire; je n'ai jamais rien étudié, parceque cela m'a toujours ennuyé; j'ai beaucoup observé, parceque cela m'amusait: ceux qui en savent plus que moi me conseillent, ce qui fait que ma vie a été rempli, et que j'ai beaucoup joué.*' "Quite the contrary; I have never studied any thing, because that was always tiresome to me; I have observed much, because that amused me; those who have known more than me, instructed me; the result is, that my life has been fully occupied, and that I have enjoyed much.' "

NAPOLEON'S REFLECTIONS ON THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE following conversation, respecting this famous battle and its consequences, passed between the unfortunate emperor and Dr. O'Meara, soon after his arrival in the island of St. Helena.

"If you had lost the battle of Waterloo," said Napoleon, "what a state would England have been in. The flower of your youth would have been destroyed; for not a man, not even Lord Wellington, would have escaped." I observed here that Lord Wellington had determined never to leave the field alive. Napoleon replied, "he could not retreat. He would have been destroyed with his army, if instead of the Prussians, Grouchy had come up." I asked him if he had not believed for some time that the Prussians who had shown themselves, were a part of Grouchy's corps. He replied, "Certainly; and I can now scarcely comprehend why it was a Prussian division and not that of Grouchy." I then took the liberty of asking whether, if neither Grouchy nor the Prussians had arrived, it would have been a drawn battle. Napoleon answered, "the English army would have been destroyed. They were defeated at mid-day. But accident, or more likely destiny, decided that Lord Wellington should gain it. I could scarcely believe that he would have given me battle; because, if he had retreated to Antwerp, as he ought to have done, I must have been overwhelmed by the armies of three or four hundred thousand men that

were coming against me. By giving me battle, there was a chance for me. It was the greatest folly to disunite the English and Prussian armies. They ought to have been united; and I cannot conceive the reason of their separation. It was folly in Wellington to give me battle in a place, where, if defeated, all must have been lost, for he could not retreat. There was a wood in his rear, and but one road to gain it. He would have been destroyed. Moreover, he allowed himself to be surprised by me. This was a great fault. He ought to have been encamped from the beginning of June, as he must have known that I intended to attack him. He might have lost every thing. But he has been fortunate; his destiny has prevailed; and every thing he did will meet with applause. My intentions were to attack and destroy the English army. This I knew would produce an immediate change of ministry. The indignation against them for having caused the loss of forty thousand of the flower of the English army would have excited such a popular feeling that they would have been turned out. The people would have said, What is it to us who is on the throne of France, Louis or Napoleon; are we to sacrifice all our blood in endeavours to place on the throne a detested family? No, we have suffered enough. It is no affair of ours; let them settle it among themselves. They would have made peace. The Saxons, Bavarians, Belgians, and Wirtenburghers, would have joined me. The coalition was nothing without England. The Russians would have made peace, and I should have been quietly seated on the throne. Peace

would have been permanent, as what could France do after the treaty of Paris? What was to be feared from her?

“These,” continued Napoleon, “were my reasons for attacking the English. I had beaten the Prussians. Before twelve o’clock, I had succeeded. Every thing was mine, I may say, but accident and destiny decided it otherwise. The English fought most bravely, doubtless; nobody can deny it. But they must have been destroyed.”

On another occasion, the Emperor Napoleon, alluding to this fatal battle, exclaimed to Count Las Cases, “*Ah! unfortunate army! brave men! You never fought better!*” Then after pausing a few moments, he added in a tone expressive of deep feeling:—“*We had some great poltroons amongst us! May Heaven forgive them! But as to France, will she ever surmount the effects of that ill fated day!*”

DISASTERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY DURING THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

IN Sir Robert Wilson’s work on the great power of Russia, we have the following description of the dreadful state of the French army in its retreat from Moscow. Sir Robert attributes the failure of the campaign *to the want of proper horse shoes* when the frost set in so severely. “There can be no desire to exalt the reputation of Napoleon, or to disparage, if it were possible for detractions to do so, the valour of the heroic army and brave people opposed to him; an army to whose devotion Napoleon himself has paid the highest tribute, when he

describes the battalions writhing under his fire, as unwilling to stop, as unwilling to go, and yet unable to remain; but the fact is, that from want of energy in the direction of the Russian operation, and a determination not to make *a concentrated and general attack on the enemy's line of march*, the French army would have regained their positions on the Dwina and Boristhenes, with at any serious injury, had it not been for a sudden and intense frost, and *a total neglect to provide horse shoes suitable to the climate*, excepting for Napoleon's own horses, which General Caulincourt saved by the precaution. Once again established on this line, the winter might have been passed in perfect security, since Austria would have been awed into effective co-operation, and all the resources of Poland would have been brought into action for the ensuing campaign. During the retreat, a ducat, then worth one pound sterling, was, with thanks, the price of a single horse shoe, even in the Russian army. But the Russian horses in their own country are always rough shod that they may be prepared for the frost.

“In the hospital of Wilna, there were left above seventeen thousand dead and dying, frozen and freezing; *the bodies of the former, broken up, served to stop the cavities in windows, floors, and walls*; but in one of the corridors of the Great Convent, above one thousand five hundred bodies were piled up transversely, *like pigs of lead or iron*. When these were finally removed, on sledges, to be burned, the most extraordinary figures were presented by the variety of their attitudes, for none seemed to have been frozen in a composed state; *each was*

fixed in the last action of his life, in the last direction given to his limbs, even the eyes retaining the last expression, either of anger, pain, or entreaty. In the roads, men were collected round the burning ruins of the cottages, which a mad spirit of destruction had fired, picking and eating the burnt bodies of fellow men, while thousands of horses were moaning in agony, with their flesh mangled and hacked to satisfy the cravings of a hunger that knew no pity. In many of the sheds, men, scarcely alive, had heaped on their frozen bodies human carcasses, which, festering by the communication of animal heat, had mingled the dying and the dead in one mass of putrefaction !!!"

DELICACY OF LORD KEITH TO NAPOLEON.

PREVIOUS to the examination of Napoleon's effects, on board the *Bellerophon*, Count Las Cases went on board the *Tonnant*, and demanded of Lord Keith whether it was probable those appointed to search would go so far as to deprive the emperor of his sword. His lordship, a fine looking old man, of highly polished manners, received him with great politeness, and said, it would be respected; but that Napoleon was the only person exempted, as all his followers would be disarmed. A secretary, who was writing near us, observed to Lord Keith, that the orders stated that Napoleon himself was to be disarmed; upon which the admiral, turning round to this impertinent underling, drily replied, "*Mind your own business, sirrah, and leave us to ourselves.*"

DAGGER MEN.

CONTINUAL accounts from Italy state the inability of the papal court to secure the safety of travellers from the attacks of the banditti which infest every where the states of the church. When the French army took possession of Rome, a decree was issued prohibiting what had long prevailed there, the appearance of a class of men carrying long knives, whose office and occupation was pretty notorious, from the frequency of assassination which then prevailed. Some of these gentlemen of the dagger, regardless of the decree, had the audacity to make their appearance in the streets with their usual weapons in a day or two after the decree had been published and posted. Nine of them were apprehended and instantly executed, not charged with having employed their weapons, but with having carried them after the prohibition. During all the time that the French occupied Rome, that is, down to the period of the return of the pope, none of these fellows dared to show themselves, there were no assassinations, the people were secure from their assaults, and from the rapacity of brigands. But no sooner was an ecclesiastic allowed to resume the reins of a civil government, than the dagger men made their appearance in public, armed as before the invasion of the French; and assassination again became, and still continues frequent.

THE CENACOLO OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

"IN the refectory, or hall of the convent of the dominicans," says Eustace, in his Classical Tour through Italy, "was, as is well known, the celebrated Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, supposed to be his masterpiece. The convent was suppressed; and the hall turned into a store-room of artillery; and the picture was used as a target for the French soldiers to fire at. The heads were their favourite marks, and that of our Saviour, in preference to the others." In all that has been brought against the French, of truth or calumny, there is nothing comparable to this act for barbarity, sacrilege, wanton, wilful, and atrocious outrage. The original *Cenacolo* of Leonardo da Vinci, which the splendid engraving of Morghen has given to the admiration of the world, the unrivalled fresco, the chef-d'œuvre of that Leonardo, at once the Newton and the Raphael of his age, turned into a target for soldiers to shoot at!!—for French soldiers too, for whose country Leonardo forsook his Italy, and in the arms of whose most popular king, Francis I. he died. The French should never be forgiven this wanton deed,—*if the story were true*;—fortunately it is, from beginning to end, *entirely false*.

When the French army arrived at Milan, some cavalry were quartered in the convent, which had previously been devoted to military services, and the horses were stabled in the refectory, by order of the subaltern Milanese authorities, who had the direction of this measure of police. A young

French officer, who had heard something of the picture, was the first to discover the risk to which it was exposed, and hastened to inform the commander-in-chief of the circumstance, who arrived in time to save this precious monument, which might have fallen a sacrifice to the brutal ignorance, not of the French, but of the persons who superintended their quarters. The circumstance of the pistol shots is universally denied, and if even a single shot had been fired by some wanton individual, no trace of such violence is to be found.

The true causes of the present faded and decayed state of this celebrated fresco are, the bad quality of the materials of which the wall itself is constructed, and its exposure to the north. As far back as the year 1550, according to the testimony of *Armanini*, it was half destroyed, and in *Vasari's* time, he describes it as a confused blot. In 1726, it was restored by *Ballotti*, and some years afterwards, almost entirely repainted by a vile dauber, of the name of *Mazza*. When the French arrived in Milan, no part of the picture remained uninjured but the sky, (which being painted in ultra-marine, a colour not easily decomposed by moisture, had resisted the injuries of time) the three figures of the Apostle to the left, which had been restored by *Ballotti* and the profanation of *Mazza*. The barbarians, therefore, who have destroyed it, are the saltpetre which exudes from the wall, the smoke of lamps, the good cheer of the monks, and—Signore *Mazza*.

Under the direction of the Viceroy, Eugene Beauharnois, considerable attention was paid to the

Cenacolo for the purpose of arresting the hand of time; as a Latin inscription over the door intimates; and, by order of Napoleon, an accurate copy was made of it by *Giuseppe Bossi*, of Milan, a painter, for whose loss, regrets deep and universal are still fresh on every lip. *Signore Rafaelli* also was employed, by the still more munificent patronage of the Emperor Napoleon, to execute another copy, in mosaic, which is one of the most precious specimens of that singular art. Though ordered for Milan, executed by a Milanese, and paid for by the exchequer of the *Regno d'Italia*, this mosaic has been conveyed to Vienna by the Emperor of Austria, the chief of the holy alliance against French spoliation; and the loss is bitterly regretted and deeply resented by the plundered Italians.

The length of time which Leonardo da Vinci employed upon his Supper, his leaving Judas for some time without a head, the complaints of the prior to Sforza, the Duke of Milan, the humorous apology of Leonardo, that he had in vain sought a countenance expressive of all the treachery and vileness of Judas, and that he had seen none that would answer his purpose, *save that of the prior himself*, are anecdotes too well known to dwell upon. They, however, have given an historical interest to a picture which has so many other claims to notice, and which Francis I. of France, would have carried off even if he had taken the wall of the convent along with it. He even proposed the task to his architects, who dared not undertake its execution.

A door to the left of the cloisters opens into the refectory. A scaffold is raised for the spectator to

approach the picture, just where the scaffold must have stood on which Leonardo worked, forgetting even his necessary refreshment, as Bandello declares, and on which he received the Cardinal Gurcense, whose ignorance and pretensions were the subjects of his keen ridicule. The first object that meets the eye, on approaching this fresco, is *a door cut through the legs of the principal figure, and that the figure of our Saviour!!* The history of this door is well known at Milan. The dishes served at the monks table were found to cool in passing along the cloisters; and it was decreed by the chapter that a communication should be opened from the refectory to the kitchen, which stood behind the picture of Leonardo. Thus the Last Supper was destroyed, that the abbot's dinner might be served hot! This anecdote, which might so well have served as a pendant for the "target of the French soldiers," Mr. Eustace has not mentioned, though, if he visited the picture, this door could not possibly escape him.—*Italy, by Lady Morgan.*

THE VIOLET.

As the month of March gives birth to the violet, that flower was the symbol of the Napoleonists, upon the emperor's return from Elba. This was a sufficient reason for its being *proscribed* by the Bourbons. Upon this account some mischievous wag procured a quantity of the essence of violets, which he spilt about the leading apartments of the Tuilleries, a circumstance that gave great umbrage to the royal family, and in consequence every en-

deavour was made to discover the author of this trick, but without effect; whereupon, the members of the new dynasty were obliged to regale their olfactory nerves with the odour, however obnoxious the essence might prove to their feelings.

THE CUP OF COFFEE.

“ I UNDERSTAND,” said Napoleon, one day, to his medical attendant, Mr. O’Meara, “ that this governor proposed an officer should enter my chamber to see me, if I did not stir out. *Any person,*” continued he, with much emotion, “ *who endeavours to force his way into my apartment, shall be a corpse the moment he enters it. If he ever eats bread or meat again, I am not Napoleon. This I am determined on; I know that I shall be killed afterwards, as what can one do against a camp? I have faced death too many times to fear it. Besides, I am convinced that this governor has been sent out by Lord ———. I told him, a few days ago, that if he wanted to put an end to me, he would have a very good opportunity, by sending somebody to force his way into my chamber. That I would immediately make a corpse of the first that entered, and then I should be of course dispatched, and he might write home to his government, that ‘BUONAPARTE’ was killed in a brawl! I also told him to leave me alone, and not to torment me with his hateful presence. I have seen Prussians, Tartars, Cossacks, Calmucks, &c.; but never before in my life have I beheld so ill favoured, and so forbidding a countenance. Il porte le ——— empreint sur son visage.*

“During the short interview that this governor had with me in my bedchamber,” continued he, “one of the first things which he proposed was, to send you away, and to take his own surgeon in your place. This he repeated twice; and so earnest was he to gain his object, that, although I gave him a most decided refusal; when he was going out, he turned about, and again proposed it. *I never saw such a horrid countenance. He sat on a chair opposite to my sofa; and on the little table between us there was a cup of coffee. His physiognomy made such an unfavourable impression upon me, that I thought his looks had poisoned it, and I ordered Marchand to throw it out of the window; I could not have swallowed it for the world!*”

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

“DURING our delightful residence on the Lake of Como, in the spring of 1820, (says Lady Morgan) we frequently used to walk to a frontier village of Italian Switzerland, called *Chiasso*. Although the barrier, with its placard of ‘*Swiss Territory*,’ is scarcely two miles from the town of Como, the difference between the character, manners, and physiognomy of the people, is most striking. One evening we observed a large but faded tree, planted in the main street; on inquiring, we found it had been placed there to celebrate the birthday of *William Tell*. A few days before, the Duke de *Richelieu*, the late minister of France, then visiting the beauties of Como, drove, with the Austrian commandant to *Chiasso*; he was struck by the appearance of this tree, and asked what

it meant. Some of the people replied, ‘It is the *tree of liberty*.’ The duke took off his hat, made it a bow, and said, jocosely,—‘*Bon jour, mon ami, heureusement tu ne fleuris plus!*’ ‘Good day, my friend, happily you no longer flourish!’”

REFLECTIONS ON SLAVERY.

MR. BALCOMBE’S garden, in which we often walked, (says Las Cases) was superintended by an old negro. The first time we saw him, the emperor, according to his usual custom, desired me to put some questions to him respecting his history; and his answers strongly excited our interest. He was a Malay Indian, and had been forced from his home by the crew of an English vessel, and sold at St. Helena, where he had continued ever since in slavery. His story bore every mark of truth. His countenance had a frank and benevolent expression; his eyes were animated and sparkling. In short, his appearance was by no means abject; but, on the contrary, truly prepossessing.

The history of the poor fellow’s misfortunes filled us with indignation; and a few days after, the emperor expressed a wish to purchase him and send him back to his own country. He mentioned the subject to the admiral. The latter, at first, defended his countrymen, and declared that old Toby (which was the name of the unfortunate slave) must be an impostor; for the thing was impossible. He, however, inquired into the matter, and finding that the story was but too true, he participated in the indignation which we expressed, and promised to exert his best endeavours for the fulfilment of our

design. When we left Briars for Longwood, poor Toby, sharing the common fate of all earthly things, was soon forgotten; I know not what became of him.

When we were in the garden, the emperor generally stopped near Toby's hut, and made me question him respecting his country, the days of his youth, his family, his present situation, &c.; one would have supposed that he wished to study the feelings of the old slave. By the emperor's desire, I invariably closed the conversation by giving him a Napoleon.

Toby was very much attached to us; our presence always seemed to fill him with joy. When we entered the garden, he immediately suspended his work, and resting on his spade, gazed on us with an air of satisfaction. He understood not a word of the conversation that passed between the emperor and myself; but he always seemed to anticipate, with a smile, the first words I translated to him. He called the emperor the *good gentleman*; this was the only name he ever applied to him, and he knew him by no other.

I have mentioned the above particulars, because our meetings with Toby were always followed by novel, spirited, and characteristic reflections on the part of the emperor. The versatility of his mind is well known. Whenever he adverted to the poor slave's misfortunes, he always took a new view of the subject. I shall content myself with noting down the following remarks.

"Poor Toby," said he one day, "has been torn from his family, from his native land, and sold to slavery; could any thing be more miserable to him-

self, or more criminal in others? If this crime be the act of the English captain alone, he is doubtless one of the vilest of men; but if it be that of the whole of the crew, it may have been committed by men, perhaps, not so base as might be imagined; for vice is almost always individual, and scarcely ever collective. Joseph's brethren could not bring themselves to slay him; while Judas, a cool, hypocritical, calculating villain, betrayed his master. A philosopher has affirmed that men are born wicked; it would be both difficult and idle to attempt to discover whether the assertion be true. This, at least, is certain, that the great mass of society is not wicked; for if the majority were determined to be criminal and to violate the laws, who would have the power to restrain or prevent them? This is the triumph of civilisation; for this happy result springs from its bosom, and arises out of its nature; sentiments are for the most part traditionary, we feel them because they were felt by those who preceded us: thus we must look to the developement of human reason and faculties for the only key to social order, the only secret of the legislator. Only those who wish to deceive the people, and rule them for their own personal advantage, would desire to keep them in ignorance; for the more they are enlightened, the more will they feel convinced of the utility of laws, and of the necessity of defending them; and the more steady, happy, and prosperous will society become. If, however, knowledge should ever be dangerous in the multitude, it can only be so when the government, in opposition to the interests of the people, draws them into an unnatural situation, or dooms the lower classes to perish for want.

In such a case, knowledge would inspire them with spirit to defend themselves, or to become criminal.

“ My code alone, from its simplicity, has been more beneficial to France than the whole mass of laws which preceded it. My schools and my system of mutual instruction are preparing generations yet to come. Thus, during my reign, crimes were rapidly diminishing; while, on the contrary, with our neighbours in England, they have been increasing to a frightful degree. This alone is sufficient to enable any one to form a decisive judgment of the respective governments.

“ When I acquired the supreme direction of affairs, it was wished that I might become a second Washington. Words cost nothing; and no doubt those who were so ready to express the wish, did so without any knowledge of times, places, persons, or things. Had I been in America, I would willingly have acted the part of a Washington, and I should have had little merit in so doing, for I cannot see how I could reasonably have acted otherwise. But had Washington been in France, exposed to discord within, and invasion from without, I would have defied him to have been what he was in America; at least, he would have been a fool to attempt it, and would have prolonged the existence of evil. For my own part, I could only have been a *crowned Washington*. It was only in a congress of kings, in the midst of kings yielding or subdued, that I could become so. Then and there alone, I could successfully display Washington’s moderation, disinterestedness, and wisdom. I could not reasonably attain to this but by means of the *universal dictatorship*. To this I aspired; can that be thought a crime?

Can it be believed, that to resign this authority would have been beyond the power of human nature? Sylla, glutted with crimes, dared to abdicate, pursued by public execration! What motive could have checked me, who would have been followed only by BLESSINGS?—But it remained for me to conquer at Moscow!—How many will hereafter regret my disasters and my fall!—But to require prematurely of me that sacrifice, for which the time had not arrived, was a vulgar absurdity; and for me to have proclaimed or promised it would have been considered as hypocrisy and quackery; that was not my way.—I repeat, it remained for me to conquer at Moscow!”

On another occasion, pausing before Toby, he said:—“What, after all, is this poor human machine? There is not one whose exterior form is like another, or the organization of whose mind resembles that of others! And it is by disregarding this truth, that we are led into the commission of so many errors! Had Toby been a Brutus, he would have put himself to death; if an Æsop, he would now, perhaps, have been the governor’s adviser; if an ardent and zealous Christian, he would have borne his chains in the sight of God, and blessed them. As for poor Toby, he endures his misfortunes very quietly; he stoops to his work, and spends his days in innocent tranquillity.” Then, after looking at him for a few moments in silence, he turned away, and said, “Certainly there is a wide step from poor Toby to a King Richard!—And yet,” continued he, as he walked along, “the crime is not the less atrocious; for this man, after all, had his family, his happiness, and his liberty;

and it was a horrible act of cruelty to bring him here to languish in the fetters of his slavery." Then, suddenly stopping short, he added:—"But I read in your eyes, that you think he is not the only example of the sort at St. Helena!" And whether he felt offended at being placed on a parallel with Toby, whether he thought it necessary to raise my spirits, or whatever else might be his reason, he went on with dignity and animation:—"My dear Las Cases, there is not the least resemblance here; if the outrage is of a higher class, the victims also furnish very different resources. We have not been exposed to corporeal sufferings, or if that had been attempted, we have souls to disappoint our tyrants! Our situation may even have its charms! The eyes of the universe are fixed upon us! We are martyrs in an immortal cause! Millions of human beings are weeping for us; our country sighs, and glory mourns our fate! We here struggle against the oppressions of the gods, and the prayers of nations are for us!"—After a pause of a few seconds, he continued:—"Besides, this is not the source of my real sufferings! If I considered only myself, perhaps I should have reason to rejoice! Misfortunes are not without their heroism and their glory! Adversity was wanting to my career! Had I died on the throne, enveloped in the dense atmosphere of my power, I should to many have remained a problem; but now misfortune will enable all to judge of me without disguise."

On another occasion, the emperor proceeded towards James Town, until he came within sight of the road and the shipping. As he was returning, he met Mrs. Balcombe, and a Mrs. Stuart, a very

pretty woman about twenty years of age, who was returning from Bombay to England. The emperor conversed with her respecting the manners and customs of India, and the inconveniences of a sea voyage, particularly for females. He also spoke of Scotland, which was Mrs. Stuart's native country; said a great deal about Ossian, and complimented the lady on the climate of India not having spoiled her clear Scottish complexion.

At this moment some slaves, carrying heavy boxes, passed by us on the road; Mrs. Balcombe desired them, in rather an angry tone, to keep back; but the emperor interfered, saying: "CONSIDER THE BURDEN, MADAME!" At these words, Mrs. Stuart, who had been attentively observing the emperor's features, said in a low tone of voice to her friend: "Heavens! what a countenance; and what a character! How different from what I had been led to expect!"—*Count Las Cases' Journal.*

MADAME BERTRAND.

DURING Madame Bertrand's stay at St. Helena, she was brought to bed of a girl. The emperor paid her a lying-in visit. She took the child in her arms, and presented it to Napoleon, saying, "*Sire, I have the pleasure of showing you a great curiosity—in a word, an unique;—the first stranger that ever was allowed to approach your majesty in this island, without permission from the governor, or an order from the secretary of state.*" The emperor was extremely pleased at this bon mot, and laughed heartily.

THE CHAIR OF ST PETER.

LA FESTA DI CATTEDRA, or commemoration of the placing of the chair of St. Peter, on the 18th of January, is one of the most striking ceremonies, at Rome, which follow Christmas and precede the holy week. At the extremity of the great nave of St. Peter's, behind the altar, and mounted upon a tribune designed or ornamented by Michael Angelo, stands a sort of throne, composed of precious materials, and supported by four gigantic figures. A glory of seraphim, with groups of angels, shed a brilliant light upon its splendours. This throne enshrines the real, plain, worm-eaten wooden chair, on which St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, is said to have pontificated; more precious than all the bronze, gold, and gems, with which it is hidden, not only from impious, but from holy eyes, and which once only, in the flight of ages, was profaned by mortal inspection.

The sacrilegious curiosity of the French, however, broke through all obstacles to their seeing the chair of St. Peter. They actually removed its superb casket, and discovered the relic. Upon its mouldering and dusty surface were traced carvings, which bore the appearance of letters. The chair was quickly brought into a better light, the dust and cobwebs removed, and the inscription (for an inscription it was), faithfully copied. The writing is in Arabic characters, and is the well known confession of Mahometan faith—"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." It is supposed that this chair had been, among the spoils of the Cru-

saders, offered to the church at a time when a taste for antiquarian lore, and the deciphering of inscriptions, were not yet in fashion. This story has been since hushed up, the chair replaced, and none but the unhallowed remember the fact, and none but the audacious repeat it. Yet such there are, even at Rome!

THE CHARACTERS OF MURAT AND NEY.

MR. O'MEARA having said to the Emperor Napoleon, that it was asserted that Murat had imputed the loss of the battle of Waterloo to the cavalry not having been properly employed, and had said, that if he (Murat) had commanded them, the French would have gained the victory;—"It is very probable," replied Napoleon; "I could not be everywhere; and Murat was the best cavalry officer in the world. He would have given more impetuosity to the charge. There wanted but very little, I assure you, to gain the day for me. *Enfoncer deux ou trois bataillons*, and in all probability Murat would have effected that. There were not, I believe two such officers in the world as Murat for the cavalry, and Drouot for the artillery. Murat was a most singular character. Four-and-twenty years ago, when he was a captain, I made him my aid-de-camp, and subsequently raised him to be what he was. He loved, I may rather say, adored me. In my presence he was as it were struck with awe, and ready to fall at my feet. I acted wrong in having separated him from me, as without me, he was nothing. With me, he was my right arm. Order Murat to attack and destroy four or five thousand

men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; but leave him to himself, he was an *imbecile* without judgment. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so *lâche*. He was no where brave unless before the enemy. *There* he was probably the bravest man in the world. His boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, *couvert de pennes jusqu'au clocher*, and glittering with gold. How he escaped is a miracle, being as he was, always a distinguished mark, and fired at by every body. Even the Cossacks admired him on account of his extraordinary bravery. Every day Murat was engaged in single combat with some of them, and never returned without his sabre dropping with the blood of those whom he had slain. He was a paladine, in fact a Don Quixote in the field; but take him into the cabinet, he was a poltroon, without judgment or decision. Murat and Ney were the bravest men I ever witnessed. Murat, however, was a much nobler character than Ney. Murat was generous and open; Ney partook of the *canaille*.

Murat's bravery was so great that the Cossacks used to express their admiration of him with cries and shouts of applause. They could not restrain their feelings at seeing a noble figure, advancing like a knight of old, and performing such prodigies of valour."

Some short time after Napoleon's arrival at Longwood, Mr. O'Meara communicated to him the news of Murat's death. He heard it with calmness; and immediately demanded, if he had perished on the field of battle? "At first," says Mr. O'Meara, "I hesitated to tell him that his brother-in-law had been executed like a criminal. On his repeating

the question, I informed him of the manner in which Murat had been put to death, *which he listened to without any change of countenance*. I also communicated the intelligence of the death of Ney. "He was a brave man, nobody more so; but he was a madman," said he. "He has died without having the esteem of mankind. He betrayed me at Fontainebleau: the proclamation against the Bourbons, which he said in his defence I caused to be given to him, was written by himself, and I never knew any thing about that document until it was read to the troops. It is true, that I sent him orders to obey me. *What could he do? His troops abandoned him. Not only the troops, but the people wished to join me.*"

NAPOLEON'S ATTENTION TO THE SICK.

AFTER the siege of Saint Jean D'Acre had been raised, Napoleon was given to understand that the horses employed in transporting the sick were not sufficiently numerous to effect the purpose, as a great many had been wounded. No sooner had he acquired this information than, springing from the saddle, he caused the whole of his suite to dismount on the instant, commanding every horse to be dispatched for the use of the sick and wounded, the general and his suite *performing a three days march on foot over the burning sands of the desert*. What a complete refutation is this single trait, of the infamous aspersions at one time accredited, in respect to the conduct pursued towards his suffering troops in the hospitals of Jaffa?

NAPOLEON'S CONTEMPLATION OF SUICIDE.

SHORTLY after it had been officially announced to Napoleon, that he was to be exiled to St. Helena, and while he yet remained on board the *Bellerophon*, the following remarkable conversation took place:—I was again sent for by the emperor, (says Count las Cases, in his interesting Journal,) who, after alluding to different subjects began to speak of St. Helena, asking me what sort of a place it could be? whether it were possible to exist there? and similar questions. “But,” said he, “after all, am I quite sure of going there? Is a man dependent on others, when he wishes that his dependence should cease?”—We continued to walk to and fro in the cabin; he seemed calm, though affected, and somewhat absent.

“My friend,” continued the emperor, “I have sometimes an idea of quitting you, and this would not be very difficult; it is only necessary to create a little mental excitement, and I shall soon have escaped—all will be over, and you can then tranquilly rejoin your families. This is the more easy, since my internal principles do not oppose any bar to it.—I am one of those who conceive that the pains of the other world were only imagined as a counterpoise to those inadequate allurements which are offered to us there. God can never have willed such a contradiction to his infinite goodness, especially for an act of this kind; and what is it after all, but wishing to return to him a little sooner?”

I remonstrated warmly against such notions.

Poets and philosophers had said, that it was a spectacle worthy of the divinity to see men struggling with fortune; reverses and constancy had their glory. Such a great and noble character as his could not descend to the level of vulgar minds; he who had governed us with so much glory, who had excited the admiration, and influenced the destinies of the world, could not end like a desperate gamester or a disappointed lover. What would then become of all those who looked up to and placed their hopes in him? Would he thus abandon the field to his enemies? The anxiety shown by the latter to drive him to it was surely sufficient to make him resist: who, besides, could tell the secrets of time, or dare assert what the future would produce? What might not the mere change of a ministry, the death of a prince or a confidant, the slightest burst of passion, or the most trifling dispute, bring about?

“Some of these suggestions have their weight,” said the emperor, “but what can we do in that desolate place?”—“Sire,” I replied, “we will live on the past: there is enough of it to satisfy us. Do we not enjoy the life of Cæsar and that of Alexander? We shall possess still more; you will reperuse yourself, sire!”—“Be it so!” rejoined Napoleon; “we will write our memoirs. Yes, we must be employed; for occupation is the scythe of time. After all, a man ought to fulfil his destinies; this is my grand doctrine: let mine also be accomplished.” Reassuring from this instant an air of ease and even gaiety, he passed on to subjects totally unconnected with our situation.

JUSTICE ACCORDED TO THE CONQUERORS OF
LODI.

AFTER the desperate affair of the bridge of Lodi, the passage of which was in a great measure due to the personal courage of Generals Berthier and Massena, who gave a glorious example to the army by precipitating themselves in the foremost ranks, and thus conducting the grenadiers to victory: Buonaparte sent the following report to the French directory, the style of which, as a testimony of the bravery of the troops under his command, is too striking not to be recorded on the page of history.

“ If we have lost few men,” said he, *“ this fortunate circumstance is due to the prompt execution and the sudden effect produced on the enemies’ forces by the immense masses rushing forward, and likewise to the dreadful fire from our invincible column. Were I called upon to designate the soldiers who have distinguished themselves in this battle, I should be obliged to name every carabineer of the advanced guard and nearly all the staff officers ; but I should not omit in particular the intrepid Berthier, who served, on that occasion, as cannoneer, cavalier, and grenadier.”*

NAPOLEON’S REASONS FOR RETAINING THE TITLE
OF EMPEROR.

IT was observed to Napoleon, whilst residing at St. Helena, that many were surprised at his having retained the title after abdication. He replied, “ I abdicated the throne of France, but not the title of

emperor. *I do not call myself Napoleon, emperor of France, but the Emperor Napoleon.* Sovereigns generally retain their titles. Thus Charles of Spain retains the title of king and majesty, after having abdicated in favour of his son. If I were in England, I would not call myself emperor. But they want to make it appear that the French nation had not a right to make me its sovereign. If they had not a right to make me emperor, they were equally incapable of making me general. *A man, when he is at the head of a few, during the disturbances of a country, is called a chief of rebels ; but, when he succeeds, effects great actions, and exalts his country and himself, from being styled chief of rebels, he is called general, sovereign, &c. It is only success which makes him such. Had he been unfortunate, he would be still chief of rebels, and perhaps perish on a scaffold.* Your nation," continued he, "called Washington a leader of rebels for a long time, and refused to acknowledge either him or the constitution of his country ; but his successes obliged them to change, and acknowledge both. It is success which makes the great man. It would appear truly ridiculous in me," added he, "to call myself emperor, situated as I am here, and would remind one of those poor wretches in Bethlem, in London, who fancy themselves kings amidst their chains and straw, were it not that your ministers force me to it.

"I expect nothing from the present ministry but ill treatment. The more they want to lessen me, the more I will exalt myself. *It was my intention to have assumed the name of Colonel Meuron, who*

was killed by my side at Arcola, covering me with his body, and to have lived as a private person in England; in some part of the country, where I might have lived retired, without ever desiring to mix in the grand world. I would never have gone to London, nor have dined out. Probably I should have seen very few persons. Perhaps I might have formed a friendship with some savans. I would have rode out every day, and then returned to my books." Mr. O'Meara observed, that as long as he kept up the title of majesty, the English ministers would have a pretext for keeping him in St. Helena. He replied, "they force me to it. I wanted to assume an *incognito* on my arrival here, which was proposed to the admiral, but they will not permit it. *They insist on calling me General Buonaparte. I have no reason to be ashamed of that title, but I will not take it from them.* If the republic had not a legal existence, it had no more right to constitute me general, than first magistrate. *If I were in England now, and a deputation from France were to come and offer me the throne, I would not accept of it, unless I knew such to be the unanimous wish of the nation.* Otherwise I should be obliged to turn *bourreau*, and cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it—oceans of blood must flow to keep me there.—*I have made noise enough in the world already, perhaps too much, and am now getting old, and want retirement.* These," continued he, "*were the motives which induced me to abdicate the last time.*"

NAPOLEON'S LIBERALITY TO AUTHORS.

BUONAPARTE was extremely liberal to literary people—a pension of four thousand francs per annum was assigned to all authors and *gens-de-lettres*, whose circumstances admitted of their acceptance of such a gratuity.—He gave Madame de Genlis, however, six thousand, and a suite of apartments at the *Arsenal*. “As I had never spoken to him,” said Madame de Genlis, in relating this circumstance, “never had any intercourse with him whatever, I was struck with this liberality, and asked him, what he expected I should do to merit it? When the question was put to Napoleon, he replied carelessly, ‘*Let Madame de Genlis write me a letter once a month.*’ As no subject was dictated, I chose literature, but I always abstained from politics.” Madame de Genlis added, that though she never had any interview with the emperor, yet on her recommendation, he had pensioned five indigent persons of literary talent.

One of these persons was a mere *littéraire de société*, and it was suggested to Buonaparte, that if he granted four thousand francs to a man, who was not an author, and was therefore destitute of the usual claims on such stated bounty; that there were two friends of that person, equally clever, literary, and distressed, who would expect, or at least ask, for a similar provision. “*Eh bien,*” said the emperor, “*cela fait douze mille francs;*”—“Very well, that makes twelve thousand francs;” and he ordered the other two distressed *littérati* to be put on the annuity list with their friend.

It seems, indeed, that the possession of talent was no vain distinction, under the imperial regime—and the friends and enemies of Napoleon alike agree, that no merit escaped his liberal countenance and princely munificence. He sought out intellectual merit with the greatest avidity, and loaded authors, artists, and men of science, with favours and honours; titles and emoluments. But his enemies say, “this was done to *degrade* them.” In England, where “*all the talents*” has become a by-word for ridicule and contempt, it is true, no steps have been taken to *degrade* its men of genius, by making them *peers of the realm*, *senators*, and persons of *high official responsibility*. They are not even “*degraded*” by the slightest notice or favour; and are simply marked out and distinguished by *neglect*!

A CAMEO OF AUGUSTUS FOUND BY NAPOLEON IN
THE GREAT DESERT OF ARABIA.

ON one occasion, as the French army was passing by the ruins of Pelusium, and were almost suffocated with the heat, some one resigned to Napoleon a fragment of an ancient door, beneath which he contrived to shade his head for a few minutes; “and this,” said Napoleon to Count Las Cases, “was no trifling concession.” It was on this very spot, while removing some stones at his feet, that chance rendered him the possessor of a superb antique, well known in the learned world.

This was a Cameo of Augustus, a mere sketch, but admirably designed. Napoleon gave it to General Andreossi, who was a great collector of antiquities; but M. Denon, who was at that time absent, having

afterwards seen this Cameo, was struck with its resemblance to Napoleon, who then had the stone returned to him, and kept it. It afterwards fell into the possession of Josephine, and M. Denon is ignorant what has since become of it.

BUONAPARTE AT THE COUNCILS OF ANCIENTS
AND OF FIVE HUNDRED.

THE following are the most prominent features of the famous speech of Buonaparte to the council of ancients, immediately preceding the overthrow of the council of five hundred.

"They talk of a new Cæsar, of a new Cromwell; a report is spread that I am desirous to establish a military government. Had I been anxious to oppress the cause of liberty, to usurp the supreme authority, I should not have been obedient to your orders; it would not have been necessary for me to receive such authority from the senate."

"The country does not boast a more zealous defender than myself, my devotion has been entire for the execution of its orders; but it is on you alone that its salvation depends, for there is no longer a directory; four of the magistrates, constituting a part of that body, have given in their dismissions; dangers are pressing; the evil increases:"

"As to the constitution, is it your wish to invoke it? What does it now present, but a heap of ruins? has it not been successively the sport of all factions? Did you not trample it under foot on the 18th Fructidor; on the 22d Floreal, as well as on the 28th Prairial?—The constitution!—Is it not under that name that all tyrannical measures have been

organised since its existence? What guarantee can it now give? Is not its insufficiency manifest, by the countless outrages committed against it by those very men who now plight towards it their faith, in derision? All the rights of the people have been shamefully violated; to reestablish them upon a firm basis is now the task in order to consolidate for France, liberty, and the republic."

"I declare to you that the moment the danger is over, I will resign the command which has been vested in me; I will only be, in respect to the magistracy named by you, the arm that shall support it."

The firm and severe aspect of Buonaparte, as well as the importance of events on the point of arriving, redoubled the attention paid by the council; notwithstanding which Cornudet affirmed that a conspiracy existed, accusing the general with being one of its principal leaders; whereupon Napoleon, rising, exclaimed with vehemence:

"Me a conspirator! I could at this moment reveal secrets which would instantly confound my calumniators: I shall, however, content myself by stating to you that Barras, and Moulin, tampered with me to overthrow the government, and to place myself at the head of affairs; but I would not listen to such overtures, because liberty is dearer to me than life, and that I only desire to serve the French people."

At the conclusion of this apostrophe an extraordinary movement manifested itself at the entrance of the hall; Buonaparte left the council of ancients, and, traversing the vestibule where he found some grenadiers of the legislative body, the general cried: *"To arms, soldiers; follow me!"* which was an-

swered by cries of "*Vive Buonaparte,*" whom they obeyed, proceeding after him to the entrance of the chamber where the council of five hundred was sitting. *There, bareheaded and unarmed, Napoleon entered alone;* his presence created a strong movement throughout the assembly; which in vain menaced and ordered him to retire: upon which he made an effort to speak, when the cries of "*Down with the tyrant! Let the dictator be outlawed!*" were loudly vociferated, and a general rush of the council was made towards him. At this juncture his life was in the most imminent danger, *for all the deputies were armed either with daggers or with pistols.* General Lefebvre and a party of grenadiers instantly surrounded his person, and conducted him from the hall; but, on retiring, a grenadier, named Thomé, received a wound in the arm from a stiletto, which had been directed against Buonaparte. Such was the eventful scene in the Councils of the Ancients and of Five Hundred, from whence it must be obvious to the unbiassed reader that even allowing the ambition of Napoleon in its fullest extent; the instability and weakness of the then existing state of things, and the sanguinary and destructive changes which had preceded, were sufficient causes for exciting the contempt of every thinking mind and a heartfelt desire for the establishment of some steady form of government that might preclude the possibility of a renewal of bloodshed, confusion, and universal anarchy.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND
BIRTH OF YOUNG NAPOLEON.

WHEN the death of the Princess Charlotte was announced to Napoleon, he expressed his affliction at the unfortunate event; as, independent of the feelings which naturally arose at the fate of a princess, cut off in the prime of youth and beauty, and with such prospects before her; he said, that he had not been without hopes that she would have caused more liberal policy to be adopted towards himself. He inveighed against the accoucheurs, and expressed his surprise that the populace had not stoned them to death. He observed, that the business had a strange appearance, and that precautions appeared to have been taken to deprive the princess of every thing necessary to support and to console her in a first accouchement. He urged, that some old married women, who had frequently borne children, ought to have been at her bedside to comfort her. Had they been present, they would have perceived that matters were going on wrong, and would have insisted upon further assistance being rendered. It was unpardonable in the old queen not to have been on the spot. "What signified Leopold," said he, "he is a *garçon*, and knew not what to do. Had it not been for me," added he, "Marie Louise would have died in a similar manner. During the time of her labour, I was in an apartment close by, from whence I went to her room every now and then. After she had been some hours in labour, Dubois, the accoucheur, came to me while I was reclining on the sofa, with great alarm painted on his countenance,

and said, ‘that the empress was in a state of great danger, that there was a wrong presentation.’ I asked him if he had ever seen any thing of the kind before. Dubois replied, ‘that he had, but very rarely, perhaps one in a thousand, and that it was very afflicting to him that so extraordinary a case should happen with the empress.’ *Forget, said I, that she is empress, and treat her as you would the wife of a little shopkeeper in the Rue St. Denis. This is the only favour I ask of you.* Dubois then asked, ‘if it were necessary that one should be sacrificed, which should he save, the mother or the child?’ *The mother, certainly, I replied, it is her right. I then accompanied Dubois to the bedside, encouraged and tranquillized the empress as much as possible, and held her while the forceps were applied.* The child was apparently dead when born, but by frictions and other means he was restored to life. His birth produced a delirium of joy in the nation. On the discharge of the first gun, that announced the interesting event, all the population of Paris, in the greatest suspense, ran into the streets, the public walks, and the parks, counting the number of guns. Twenty-one guns were to have been fired for the birth of a princess, and one hundred and one for a prince. At the discharge of the twenty-second gun, the Parisians rent the skies with acclamations and expressions of universal delight.”

“Had the poor Princess Charlotte,” added the emperor, “had some person about her, who would have acted with energy as I did, she would have been saved. Now, through the neglect of her relations, and the imbecility, or something worse, of those *misérables* of accoucheurs, it is impossible to say what calamities may befall the British empire.”

FRIENDSHIP CARRIED TO ENTHUSIASM.

DURING the expedition of the French army to Egypt, a young and devoted friend of the brave Castarelli saw that celebrated man fall at *St. Jean d'Acre*, while fighting by his side. The death of his gallant friend drove him to despair; and his grief was so touching, his despondency so profound, that it became a subject of conversation to the whole army. At last it reached the ears of Buonaparte, who paid a personal visit to the mourner. He is said to have shed tears on the occasion, and endeavoured in vain to console him, by observing: "It is at least a solace to you, that your brave friend died covered with glory."

"*Ha, Gloire!*" repeated the young man indignantly, and in all the petulance of grief; "*qu'est ce que la gloire? Elle est faite pour un homme, tel que vous.*" "Glory! What is it? It is only made for such as you."—"Give him some laudanum," said Buonaparte, coldly; and when he had seen it administered, he silently left the tent.

A few days after this interview, the young man distinguished himself by a desperate intrepidity, which evinced his desire to follow his friend, "*de mourir de la mort de Roland,*" "to die the death of Roland." His valour became a subject of admiration in common with his friendship, and the army were unwearied in their praises of his spirit and his sensibility. Buonaparte became tired of the subject, and fearful of the example; and observed in the hearing of several of his young companions: "*Pour ce jeune ****, c'est un brave garçon, mais je l'aurois fusillé, si cela eût continué.*" "As for

this young ****, he is a brave youth, but I should have ordered him to be shot, had that conduct continued."

BUONAPARTE'S ANSWER TO A DISSATISFIED SOLDIER.

SOME time after Napoleon had attained the rank of captain, a soldier one day approached him and showed him his coat which was in rags, at the same time demanding another in a dissatisfied tone. "*A new coat!*" exclaimed the young officer, who, although well aware of the bad appointment of the whole republican army, did not wish to encourage a mutinous disposition among the soldiery—" *You do not call to mind, that your honourable scars would no longer be visible.*" This well timed compliment completely satisfied the poor soldier.

THE EX-KING AND QUEEN OF NAPLES.

THE Pensionnal of the Miracoli was an establishment for the education of female youth, and in its importance, extent, and magnificence, closely resembling those of Milan and Lodi, was the work of Murat, and greatly forwarded by the zeal, and even personal superintendence of *Madame Murat*, whose last words to all the Neapolitans, whom she saw previous to her embarkation on board the English frigate, were—" *Watch over the Miracoli! —preserve my school.*"

Madame Murat carried even to affectation her determination of not removing any thing that belonged to her royal state, and took only what she

considered personal and private property. She left all the palaces newly and superbly furnished, with plate, linen, pictures, &c. &c. &c.; two hundred horses in the stables, and one hundred and eight carriages. The king found the national debt cleared off; though in 1789 it amounted to twenty-nine millions, and was considerably increased during the interval of their majesties' absence in Sicily. All this, however, has not softened the implacable king, whose hatred to the name of Murat is so inveterate, that on the occasion of a law process, which occurred at Naples, 1820, the name of Madame Murat occurring in the course of evidence, the crown lawyer, to avoid mentioning her name, called her "*La Moglie dell' occupazione militare*," "*the wife of the military occupation*." It is said in Naples that nothing would satisfy the king, but the life of the unfortunate Murat; and that half doubtful of the good news being true when it reached him, he expressed himself like the vindictive little boy in the drama of the "*Children in the Wood*"—"Kill him again, Walter—kill him again."

BLACAS' PAPERS.

ON the emperor's arrival in Paris on the evening of the 20th of March, 1815, he found, on one of the tables, a vast number of documents of the most treasonable nature; but the most complete records of baseness, deceit, and villany, were found in the apartments of M. Blacas, grand master of the wardrobe, and minister of the household; these were filled with plans, reports, and petitions of every kind. There were few of these papers in which

the writers did not put themselves forward at the expense of Napoleon, whom they were far from expecting to return. They formed altogether such a mass, that the emperor was obliged to appoint a committee of four persons to examine them; he afterwards thought he was to blame in not having confided that office to a single individual, and with such injunctions that he might have felt confident nothing was suffered to escape. He afterwards had reason to believe that these papers might have afforded some salutary hints respecting the treachery which surrounded him on his return from Waterloo.

Among these papers, Napoleon experienced the mortification to meet with some containing the most infamous remarks respecting himself personally; and those too in the very hand-writing of individuals who only the day before had assembled round him, and were already in the enjoyment of his favours.

The first impulse of his indignation was to determine that they should be printed, and to withdraw his protection: a second thought restrained him.—“*We are so volatile, so inconstant, so easily led away,*” said he, “*that after all, I could not be certain that those very people had not really and spontaneously come back to my service: in that case, I should have been punishing them at the very time when they were returning to their duty. I thought it better to seem to know nothing of the matter, and I ordered all their letters to be burnt.*”

ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRATION OF THE FRENCH
TROOPS.

DURING the Russian expedition, orders were given to go into winter quarters at Smolensko; but the emperor having reconnoitered the ground upon which the battle of Volentino had been fought, and the lofty heights which had been carried with so much bravery by General Gudiu's division, could no longer contain himself, but exclaimed, "*With such troops, one might go to the end of the world—to Moscow !*"

GENERAL VANDAMME.

GENERAL VANDAMME, when made prisoner by the Russians, was brought before the Emperor Alexander, who reproached him in bitter terms with being a robber, a plunderer, and a murderer; adding, that no favour could be granted to such an execrable character. This was followed by an order that he should be sent to Siberia, whilst the other prisoners were sent to a much less northern destination. Vandamme replied, with great *sang froid*, "*It may be, sire, that I am a robber and a plunderer; but at least I have not to reproach myself with having soiled my hands with the blood of a father !*"

THE IMPROVEMENT OF LONDON SUGGESTED.

NAPOLEON asked Mr. O'Meara a number of questions about London, of which he had lent him a history. He appeared to be well acquainted with the

contents of the book, though he had not had it in his possession many days; described the plates, and tried to repeat several of the cries;—said *that if he had been King of England, he would have made a grand street on each side of the Thames, and another from St. Paul's to the river.*

THE EMPEROR'S OPINION OF FOCHE.

“FOUCHE is a miscreant of all colours, a priest, a terrorist, and one who took an active part in many bloody scenes in the revolution. He is a man who can worm all your secrets out of you with an air of calmness and unconcern. He is very rich,” added he, “but his riches were badly acquired. There was a tax upon gambling houses in Paris, but, as it was an infamous way of gaining money, I did not like to profit by it, and therefore ordered that the amount of the tax should be appropriated to an hospital for the poor. It amounted to some millions; but Fouché, who had the collecting of the impost, put many of them into his own pockets, and it was impossible for me to discover the real yearly sum total. I always thought that it would be Talleyrand who would hang Fouché! perhaps they will go to the gallows together. The Bishop is a *Fox*, the Orator is a *Tiger*.”

THE POPE IN PARIS.

POPE PIUS the Sixth was described by one deep read in human character, who had lived in habits of intimacy with the holy father, as blending in his

character the eager curiosity and simplicity of a recluse, with great natural shrewdness and intelligence; Paris opened a new scene of observation to this dignified monk, and he expressed his wonder and admiration, with all the naivete and frankness of childhood. "I have seen a great deal," he observed to one whom Napoleon had recommended to him as a *Ciceroni*, "but I have not yet seen the *Palais Royal*; pray let us go there."—" *St. Père*," returned the baron, "c'est impossible," adding, that it would commit the character of his holiness, and compromise the discretion of his guide. "But I would go," replied the pope, eagerly, "*travestito da curato*." This extraordinary masquerade did not, however, take place.

While the pope remained in Paris, a number of idle boys made a trade of assembling under his windows, to sell his benediction, which they did by crying, "*Les benedictions du très St. Père, pour deux sous!*" "The benedictions of the most holy father, for one penny!" and when they had collected a crowd, and received the money, *they commenced an outcry, calling on the pope to appear, and to bestow his benediction*; in the same manner as the English mob called for "*Blucher*" and "*the Emperor*," when those personages were in London. The pope always complied with their demand, appeared, and gave the required benediction, perfectly unconscious of the trick that was played on him.—His amiable manners won golden opinions from all who had access to him; and as far as he was known in France, either as a guest, or as a prisoner, he was popular, pitied, and admired.

A COUNSELLOR DISGRACED IN PRESENCE OF THE WHOLE COUNCIL.

A RELIGIOUS party was at one time fomenting civil discord in the state, by secretly circulating bulls and letters from the pope. These were shown to a counsellor of state, appointed to superintend religious worship; and who, if he did not himself circulate them, at least neither prevented nor denounced their circulation. This was discovered, and the emperor suddenly challenged him with the fact in open council. "What could have been your motive, sir?" said he, "were you influenced by your religious principles? If so, why are you here? I use no control over the conscience of any man. Did I force you to become my counsellor of state? On the contrary, you solicited the post as a high favour. You are the youngest member of the council, and perhaps the only one who has not some personal claim to that honour; you had nothing to recommend you but the inheritance of your father's services. You took a personal oath to me; how could your religious feelings permit you openly to violate that oath, as you have just now done? Speak, however; you are here in confidence; your colleagues shall be your judges. Your crime is a great one, sir. A conspiracy for the commission of a violent act is stopped as soon as we seize the arm that holds the poniard. But a conspiracy to influence the public mind has no end; it is like a train of gunpowder. Perhaps, at this very moment, whole towns are thrown into commotion through your fault!" The counsellor, quite con-

fused, said nothing in reply; the first appeal was sufficient to establish the fact. The members of the council, to the majority of whom this event was quite unexpected, were struck with astonishment, and observed profound silence.—“Why,” continued the emperor, “did you not, according to the obligation imposed by your oath, discover to me the criminal and his plots? Am I not at all times accessible to every one of you?”—“Sire,” said the counsellor, at length venturing to reply, “he was my cousin.”—“Your crime is then the greater, sir,” replied the emperor sharply; “your kinsman could only have been placed in office at your solicitation; from that moment all the responsibility devolved on you. When I look upon a man as entirely devoted to me, as your situation ought to have rendered you, all who are connected with him, and all for whom he becomes responsible, from that time, require no watching. These are my maxims.” The accused member still remained silent, and the emperor continued: “The duties which a counsellor of state owes to me are immense. You, sir, have violated those duties, and you hold the office no longer. Begone; let me never see you here again!”

The disgraced counsellor, as he was withdrawing, passed very near the emperor; the latter looked at him and said, “I am sincerely grieved at this, sir, for the services of your father are still fresh in my memory.” The poor fellow could contain himself no longer, but gave vent to a flood of tears.

When he was gone, the emperor, addressing himself to the rest of the council, added: “I hope such a scene as this may never be renewed; it has done me too much harm.—I am not distrustful, but

may become so! I have allowed myself to be surrounded by every party; I have placed near my person even emigrants and soldiers of the army of Condé; and though it was wished to induce them to assassinate me, yet, to do them justice, they have continued faithful. Since I have held the reins of government, this is the first individual employed about me, by whom I have been betrayed." And then turning towards M. Locré, who took notes of the debates of the council of state, he said, "Write down *betrayed*—do you hear?"—*Las Cases' Journal*.

PROPHECY OF LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

WHEN Buonaparte, then first consul for life, wished to take the title of emperor, his brother Lucien opposed himself to the project with all his power; and finding his effort unavailing, "*Your ambition knows no bounds,*" exclaimed he; "*you are master of France, you wish to be master of all Europe, do you know what the result will be? you will be smashed to pieces like this watch;*" flinging his watch violently on the floor.

MILITARY EXECUTION OF THE TURKS AT JAFFA.

MUCH has been said, *pro* and *con*, upon this subject. It is presumed that the following explanation of Napoleon's reason for this execution, in his own words, will be satisfactory to the reader, and at the same time set the much agitated question for ever at rest:—

"I ordered about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot, which was done. The reason was, that

amongst the garrison of Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time before at El-Arish, and sent to Bagdad upon their parole not to serve again, or to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted twelve leagues on their way to Bagdad, by a division of my army. But those Turks, instead of proceeding to Bagdad, threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me a number of brave men to take it, whose lives would have been spared, if the others had not reinforced the garrison of Jaffa. Moreover, before I attacked the town, I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately afterwards we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now, if I had spared them again, and sent them away upon their parole, they would directly have gone to St. Jean d'Acre, where they would have played over again the same scene that they had done at Jaffa. In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already small and reduced in number, in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches, was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances, independent of the right given to me by having taken the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners taken at El-Arish, who, in defiance of their capitulation,

had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would," continued the emperor, "do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances."

BUONAPARTE'S INFLUENCE ON THE STATE OF MUSIC IN FRANCE.

FROM the influence which Buonaparte assumed over music in France, his object was to establish that style of annunciation and expression which Rousseau, many years before, had so strongly recommended and illustrated, in the recitatives of his own "*Devin du Village*;" a style which Mr. Moore, who has so many claims to reputation, has introduced into English composition, by the example of his own original and exquisite melodies, and which is gradually giving its tone and character to the music of the present day.

Buonaparte was in music a true Italian, and his despotic interference with the composers, whom he brought from Italy and liberally recompensed, was consonant at once to his taste for the art and his love of dictation. He had himself learned to play on the piano-forte; and knew enough of the theory and terms of the science, to be enabled to dictate even to the genius of Paesiello, without betraying more ignorance of the mechanism of the subject, than might be permitted in an emperor. His anxiety about the operas of Paesiello, and his arguments with that delightful composer, have been re-

lated with great humour by those who were present when, by special command, he brought them half-finished to the Tuilleries, for the inspection and criticism of the imperial amateur. The composer was quite as independent as the sovereign was dictatorial, and argued out every point, bar by bar, and note by note. Sometimes Buonaparte demanded the erasure of half or a whole scene, exclaiming, as he measured the score with his fingers,—“ From *this* to *this* is good; it *means something*; it is *melody*:—but from *this* to *this* is mere *science*; there is neither expression nor passion; it is not dramatic,—it *will not do*.” Paesiello seldom complied implicitly; and the composer and the critic usually compromised the difference between melody and harmony, and science and expression, as well as their respective predilections would allow them, by each yielding something of their own judgment to the opinion of the other.

The man, who at the head of a great empire, could plan great and lasting works, conquer nations, and yet talk astronomy with La Place, tragedy with Talma, music with Cherubini, painting with Gerard, *virtu* with Denon, and literature and science with any one who would listen to him, was certainly “ out of the *roll* of common men,” even allowing, for a moment, that he had taken “ the royal road to learning,” and was, as his enemies insinuate, “ but superficially acquainted with the various subjects, which engrossed his restless and all grasping capacity.”—*Lady Morgan*.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY ON BOARD THE NORTHUMBERLAND.

It being the 15th of August (says Count Las Cases in his Journal), we asked permission to be admitted into the emperor's presence this morning, and all entered his cabin at the same time. He was not aware of the cause of this visit;—it was his birthday, which seemed to have altogether escaped his recollection. We had been in the habit of seeing him on that anniversary, on a much larger stage, and in the midst of his power, but never were our vows more sincere, or our hearts more full of attachment, than on the present occasion.

The days now exactly resembled each other; at night we constantly played at vingt-et-un; the admiral and some of his officers being occasionally of the party. The emperor used to retire after losing, according to custom, his ten or twelve Napoleons; this happened to him daily, because he would persist in leaving his stake on the table, until it had produced a considerable number. To-day he had gained from eighty to a hundred. The admiral dealt the cards; the emperor still wished to leave his winnings, in order to see how far he could reach; but thought he could perceive it would be quite as agreeable to the admiral if he stopped where he was. The emperor had won *sixteen times*, and might have won more than sixty thousand Napoleons. While all present were expatiating on his being thus singularly favoured by fortune, an English officer observed, “that is not surprising, as this is the anniversary of the emperor's birthday.”

NAPOLEON'S COMMERCIAL SYSTEM.

AT the conclusion of a long conversation with M. de Pradt, in which Napoleon had been pleasing himself with the details of his journey to Holland, he said to the former: "*In five years I shall be master of the world, Russia alone remains; but I shall crush her.—Paris shall extend to St. Cloud. I will build fifteen ships of the line every year, and will not put to sea till I have a hundred and fifty; I shall then also be master of the seas, and all commerce must of course pass through my hands. I will not import a pound more than I export. I will exchange million for million.*"

THE FRENCH POST-OFFICE.

"IN France," said the Emperor Napoleon, "an arrangement was made, so that *all the letters, sent by the ambassadors, or other diplomatic characters, all their household, and all persons connected with foreign affairs, were sent to a secret department of the post-office in Paris, no matter in what part of France they were put in. All letters or despatches, in like manner, for foreign courts or ministers, were sent to this office, where they were opened and deciphered. The writers sometimes made use of several different ciphers, not continuing the same for more than ten lines, in order to prevent their being understood. This, however, did not answer, as in order to decipher the most ingenious and difficult, it was only necessary to have fifty pages of the same cipher, which, from the extent of the correspon-*

dence, was soon to be had. So clever were the agents employed, and so soon did they read the ciphers, that latterly, only fifty louis were paid for the discovery of the means of deciphering a new one. By opening all the letters addressed to the diplomatic persons, the post-office police got acquainted with their correspondents, who, in all letters addressed subsequently, were treated in a similar manner. The ambassadors suspected that there were some infidelities committed upon their correspondence, and to prevent it, used generally to change their cipher every three months. But this only gave a little additional trouble. They sent their letters sometimes to a post-office town a few miles distant from where they actually resided, thinking that they were very cunning, and would thus escape observation, not knowing of the arrangement. The ambassadors of the lesser powers, such as Denmark, Sweden, and even Prussia, used, through avarice, to save the expense of couriers, to send their despatches through the post-office in cipher, which were opened and deciphered, and the most important part of their contents copied and communicated to me (never to the ministers) by * * * * *. *By these means, I knew the contents of the despatches that Bernstorff, * * * *, and others, sent to their courts, before they arrived at their destination ; for they were always sealed up, and sent on after we had done with them. Several of them, especially those of Bernstorff, were full of injurious reflections upon me, censures on my conduct, and fabricated conversations with me. How often have I laughed within myself, to see them licking the*

dust from under my feet at my levee, after having read in the morning the *bêtises* they had written of me to their sovereigns. We used, also, frequently to discover very important matters which they had communicated to them in confidence from the ambassadors of Russia and Austria, and of your country (when you had one in Paris), who always sent their despatches by couriers of their own, which prevented me from being acquainted with the nature of them. Through the correspondence of the lesser powers, I became acquainted with the opinions of the greater. The cleverness of those who conducted this machinery was astonishing. There was no species of writing, which they could not imitate perfectly; and in the post-office were kept seals similar to those used by the ambassadors of all the powers of Europe, independent of an immense number of others, belonging to families of different countries. If they met with a seal for which they had not a fac-simile, they could get one made in twenty-four hours. *This arrangement*" continued Napoleon, "*was not an invention of mine. It was first begun by Louis the Fourteenth, and some of the grandchildren of the agents originally employed by him, filled, in my time, situations which had been transmitted to them from their fathers.*"

THE SAGRO CATINO; OR EMERALD DISH.

THE church of St. Lorenzo, is celebrated for containing a most sacred relic, the "*SAGRO CATINO*," a dish of one entire and perfect *emerald*, said to be that on which our Saviour ate his last supper. Such

a dish in the house of a Jewish publican was a miracle in itself. Mr. Eustace says, he looked for this dish, but found that the French, "whose delight is brutal violence, as it is that of the lion or the tiger," had carried it away. And so indeed they did. But that was nothing. The carrying off relics—the robbing of Peter to pay Paul, and spoliating one church to enrich another—was an old trick of legitimate conquerors in all ages; for this very "*dish*" had been carried away by the royal crusaders, when they took *Cesarea* in Palestine, under *Guillaume Embriaco*, in the twelfth century. In the division of spoils, this *emerald* fell to the share of the *Genoese crusaders*, into whose holy vocation something of their old trading propensities evidently entered; and they deemed the vulgar value, the profane price, of this treasure, so high, that on an emergency, they pledged it for nine thousand five hundred livres. Redeemed and replaced, it was guarded by the *knights of honour*, called *Clavigeri*; and only escaped once a year! Millions knelt before it, and the penalty on the bold but zealous hand that touched it with a diamond, was a thousand golden ducats.

The French seized this relic, as the crusaders had done in the twelfth century; but instead of conveying it from the church of San Lorenzo to the abbey of St. Denis, (*selon les règles*,) they most sacrilegiously sent it to a *laboratory*. Instead of submitting it, with its traditional story, to a *council of Trent*, they handed it over to the *institute of Paris*; and chemists, geologists, and philosophers, were called on to decide the fate of that relic which bishops,

priests, and deacons had pronounced to be too sacred for human investigation, or even for human touch. *The result of the scientific inquisition was, that the EMERALD dish was a PIECE OF GREEN GLASS !*

When England made the King of Sardinia a present of the dukedom of one of the oldest republics in Europe, and restitutions were making "*de part et d'autre*:" *Victor Emmanuel* insisted upon having his emerald dish; not for the purpose of putting it in a cabinet of curiosities, as they had done at Paris, to serve as a curious monument of the remote epoch in which the art of making coloured glass was known—(of its great antiquity there is no doubt)—but of restoring it to its shrine at San Lorenzo—to its guards of knights servitors—to the homage, offerings, and bigotry of the people! with a republished assurance, that this is the invaluable *emerald dish*, the "*Sagro Catino*" which *Queen Sheba* offered, with other gems, to King Solomon, (who deposited it, where all gems should be, in his church,) and which afterwards was reserved for a higher destiny than even that assigned to it in the gorgeous temple of Jerusalem. The story of the analysis by the institute of Paris is hushed up, and those who would revive it would be branded with the odium of blasphemy and sedition; none now remember such things, but those who are the determined enemies of social order, or as the Genoese Royal Journal would call them, "*the radicals of the age*."—*Italy, by Lady Morgan.*

THE EMPEROR'S CONCEALMENT OF HIS WOUNDS.

ONE day whilst Napoleon was dressing, he put his hand on his left thigh, where there was a deep scar. He called the attention of Count Las Cases to it, by laying his finger in it; and finding that he did not understand what it was, told him that it was the mark of a bayonet wound by which he had nearly lost his limb. Marchand, who was dressing him, here took the liberty of remarking, that the circumstance was well known on board the *Northumberland*, that one of the crew had told him on going on board, that it was an Englishman who first wounded our emperor.

The emperor, on this, observed that people had in general wondered and talked a great deal of the singular good fortune which had preserved him, as it were, invulnerable in so many battles. "*They were mistaken*," added he: "*the only reason was, that I made a secret of all my dangers.*" He then related that he had had three horses killed under him at the siege of Toulon; that he had had several killed and wounded in his campaigns of Italy; and three or four at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. He added, that he had been wounded several times; that at the battle of Ratisbon, a ball had struck his heel; and at the battle of Esling or Wagram, I cannot say which, a ball had torn his boot and stocking, and grazed the skin of his left leg. In 1814, he lost a horse and his hat at Arcis sur-Aube, or its neighbourhood. After the battle of Brienne, as he was returning to head quarters in the evening,

in a melancholy and pensive mood, he was suddenly attacked by some Cossacks, who had passed over the rear of the army. He thrust one of them away, and was obliged to draw his sword in his defence; several of the Cossacks were killed at his side. "*But what renders this circumstance very extraordinary,*" said he, "*is, that it took place near a tree which at that moment caught my eye, and which I recognised as the very tree under which, when I was but twelve years old, I used to sit during play hours, and read 'Jerusalem Delivered.'*"

CONSPIRACY TO SEND NAPOLEON TO ST. HELENA.

CIPRIANI, the emperor's major domo, had been sent, in the early part of the year 1815, from Elba to Leghorn, to purchase one hundred thousand francs worth of furniture for Napoleon's palace. During his stay, he became very intimate with a person named ***, who had a *** at Vienna, from whom a private intimation was sent to him, *that it was the determination of the congress of Vienna, to send the emperor to St. Helena*, and even a paper was sent containing the substance of the agreement, a copy of which he gave to Cipriani, who departed instantly for Elba, to communicate the information he had received to the emperor. This, with the confirmation which he afterwards received from M*** A** and M*** at Vienna, contributed to determine Napoleon to attempt the recovery of his throne.

FERDINAND'S RETURN TO NAPLES.

THIS king, on the restoration, sent the prince, his son, to look about him, and bring him the news from Naples; for having, like Falstaff, "*run away upon instinct*," he had an instinctive apprehension of returning, without first making inquiries as to the "king traps and grass-snakes set there." The prince returned in raptures with the improved and beautiful palaces and city, exclaiming in the presence of many courtiers, "*Oh! papa, mio! if you had only stayed away another ten years!*"

 THE MOTIVES WHICH DETERMINED NAPOLEON
TO QUIT THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

HITHERTO people have been unable to agree on the motives and circumstances which induced the Emperor Napoleon to quit the Island of Elba. Some supposed that he acted of his own accord: others that he had conspired with his partisans the downfall of the Bourbons. Both these suppositions are equally false. The world will learn with surprise, perhaps with admiration, that this astonishing revolution was the work of two individuals and a few words.

Whilst the revolutionary storm was gathering in France, in the early part of 1814, Napoleon's days and nights glided along in philosophical retirement in the remote island of Elba. Ambition had taken flight, and he was seen to prefer a life of unostentatious retirement to all his former grandeurs. Repose had greater charms for him than the noble tur-

moil of war ; and his genius, no longer teeming with ambitious projects, yielded to the pleasures of retirement. The study of botany, the cares of his household, the plantations which he had made, and those which he was still planning, beguiled his hours* ; and, like the Roman Diocletian, he might have said to those who suspected that he longed in secret after the throne, " Come and see me in my retirement ; I will show you the gardens which I have planted, and you will talk no more to me about the empire."

Napoleon, during the early part of his retirement in Elba, felt only a vague desire of reigning. Grieved by the miseries of France, the country which he loved so truly, wearied by the vicissitudes of fortune, disgusted with mankind, he feared that, if he attempted to seize the sceptre again, he should involve France and himself in new troubles ; and without abandoning his expectation of re-ascending the throne, he resolved to allow his resolutions to be guided by futurity.

The turn taken by public affairs soon roused the emperor from this state of indifference and hesitation. At first he hoped that the Bourbons, instructed by adversity, would confer liberty and happiness upon the nation. But when he witnessed the power which was bestowed upon the priesthood, the emigrants, and the courtiers, he foresaw that the very same causes which had produced the first revolution, would soon occasion a second. From

* It has been alleged, but without foundation, that Napoleon retained his taste for military exercise. Not one review took place during his residence at Porto Ferrajo ; arms no longer seemed to have any attractions for him.

that period he watched the continent; nor did he lose sight, even for a moment, of the congress, of France, or of the Bourbons. He could tell the talents*, the principles, the vices, and the virtues of all those who had acquired the confidence of Louis XVIII. either by intrusion or by favour. He could measure the degrees of influence which each was capable of acquiring and exercising, and he calculated beforehand on the errors which they would inevitably induce his docile successor to commit.

Napoleon now employed himself again in reading the public journals of France and of foreign countries; he read assiduously all periodical works of a political tendency; he studied these productions; he investigated them with acuteness, and he could well devise the meaning of a writer who was compelled to be silent, and conjecture the nature of intelligence which an editor was forced to suppress.

Strangers of distinction, and particularly the English, were received by Napoleon with affability and kindness, and he used to talk freely with his visitors on public affairs. He knew how to draw them out, and to lead them to expatiate on points which he wished to penetrate; and he seldom failed to obtain much useful information from these interviews. By these simple methods Napoleon obtained a correct idea of the events which were taking place on the continent; he was too well acquainted with revolutions not to be sensible that the sway of events would open the gates of France, and admit him;

* It is well known that there was not a single individual of note in the service, either of his allies, or of his enemies, whose strong and weak points were not perfectly understood by Napoleon.

and he was too wary to enter into a private correspondence with his partisans, when any accident might have revealed his secret wishes, and have afforded a pretext to his enemies for attacking his independence and his liberty.

Napoleon thus waited in silence till the fated time of his reappearance in France should arrive, when a French officer, disguised as a sailor, disembarked at Porto Ferrajo. This officer, who afterwards lost his life at Waterloo, wrote the following account of his interview with the emperor. The manuscript was entrusted to M. Fleury, Napoleon's secretary, previous to the above fatal and sanguinary conflict, and after perusal by the emperor, it was published with his consent, in a work, entitled, *Memoirs of the private Life, Return, and Reign of Napoleon in 1815.*

I jumped on shore, (said this officer) and rushed into the nearest inn for the purpose of putting off my sailor's dress, and then flying to the palace of Napoleon. The marshal desired me to proceed as quickly as possible to the emperor's garden gate: the emperor would come there, and speak to me without appearing to know me. I went accordingly; the emperor, according to his custom, was walking with his hands behind his back. He passed several times before me without lifting up his eyes; at last he looked at me: he stopped, and asked me in Italian what countryman I was? I answered in French, that I was a Parisian; that business had called me to Italy; and that I could not resist the desire of seeing my old sovereign.—“ Well, sir, talk to me about Paris and France;”—and as he finished these words he began to walk again. I accompanied him :

and after he had put several indifferent questions to me aloud, he desired me to enter his apartments: he then ordered Bertrand and Drouet to retire, and forced me to sit down by his side. Napoleon began in a reserved and absent manner: "The grand marshal tells me that you have just arrived from France."—"Yes, sire."—"What do you want here?"—"Sire, I wish to offer my services to you; my conduct in 1814——." Napoleon interrupting me,—“Sir, I do not question but that you are a very good officer, however I have so many officers with me already, that it will be very difficult for me to assist you; yet we will see: it appears that you know M. X***.”—"Yes, sire"—“Has he sent a letter for me by you?”—"No, sire."—Napoleon, interrupting me, "I see he forgets me just like the rest; since I have been here, I have not heard a word of him or of any body."—I interrupted the emperor in my turn, "Sire, he has never ceased to entertain those sentiments of devotion and attachment towards your majesty which are still cherished by all true Frenchmen; and——" Napoleon, with disdain; "What! do they still think of me in France?"—"Never will they forget you."—"Never! that is a strong expression; the French have another sovereign, and they are commanded both by their duty and their tranquillity to think on him alone." This answer did not please me; the emperor, thought I to myself, is out of humour, because I have not brought him any letters; he mistrusts me: it was not worth while to come so far for the sake of such an ungracious reception.—Napoleon, continuing, "What do they think about me in France?"—"There, your majesty is universally deplored and

regretted.”—“ Yes, and there also, they manufacture all sorts of lies concerning me. Sometimes they say that I am mad, sometimes that I am ill, and you may see (here the emperor looked at his *embonpoint*), if I look like an ailing man. It is also given out that they intend to transport me either to St. Helena or to Malta. I would not advise them to try. I have provisions for six months, and brave followers to defend me: but I cannot think that Europe will be so dishonourable as to rise in arms against a single man, who has neither the power nor the inclination of hurting others. The Emperor Alexander has too much love for the opinion of posterity to lend himself to such a crime. They have guaranteed to me the sovereignty of the Isle of Elba by a solemn treaty. Here I am in my own home; and as long as I do not go out to pick a quarrel with my neighbours, they have no right to come and disturb me—have you served in the grand army?”—“ Yes, sire, I had the felicity of distinguishing myself under your majesty’s eyes in the plains of Champagne; your majesty appeared to take such particular notice of me, that I had dared to hope your majesty would have recollected me.”—“ Why, yes; I thought, somehow, that I knew your face when I saw you, but I have only a confused recollection of you.—In what affairs have you distinguished yourself?”—“ Sire, at *****, and at ***** Marshal Ney there presented me to your majesty, saying, ‘ Sire, here is the intrepid S——— P——— of whom I have spoken to your majesty.’ ”—“ Ah! ah! I really do recollect—yes, I was very well pleased indeed with your behaviour at **** and at ****; you showed much resolution, much strength of character. Did I not

‘decorate’ you on the field of battle?”—“Yes, sire.”—Napoleon with greater warmth and confidence, “*Eh bien!* how are they all treated in France by the Bourbons?”—“Sire, the Bourbons have not realized the expectations of the French, and the number of malcontents increases daily.”—Napoleon, sharply; “So much the worse, so much the worse: but how, has not X sent me any letters?”—“No, sire; he was afraid lest they might be taken from me; and as he thought that your majesty, being now compelled to be vigilant, and to distrust all the world, might distrust me also, he has revealed several circumstances to me, which were only known to your majesty and to himself; thus enabling me to give a proof that I am worthy of your majesty’s confidence.”—“Let us hear them”—I began my detail, but he exclaimed, without allowing me to finish, “that’s enough; why did you not begin by telling me all that? there is half an hour that we have lost.” This storm disconcerted me. He perceived my confusion, and resumed his discourse with mildness.—“Come, make yourself easy, and repeat to me with the greatest minuteness all that has passed between you and M. X****.” I then related the circumstances which had induced me to have an interview with that individual. I gave him a complete account of all the faults and excesses of the Bourbon government; and was going to draw the inferences which had occurred to Monsieur X**** and me. But the emperor, who, when he was affected, was incapable of listening to any recital without interrupting it, and making his comments at every moment, stopped my mouth. “I thought too,” said he, “when I abdicated, that the Bourbons, in-

structed and disciplined by adversity, would not fall again into the errors which ruined them in 1789. I thought that the king would govern you ‘*en bon homme*.’ This was the only way by which he could obtain a pardon from you, for having been put upon you by foreigners. But since they have stepped into France, they have done nothing but acts of madness. Their treaty of the 23d of April (raising his voice), has made me deeply indignant; with one stroke of the pen they have robbed France of Belgium, and of all the territory acquired since the revolution. They have deprived the nation of its docks, its arsenals, its fleets, its artillery, and the immense *matériel* which I had collected in the fortresses and the ports which they have ceded. Talleyrand has led them into this infamous business: he must have been bribed. Peace is easy upon such terms. If, like them, I had consented to the ruin of France, they would not now be on my throne; (with energy), I would sooner have cut off my right-hand. I preferred renouncing my throne rather than retain it by staining my glory, and the honour of the French nation—a degraded crown is an intolerable burden. My enemies have published everywhere, that I obstinately refused to make peace. They have represented me as a wretched madman, eager only for blood and carnage: this language answered their turn. When you wish to hang your dog, you give out that he is mad: *Quand on veut bien tuer son chien, il faut bien faire accroire qu’il est enragé*. But Europe shall know the truth; I will let the world know all that was said and done at Chatillon. I will unmask the Austrians, the Russians, and the English with a powerful hand. Europe shall judge:

Europe shall say who was the rogue, and who was wishing to shed human blood. If I had been mad for war, I might have retired with my army beyond the Loire, and I might have enjoyed mountain warfare to my heart's content. I would not; I was tired of carnage—my name, and the brave fellows who remained faithful to me, yet made the allies tremble, even in my capital. They offered Italy to me as the price of my abdication: I refused it. After once reigning over France, one ought not to reign anywhere else. I chose the Isle of Elba. They were too happy to give Elba to me. This position suited me. I can watch France and the Bourbons. All that I have done has been only for France, it is for her sake and not for mine that I wished to render her the first nation in the universe, my glory is made for myself. If I had only thought of myself, I would have returned to a private station, but it was my duty to retain the imperial title for my family and my son.—Next to France, my son is the dearest object in the world to me.”

During the whole of this discourse the emperor continued striding up and down, and appeared violently agitated. He paused a little while, and then he began again. “They (i. e. the emigrants) know too well that I am here, and they would like to assassinate me. I discover new plots, new snares every day. They have sent to Corsica one of the assassins of Georges, a wretch whom the English journals themselves have pointed out to Europe as a blood-thirsty assassin; but let us be on the alert. If he misses me, I won't miss him. I shall send my

grenadiers after him, and he shall be shot as an example to others."

After a few moments silence, he said, "Do my generals go to court? they must cut a sad figure there." I waited for the end of this digression, in order to resume the thread of my discourse. As I was convinced that I could not possibly lead the conversation, I resolved to let the empeorr have it according to his own way, and I answered, "Yes, sire, and they are furious to see themselves superseded, in favour, by emigrants who have never heard the sound of a cannon."—"The emigrants will never alter. As long as they were only required to dance attendance in my anti-chamber, I had more than enough of them. When it was necessary to show any heart, they slunk away like ———. I committed a great error, when I recalled that anti-national race into France. If it had not been for me, they would have died of starvation abroad; but then I had great motives, I wanted to reconcile Europe to us, and to close the revolution.—What do my soldiers say about me?"—"The soldiers, sire, talk constantly about your immortal victories. They never pronounce your name but with respect, admiration, and grief. When the princes give money to the soldiers, they drink it out to your health, and when they are forced to cry *Vive le Roi!* they add in a whisper—*de Rome.*"—"And so they still love me?" (smiling.)—"Yes, sire, and I may even venture to say, more than ever."—"What do they say about our misfortunes?"—"They consider them as the effect of treachery; and they constantly repeat, that they never would have been conquered, if

they had not been sold to their enemies. They are particularly indignant with respect to the capitulation of Paris."—"They are right; had it not been for the infamous defection of the Duke of Ragusa, the allies would have been lost. I was master of their rear, and of all their resources; not a man would have escaped. They too would have had their twenty-ninth bulletin. Marmont is a wretch; he has ruined his country, and delivered up his sovereign. His convention with Schwartzberg would alone suffice to dishonour him. If he had not known, when he surrendered, that he compromised my person and my army, he would not have found it necessary to make stipulations in favour of my liberty and my life. This piece of treachery is not the only one. He has intrigued with Talleyrand to take the regency from the empress, and the crown from my son. Caulaincourt, Macdonald, and the rest of the marshals, have been cheated and gulled by him in the most shameful manner. All his blood would not be sufficient to expiate the harm which he has done to France.—I will hand down his name to the execration of posterity. I am glad to learn that my soldiers retain the feeling of their superiority, and that they attribute our great misfortunes to the right authors. I collect with great pleasure, from the intelligence which you have brought, that the opinion which I had formed respecting the situation of France is correct. The family of the Bourbons is unfit to reign. Their government may be good for priests, nobles, and old fashioned countesses: but it is good for nothing for the present generation. The revolution has taught the people to know their rank in the

state. They will never consent to fall back into their former nullity, and to be tied up by the nobility and the clergy. The army can never belong to the Bourbons. Our victories and our misfortunes have established an indissoluble tie between the army and myself. It is only through me that the soldiers can earn vengeance, power, and glory. From the Bourbons they can get nothing but insults and blows. Kings can only retain their power by the love of their subjects or by fear. The Bourbons are neither loved nor feared. At last they will throw themselves off their throne; but they may yet retain their position for a long time. Frenchmen do not know how to conspire."

In pronouncing these words, the emperor continued walking hastily, and using many gestures. He rather appeared to be soliloquizing than addressing any one else; he then continued, looking at me aside, "Does X**** think that those people can stand much longer?"—"His opinion on this point is exactly conformable to the general opinion; that is to say, it is now the general impression and conviction, that the government is hastening to its fall. The priests and the emigrants are its only partisans; every man of patriotism or soul is its enemy."—Napoleon (with energy), "Yes, all men in whose veins any national blood is flowing must be its enemies; but how will all this end? Is it thought there will be a new revolution?"—"Sire, discontent and irritation prevail to such an extent, that the slightest partial effervescence would inevitably cause a general insurrection, and nobody would be surprised if it were to take place to morrow."—"But what would you do were you to expel the Bourbons:

would you reestablish the republic?"—"The republic, sire! nobody thinks about it; perhaps they would create a regency."—Napoleon (with vehemence and surprise), "A regency! and wherefore? am I dead?"—"But your absence——."—"My absence makes no difference. In a couple of days I would be back again in France, if the nation were to recall me. Do you think it would be well if I were to return?"—The emperor turned away his eyes, and I could easily remark, that to this question he attached more importance than he cared to manifest, and that he expected my answer with anxiety, "Sire, I dare not personally attempt to answer such a question, but——."—Napoleon (abruptly), "That's not what I am asking you; answer yes or no."—"Why then, sire,—yes."—Napoleon (with tenderness), "You really think so?"—"Yes, sire, I am convinced, and so is Monsieur X****, that the people and the army would receive you as their deliverer, and that your cause would be embraced with enthusiasm."—Napoleon (appearing agitated and impatient), "Then X**** advises me to return?"—"We had foreseen that your majesty would make inquiries on this point, and the following is literally his answer, 'You will tell his majesty that I would not dare to decide so important a question; but that he may consider it as a positive and incontrovertible fact, that our present government has wholly lost the confidence of the people and of the army; that discontent has increased to the highest pitch, and that it is impossible to believe that the government can stand much longer against the universal dislike. You will add,

that the emperor is the only object of the regret and hope of the nation. He, in his wisdom, will decide what he ought to do."

The emperor became silent and pensive; and, after a long meditation, he said, "I will reflect upon it; I will keep you with me. Come here to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

At eleven o'clock I attended, to present myself to the emperor. They made me wait in his saloon on the ground floor. The striped silk hangings were half worn out and faded; the carpet was threadbare, and patched in several places; a few shabby arm-chairs completed the furniture of the apartment. I thought upon the splendour of the imperial palaces, and I drew a deep and melancholy sigh. The emperor arrived; he had assumed a degree of calmness in his manner, which was belied by his eyes. It was easy to see that he had been violently agitated. "Sir," said he, "I declared to you yesterday, that I retained you in my services. I repeat the same to you to-day. From this instant you belong to me, and I hope you will fulfil your duties towards me like a good and faithful subject; you swear that you will—is it not so?"—"Yes, sire, I swear."—"That's right." After a pause, the emperor continued, "I had foreseen the crisis to which France would come, but I did not think that things were so ripe. It was my intention not to interfere any longer in political affairs. The intelligence which you have brought me has changed my resolutions. I have caused the misfortunes of France; therefore I must remove them: but before I commit myself, I wish to have a thorough know-

ledge of the state of our affairs. Sit down : repeat to me all that you told me yesterday ; I like to hear you."

Re-assured by these words, and by a look full of kindness and benignity, I abandoned myself without reserve to all the inspirations of my heart and soul. The picture which I drew of the sufferings and hopes of the nation, was so touching and so animated, that the emperor was astonished. " You are a noble young fellow," said he, " You have truly the soul of a Frenchman : but are you not carried away by your imagination?"—" No, sire ; the recital which I have made to your majesty is quite faithful. I may have expressed myself with warmth, because I cannot express my feelings otherwise ; but all that I have told you is exact and true. Under such important circumstances, I should have thought it a crime to substitute the inspirations of my imagination in the place of truth."—" You therefore think that France awaits her redemption from me ; that I shall be received as a deliverer?"—" Yes, sire ; I will even say more ; the Bourbon government is so exceedingly hateful and disgusting to the French ; the government weighs so very heavily on the nation and the army ; that not only your majesty, but any body else who would endeavour to liberate the French would find them disposed to second him."—Napoleon (with dignity): " Repeat that to me again."—" Yes, sire, I do repeat it. The French are so wearied, and degraded, and incensed by the anti-national yoke of the emigrants and the priests, that they are ready to join any one who will promise to deliver them."—" But if I were to disembark in France, is there not reason to fear

that the patriots may be massacred by the emigrants and the Chouans?"—"No, sire, I do not think so; we are the most numerous and the bravest party."—"Yes, but they may heap you in the prisons, and cut your throats."—"Sire, the people will not let them do that."—"I hope you may not be deceived; to be sure, I shall get to Paris so speedily that they will not have time to consider where they are to hide their heads. I shall be there as soon as the news of my disembarkation.—It was I who gave the Bourbons to France, and it is I who must rid France of them.—I will set off.—The enterprise is vast, it is difficult, it is dangerous; but it is not beyond me. On great occasions fortune has never abandoned me.—I shall set off, but not alone; I will not run the risk of allowing myself to be collared by the gendarmes. I will depart with my sword, my Polanders, my grenadiers—all France is on my side. I belong to France; and for her I will sacrifice my repose, my blood, my life, with the greatest joy." After this speech the emperor stopped; his eyes sparkled with hope and genius; his attitude announced energy, confidence, victory; he was grand, he was beautiful, he was adorable!—he resumed his discourse, and said, "Do you think they will dare to wait for me?"—"No, sire."—"I do not think so either: they will quake when they hear the thunder of my name, and they well know that they can only escape, and that by a speedy flight. But what will be the conduct of the national guards? Do you think they will fight for them?"—"I think, sire, that the national guards will remain neutral,"—"Even that's a great deal; as to their '*gardes du corps*' and their *red* regiments,

I am not afraid of them; they are either old men or boys; they will be frightened by the mustachios of my grenadiers. I will make my grenadiers hoist the national flag;" elevating his voice and his hand: "I will appeal to my old soldiers; I will speak to them. None of them will refuse to hear the voice of their old general.—It is certain that the soldiers cannot hesitate to choose between the white and the tri-coloured flag; between me, by whom they have been covered with rewards and glory, and the Bourbons, who wish to dishonour them—and the marshals, what will they do?"—"The marshals, who are full of money and titles, have nothing to wish for but repose. They would fear to compromise their existence by embracing a doubtful party; and perhaps they will continue merely spectators of the crisis. Perhaps even the fear lest your majesty may possibly punish them for their defection or treason, in 1814, may induce them to adhere to the king."—"I will punish no one. Do you take me rightly? Tell M**** clearly, that I will forget every thing. We have all reason to reproach each other."—"Sire, I will tell him so with the greatest joy. This assurance will completely gain all opinions over to your side; because even among your partisans there are men who dread your return, lest you should revenge yourself."—"Yes, I know it is thought that I am revengeful and even sanguinary; that I am considered as a kind of ogre, as a man-eater. They are mistaken: I will make every one do his duty, and I will be obeyed; and that is all. A weak sovereign is a calamity to his subjects. If he allows criminals and traitors to fancy that he does not know how to punish, there

is no longer any security either for the state or for individuals. More crimes are prevented than repressed by severity. A sovereign must govern by his head and not by his heart. Yet tell X**** that I except Talleyrand, Augereau, and the Duke of Ragusa, out of the general pardon. They caused all our misfortunes. The country must be revenged.”—“But why exclude them, sire? Is there not reason to fear that this exclusion may deprive you of the fruits of your clemency, and may even raise doubts as to your sincerity in future?”—“It would be much more exposed to doubt, were I to pardon them.”—“But, sire——.”—“Do not you trouble your head about it,—what is the strength of the army?”—“Sire, I do not know; I only know that it has been much weakened, by desertion and by discharges, and that few of the regiments consist of more than three hundred men.”—“So much the better; those who are good for nothing have probably left the army; the good soldiers will have remained. Do you know the names of the officers who command the maritime districts, and the eighth division?”—“No, sire.”—Napoleon (out of temper), “Why did not X**** give you that information?”—“Sire, both Monsieur X**** and myself were far from supposing that your majesty would immediately embrace the glorious resolution of reappearing in France; besides which, he might believe, according to the common report, that your agents did not allow you to remain in ignorance of any circumstance which might interest you.”—“I do know that the newspapers gave out that I had agents.—It is an idle story. It is true that I sent some of my people to France, in order to learn

what was going on ; but they stole my money, and only treated me with the gabble of the *canaille*. C**** has been to see me, but he knew nothing. You are the first person from whom I have ascertained the situation of France and the Bourbons under all its extensive bearings. Had it not been for you, I should never have known that the hour of my return had struck. Had it not been for you, they would have left me here to dig in my garden. I have received—I do not exactly know from what quarter—the description of certain assassins, hired against me ; and one or two anonymous letters besides—all from the same hand, in which I was told to remain quiet, that the embroideries were coming into fashion, and other nonsense in the same style ; but that is all. It is not upon such data that one is induced to attempt a crash. But how do you think foreigners will like my return : there is the great question ?” —“ Foreign nations, sire, have been compelled to confederate against us in order to protect themselves, allow me to say it.” —“ Speak out, speak out ” —“ In order to protect themselves against the effects of your ambition, and the abuse of your strength. Now that Europe has recovered her independence, and that France has ceased to be dangerous, foreign powers will probably be unwilling to run the risk of a new war, which may end by restoring to us that ascendancy which we have lost.” —“ If the allied sovereigns were at home in their capitals ; they would certainly consider the matter twice before they would take the field again ; but they are yet face to face ; and it is to be feared that war may become an affair of vanity. Do you think it is true that they are on ill terms with each other ?” —“ Yes, sire, it appears that

discord reigns in the congress; that each of the great powers wishes to seize the largest share of the booty.”—“ It appears also that their subjects are discontented: is it not so?”—“ Yes, sire, kings and people, every thing seems to unite in our favour. The Saxons, the Genoese, the Belgians, the inhabitants of the banks of the Rhine, the Polanders, all refuse the new sovereigns to whom they are to be given. Italy, tired of the avarice and the grossness of the Austrians, pants for the moment of withdrawing from their sovereignty. Experience has taught the king of Naples that you are his surest protector, and he will assist the rising of the Italians whenever you wish it. The princes of the confederation of the Rhine, warned by the example of Saxony, will become the allies of your majesty after the first victory. Prussia and Russia will sit quiet, if you will only allow them to retain their new acquisitions. The Emperor of Austria, who has every thing to fear from Russia and Prussia, and nothing to hope for from the king of France, will easily consent, if you only guarantee Italy to him, to allow you to do what you think best with the Bourbons. In short, all the powers of Europe, England only excepted, are more or less interested in not declaring themselves against you; and, before England can have corrupted or raised the continent, your majesty will be so firmly fixed on the throne that your majesty’s enemies may try in vain to make you totter.”

Napoleon (shaking his head): “ All this is very fine;—however, I consider it as certain, that the kings who have fought against me are no longer guided by the same unity, the same views, the same interests. The Emperor Alexander must esteem

me: he must be able to estimate the difference which exists between Louis XVIII. and myself. If he were to understand his policy rightly, he would rather see the French sceptre in the hands of a powerful sovereign, the relentless enemy of England, than in the hands of a weak sovereign, the friend and vassal of the Prince Regent. I would give him Poland, and a great deal more if he wished it: he knows that I have always been more inclined to tolerate his ambition than to restrain it. If he had continued my friend and my ally, I would have made him greater than he ever will be now. Prussia, and the petty kings of the Rhenish confederation, will follow the lot cast by Russia. If I had Russia on my side, she would secure me all the second-rate powers. As to the Austrians, I do not know what they would do; they have never treated me candidly. I suppose I could keep Austria in order, by threatening to deprive her of Italy. Italy is yet very grateful, and much attached to me: if I were to ask that country for a hundred thousand men, and a hundred millions, I should have the men and the money. If they were to force me to make war, I could easily revolutionize the Italians; I would grant them whatever they might wish, independence or Eugene. Mejian and some others have done him harm, but, in spite of that, he is warmly loved, and highly esteemed: he deserves to be so; he has shown that he possesses a noble mind. Murat is ours. I have had great reason to complain of him. Since I have been here, he has wept for his errors, and has done his utmost to repair the injuries which he has inflicted upon me. He has regained my friendship

and my confidence: his assistance, if I were engaged in war, would be very useful to me. He has little brains; he has nothing but hand and heart; but his wife would direct him. The Neapolitans like him tolerably well; and I have yet some good officers amongst them who would keep them in the right way. As to England, we should have shaken hands from Dover to Calais, if Mr. Fox had lived; but as long as that country continues to be governed by the principles and passions of Mr. Pitt, we must always be as hostile as fire and water.—From England I expect no quarter, no truce.—England knows that the instant I place my foot in France, her influence will be driven back across the seas—as long as I live I will wage a war of extermination against her maritime despotism. If the continental powers had seconded me; if they had not been afraid of me; if they had understood my ambition, their flags would have floated from the mast-head throughout the universe, and the world would have enjoyed peace. All things considered, foreign powers have great reasons to induce them to remain at peace with me. It is to be feared, as I have already said to you, that they may turn the war into an affair of vanity, or that they make it a point of honour. On the other hand, it is possible that they may renounce their coalition, which has now no longer any object, in order to watch their subjects; preserving at the same time an armed neutrality, until I shall have given them sufficient guarantees.

“ Their determinations, whatever they may be, will not influence mine. France speaks, and that is sufficient for me. In 1814, I had to deal with

all the powers in Europe, but they should not have laid down the law to me if France had not left me to wrestle alone, against the entire world. Now the French know my value; and, as they have regained their courage and their patriotism, they will triumph over the enemies who may attack them, just as they triumphed in the good days of the revolution. Experience has shown that armies cannot always save a nation; but a nation defended by the people is always invincible.

“ I have not settled the day of my departure; by deferring it, I should have the advantage of allowing the congress to run out; but then, on the other hand, I should run the risk of being kept here as a close prisoner by the vessels of the Bourbons and of the English, if, as every thing appears to indicate, there should be a rupture among foreign powers. Murat would lend me his navy if I wanted it; but if I do not succeed he would be compromised. We must not be anxious about all these matters: we must allow some room for destiny to come into play.

“ I think we have considered all the points upon which it was important that I should be settled, and that we should understand each other. France is tired of the Bourbons; she demands her former sovereign. The people and the army are for us: foreign powers will be silent. If they speak, we shall be able to reply: this, in short, is the state of the present time and of the future.

“ Depart. Tell X**** that you have seen me, and that I have determined to expose myself to every danger for the purpose of yielding to the prayers of France, and of ridding the nation of the

Bourbons!—Say also that I shall leave this place, with my guard, on the first of April—perhaps sooner. I pardon every thing. I will give to France and to Europe all the guarantees which can be expected or demanded of me. I have renounced all my plans of aggrandizement, and I wish to repair the evils which war has caused to us, by a permanent peace.

“You will also tell X****, and the rest of my friends, to nourish and strengthen the good disposition of the people and the army by all possible means. Explain to X**** that if the excesses of the Bourbons should hasten their fall, if the French should drive them out before my disembarkation, then I will not allow of a regency, or any thing in the shape of it; but let them establish a provisional government.—Go, sir, I hope that we shall soon meet again.”—“Sire, where shall I land?”—“You must proceed to Naples; here is a passport of the island, and a letter for ****. Pretend to place great trust in him, but do not trust him with anything. You will give him a loose account of the French news; and you may tell him that I send you there to explore the soundings, and settle some concerns of moment. I have directed **** to furnish you with a passport, in order that you may be able to return to Paris, without meeting with any obstacle or danger.”—“Your majesty has then determined to send me back to France?”—“It must absolutely be so.”—“Your majesty knows my attachment, and that I am ready to prove it in any way which may be required. But, sire, deign to consider, both for your own interest and for that of France, that my departure has been re-

marked, and that my return will excite still more notice, and may give rise to suspicion, and perhaps induce the Bourbons to put themselves on their guard, and cause them to watch the coasts and the Isle of Elba."—"Bah! do you suppose that the fellows of the police know every thing, and can foresee every thing? *More is invented than is discovered by the police.* The agents of our police were decidedly as good as those of the present people, and yet they frequently knew nothing of what was going on but at the end of a week or a fortnight; and then they found it out only by chance, or incaution, or treason. I do not fear that any disclosures will be obtained from you by any of these means. You are clever and decided, and, if they were to work upon you, you would easily get clear. Besides, when you once arrive at Paris, do not show yourself; creep into a corner, and nobody will think of ferreting you out. I could certainly confide this mission to some of the people who are about me; but I do not wish to make any additional confidant: you are trusted by X****; I trust you; and, in one word, you are exactly the man whom I want. Your return is certainly exposed to objections, but they are as nothing when compared to its advantages. All that we have said about the Bourbons, and about France, and about myself, is mere talk, and talk will not overturn a throne. In order that my enterprise may not be rendered abortive, it must be seconded, and the patriots must prepare to attack the Bourbons on one side, whilst I shall occupy them on the other. And, above all, it is necessary that they should know that they may depend upon me; that they may know my sentiments, my views, and the resolu-

tion which I have made of submitting to every sacrifice, and exposing myself to every danger, for the purpose of saving the country." The emperor stopped to look at me. He certainly thought that I was one of those men who only appear reluctant to obey, in order to enhance the price of their services; so he said, "Money is always wanted in travelling; I will order them to pay you a thousand Louis, and then you may set off."—"A thousand Louis!" I exclaimed with indignation, "sire, I must answer your majesty in the words with which the soldier answered his general, 'These actions are not performed for pay.'"—"That is very right; I like to see pride."—"Sire, I am not proud, but I have a soul; and if I thought that your majesty could believe that I embraced your cause for the sake of filthy lucre, I should request your majesty to cease to rely on my services."—"If I had believed that to be the case, I should not have trusted you. No person ever received a more honourable and splendid proof of my confidence than that which I am now bestowing upon you, in deciding, merely on the strength of your word, to quit the Isle of Elba, and in directing you, as my precursor, to announce my speedy arrival in France. But do not let us talk any more on that head; and tell me if you recollect fully all that I have told you."—"I have not lost one of your majesty's expressions. They are all engraven on my memory."—"Then I have only to wish you a pleasant journey. I have directed that every thing should be got ready for your departure.

"This evening, at nine o'clock, you will find a guide and horses at the gate of the town: you will

be taken to Porto Longone. The commandant has been authorized to furnish you with the necessary quarantine documents. He knows nothing; say nothing to him. At midnight a felucca will leave this port, by which you will sail to Naples. I am sorry to have hurt your feelings by offering you money, but I thought you might be in want of it. Adieu, monsieur; be cautious. I hope we shall soon meet again, and I shall acknowledge, in a manner worthy of your merits, your exertions in favour of the country and of myself."

Hardly had I gone down to the town, when he sent for me again. "I have considered," said he, "that it is desirable I should know what regiments are stationed in the eighth and tenth military divisions, and the names of the commanding officers. You will take care to procure this information during your journey, and transmit it to me without the slightest delay. Write triplicates of your letters. Send one by way of Genoa, the second by Leghorn, and the third by Civita Vecchia. You will take care to write this name legibly, (here he gave me a memorandum containing the name of an inhabitant of the island). Fold your letters in a business-like way. In order that the secret of your correspondence may not be discovered, should any accident happen, you will put your intelligence in the shape of commercial transactions, and you will imitate the usual style of bankers. I will suppose for example, that between Chambray and Lyons, going by the way of Grenoble, there are five regiments. You will write to me——In my way I have seen the five merchants whom you mentioned; their views continue the same: your credit is increasing

daily. The concern will turn out well—do you understand me?”—“Yes, sire; but how am I to send the names of the colonels and generals in command?”—“Transpose the letters of their names, and nothing will be more easy. There is not a single colonel or general whom I do not know; and I shall soon be able to recompose their names.”—“But, sire, the anagrams which I shall make, will perhaps be so uncouth, that it will be seen at the post-office, that the names are disguised on purpose.”—“Do you think then, that they amuse themselves at the post-office by opening and reading all the letters of business which pass through it? There would be no end to such labour. I have attempted to unravel the correspondence carried on under the disguise of banking transactions, but I could never succeed. The post-office is like the police, only fools are caught; yet think of any other method, and I shall have no objection.”

After I had considered a little while, I said to the emperor, “Sire, there is a method which perhaps will do. Your majesty has the Imperial Calendar?”—“Yes, sure.”—“Well, sire, the calendar contains the lists of the general officers and colonels of the army. Now, I will suppose, for example, that the regiment quartered at Chambéry, is commanded by Colonel Paul. I look into the calendar, and I find that Paul stands forty-seven in the list of colonels. I will also suppose that, between ourselves, ‘bill of exchange’ means ‘colonel’ or ‘general.’ Then I shall write to your majesty, I have seen your correspondent at Chambéry; he has paid me the amount of your bill of exchange, No. 47. Your majesty will turn to the calendar,

and then you will see, that the 47th colonel who commands the regiment of Chambery, is called Paul. And, lastly, in order that your majesty may be able to tell when I speak of a colonel, general, or marshal, I shall take care to indicate the rank of the officer by one, two, or three dots, placed after the No."—"Very good, very good. Here is a calendar for you. Bertrand has one which I will take."

The calendar given me by the emperor was richly bound, and stamped with the imperial arms. I tore off the binding. The emperor kept walking up and down, and saying, as he laughed "It is really excellent; they will never be able to see through it." When I had finished, he said, "One thought brings on another. I have asked myself how you would manage to write to me, if you should have any thing of unexpected importance to communicate. For instance, suppose any extraordinary event should make you think that my disembarkation ought to be accelerated or retarded; if the Bourbons were to be on their guard; in short, I know not what." He remained silent, and then began again. "I only know one way to provide for it: the confidence which I place in you, ought to be unbounded. I will give you the key to a cipher which was composed for my use, in order that I might employ it in corresponding with my family under the most important circumstances. I need not tell you that you must keep it with care: always carry it about you, lest it should be lost: and if the smallest danger arises, burn it, or tear it at the slightest suspicion. With this cipher you may write any thing to me which you like. I would rather that you should use it than be under the necessity of coming back,

or of sending any messenger to me. If they intercept a letter written in my cipher, it will take them three months to read it; whilst the capture of an agent might ruin all in an instant." He then went and looked out his cipher; he made me employ it under his eyes, and delivered it to me, exhorting me not to use it unless all other modes of communication should become insufficient.

The emperor continued, "I do not suppose that you will have occasion to return here before my departure, unless the sudden overthrow of our projects should force you to seek an asylum here. In such a case, apprise me of your intended return, and I will send for you to any place which you may name. But we must hope that victory will declare for us. She loves France.—You have not spoken to me about the affair of Excelmans: if such a thing had happened in my time, I should have thought myself lost: when the authority of the master is not recognised, all is over. The more I think upon the matter (here he displayed a sudden emotion), the more I am convinced that France is mine, and that the patriots and the army will receive me with open arms."—"Yes, sire, I swear to you, upon my soul, the people and the army will declare for you as soon as they hear your name, as soon as they see the caps of your grenadiers."—"Provided the people seek to do themselves justice before my arrival, a popular revolution would alarm foreign powers; they would dread the contagion of example. They know that royalty only hangs by a thread, that it does not agree with the ideas of the age; they would rather see me seize the throne than allow the people to give it me.

They have re-established the Bourbons in order to convince the people that the rights of sovereigns are sacred and inviolable. They have blundered. They would have done more for the cause of legitimacy, by leaving my son there, than by re-establishing Louis XVIII. My dynasty had been recognised by France and by Europe; it had been consecrated by the Pope. They ought to have respected it. By abusing the rights of victory, it was in their power to deprive me of the throne; but it was unjust, odious, impolitic, to punish the son on account of the wrongs of his father, and to deprive him of his inheritance. I was not an usurper: they may say so as long as they like; nobody will believe them. The English, the Italians, the Germans, are now too enlightened to allow themselves to be crammed with old ideas and antiquated notions. In the eyes of nations, the sovereign who is chosen by the majority of the nation, will always be the legitimate sovereign.—The sovereigns who sent their ambassadors to me with servile solemnity; who placed in my bed a girl of their breed; who called me their brother, and who, after doing all this, have stigmatized me as an usurper, they have spit, in their own faces by trying to spit at me. *They have degraded the majesty of kings. They have covered majesty with mud.* What is in the name of an emperor? A word like any other. If I had no better title than that, when I shall present myself to future ages, they would scorn me. My institutions, my benefactions, my victories—these are the true titles of my glory. Let them call me a Corsican, a corporal, an usurper—I do not care—I shall not be less the object of wonder, perhaps of

reneration, in all future time. *My name, new as it is, will live from age to age, whilst the names of all these kings, and their royal progeny, will be forgotten before the worms will have had time to consume their carcasses.*" The emperor stopped, and then continued; "I forget that time is precious; I will not detain you any longer. Adieu, monsieur; embrace me, and depart; my thoughts and good wishes follow you." Two hours afterwards I was at sea.

When I arrived at Turin, I perceived numerous groups of persons, who appeared extremely animated. How great was my surprise when I found that they were talking of Napoleon, and his escape from the Isle of Elba. This piece of intelligence, which had been just received, put me in a violent passion; I accused the emperor of perfidiousness. I reproached him with having misled, deceived, and sacrificed me.

When my first fit of ill humour was calmed, I considered the conduct of the emperor under another aspect. I thought that unexpected considerations might have induced him to embark precipitately. I was ashamed of my suspicions and of my violence, and I only wished to fly to his footsteps; but already orders had been given to prevent communication. I passed eight days, which appeared to me so many ages, in soliciting permission to return to France; and at last I obtained it. I arrived at Paris on the 25th of March; on the 26th Monsieur X**** presented me to the emperor; he embraced me, and said, "*I have weighty reasons for wishing that you and X**** may both forget whatever passed at the Isle of Elba. I alone will*

not forget it. Rely on my esteem and protection on all occasions."

Here ends the memoir of Monsieur X****.

This officer had scarcely quitted the Island of Elba, when the emperor acknowledged and deplored the imprudence of which he had been guilty, in sending Z*** to the continent. The character and firmness of this faithful servant were sufficiently known to him, to prevent his feeling any anxiety on his account. He was certain (to use his own words), that he would suffer himself to be cut to pieces, before he would open his mouth; but he was afraid, that the inquiries he had directed him to make on the road, the letters he might address to him, or the conferences he might have at Paris with Monsieur X**** and his friends, would excite the suspicions of the police; and that the Bourbons would station cruizers, so as to render an escape from the Island of Elba, and a landing on the coast of France, altogether impossible.

Thus the emperor felt that there was but one way of preventing the danger, that of departing immediately. On this point he did not hesitate. From that moment every thing assumed a different aspect in the Island of Elba.

This island, but the moment before, the abode of philosophy and peace, became in an instant the imperial head-quarters. Couriers, orders, and counter-orders, were incessantly going and returning from Porto Ferrajo to Longone, and from Longone to Porto Ferrajo. Napoleon, whose fiery activity had been so long enchained, gave himself up, with infinite delight, to all the cares that his audacious

enterprise demanded. But in whatever mystery he fancied he had shrouded himself, the unusual accounts he had caused to be delivered in, the particular attention he had paid to his old grenadiers, had excited their suspicion; and they scarcely doubted, that he had it in contemplation to quit the island. Every one supposed, that he would land at Naples, or in some other port of Italy: no one ventured even to imagine, that his plan was to go and expel Louis XVIII. from the throne.

On the 26th of February, at one o'clock, the guard and the officers of his household received orders to hold themselves in readiness to depart. Every thing was in motion; the grenadiers with joy resumed their arms, that so long had lain idle, and spontaneously swore, never to quit them but with life. The whole population of the country, crowds of old men, women, and children, eagerly rushed to the shore; the most affecting scenes were exhibited on all sides. They thronged round the faithful companions of Napoleon in his exile, and contended with each other for the pleasure, the honour of touching them, seeing them, embracing them for the last time. The younger members of the families of the first distinction in the island, solicited as a favour, the danger of sharing in the perils of the emperor. Joy, glory, hope sparkled in every eye. They knew not whither they were going, but Napoleon was present, and with him could they doubt of victory?

At eight in the evening, a gun gave the signal for departure. A thousand embraces were immediately lavished and returned. The French rush-

ed into their boats; martial music struck up; and Napoleon and his followers sailed majestically from the shore, amid the shouts of "*Long live the emperor!*" a thousand times repeated.—*Memoirs of Napoleon in 1815, by Baron Fleury de Chaboulon.*

TRUE HAPPINESS.

WHEN Napoleon returned to his palace of the Elysée Bourbon, immediately after his defeat at Waterloo, he continued many hours without taking any refreshment. One of the grooms of the chamber ventured to serve up some gelée de bouillon, and some coffee, in his cabinet, by the hands of a child, a sort of page, whom Napoleon had occasionally distinguished by his notice. The emperor sat motionless, with his hands spread upon his eyes. The child stood patiently before him, gazing with infantine curiosity on an image, which presented so strong a contrast to his own figure of simplicity and peace; at last the little attendant, presenting his tray, exclaimed, in the familiarity of an age which knows so little distinctions, "*Mangez-en, sire, cela vous fera du bien.*" "Eat, sire, that will do you good." The emperor looked at him, and asked, "*N'es tu pas de Gonesse?*"—"Do you not belong to Gonesse?" (a village near Paris.) "*Non, sire, je suis de Pierre fite.*"—"No, sire, I come from Pierre-fite." "*Où tes parens ont une chaumière, et quelques arpens de terre?*"—"Where your parents have a cottage and some acres of land?" "*Oui, sire.*"—"Yes, sire." *Voilà le bon-*

heur!"—"There is true happiness!" replied the man who was still, even then, Emperor of France and King of Italy.

RELATIVE MERITS OF DESAIX AND KLEBER.

"OF all the generals I ever had under me," said the emperor, "Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents; especially Desaix, as Kleber only loved glory, inasmuch as it was the means of procuring him riches and pleasures, whereas Desaix loved glory for itself, and despised every thing else. *Desaix was wholly wrapped up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasures were valueless, nor did he give them a moment's thought.* He was a little black looking man, about an inch shorter than I am, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort or convenience. When in Egypt, I made him a present of a complete field-equipage several times, but he always lost it. *Wrapped up in a cloak, Desaix threw himself under a gun, and slept as contentedly as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. Upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs, THE JUST SULTAN.* He was intended by nature for a great general. Kleber and Desaix were a loss irreparable to France. Had Kleber lived, the English army in Egypt would have perished. Had that imbecile Menou attacked them on their landing, with twenty thousand men, as he might have done, instead of the division of Lanusse, the English army would have been only a meal for them."

THE TREATY OF TOLENTINO.

THE treaty of Tolentino has already its place in story, among the most notable events which history was ever destined to record. On this occasion, Pope Pius the Sixth ceded, *of his own accord*, to Buonaparte, nearly all the statues that went to Paris. He did more :—in order to reconcile the Romans to their loss, he not only employed the eloquent and celebrated preacher Monsignore Tenai, of the congregation of the mission, to preach them into resignation, and erected stations in the streets for the purpose; but while the Apollo was packing up, occupied their attention by preaching himself, declaring that St. Paul commanded the breaking of statues, and Constantine had ordered their public sale, as a mark of his contempt; that it was the cross and the virgin, not gods and goddesses, that should engross the attention of true Christians; and that it was not the shrines of their saints, but the statues of the capitol, which brought heretics to their holy city, and their bad example among the elect of St. Peter. The pope preached—the people listened; and the statues were permitted to depart with as little sensation as they were seen to return.

At this famous treaty, his holiness not only ceded to the French the Apollo Belvidere, and other idolatrous images of the Gentiles, but even the riches of the shrine of Loretto and the toilette of the Virgin, to which every sovereign in Europe had, at various epochs, contributed.

FEMALE PATRONAGE, UNKNOWN TO BUONAPARTE.

A PETITE PIECE, by Etienne, was one evening represented at the theatre of the Tuilleries, in which it was said, that "the ladies of the court made colonels in the army." The emperor, who was present, showed evident signs of disapprobation; and as he passed through the apartments of the palace, where the ladies in waiting were at cards, he stopped, and said to one of them, "*Eh bien, mesdames! est-ce vous donc, qui faites les colonels? Voilà ce que je n'avois jamais soupçonné.*"—"Very well, my ladies! is it you then, who make the colonels. This is what I have never suspected."

In fact, there were no mistresses of state under Napoleon; no Pompadour, or du Barré to give royal sanction to private profligacy, and to convert female caprices into reasons of state.

END OF VOL. V.

NAPOLEON ANECDOTES.

GOVERNMENT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



BATTLE OF KRASNOE.

by John Smart.

Drawn & Engraved

Illustration of the Battle of Krasnoe, showing the Russian flag being hoisted by a Cossack on a rearing horse, with a Russian soldier kneeling in the foreground.

THE NAPOLEON ANECDOTES:

ILLUSTRATING THE
MENTAL ENERGIES

OF THE LATE
EMPEROR OF FRANCE;

AND THE
CHARACTERS AND ACTIONS

OF HIS
CONTEMPORARY STATESMEN AND WARRIORS.

“ To hazard your virtues and valours, for *one* man's estate, I hold it dangerous: and needless it is, *that my life should be prized at so dear a rate.*—These civil wars Vitellius began, which I, for my part, purpose not to continue; and hereby, let posterity esteem of Otho, that though others have kept the empire longer, *none ever left it more valiantly.* Let this mind therefore accompany me to the grave, that you, for your parts, *would have died for my sake,* and I, *to save your lives,* die voluntarily and unvanquished. I blame not the gods, nor envy your new master's good fortune; it is sufficient that my house hath touched *the highest strain of honour,* and myself to be left on record AS SOVEREIGN MONARCH OF THE WORLD.”

*Reply of Otho to his army, who wished him to renew
the war against Vitellius.*

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THE
NAPOLEON ANECDOTES.

NAPOLEON AND GENERAL RAPP.

ALTHOUGH the emperor exacted the most profound respect in public, he, nevertheless, admitted in private, the most boundless familiarity, and thus frequently led those who were intimate with him, to risk themselves beyond the boundary of propriety.

General Rapp was devotedly attached to the emperor, but extremely careless in his address and conversation with him. This veteran was standing one morning in the anteroom of Napoleon's *private* apartment, when he perceived one of the gentlemen in waiting, conducting a man of very equivocal character into the imperial cabinet. This person remained a considerable time closeted with the emperor. Rapp grew impatient, and, anxious for the safety of Napoleon, repeatedly thrust his rough head in at the door to see whether all was right, and as suddenly withdrew it. The suspected stranger at last took his leave, and Rapp obtained his

audience. "*Que diable,*" exclaimed Napoleon, as Rapp entered, "*que diable voulez-vous donc, en mettant votre tête à la porte comme cela?*"—"What the devil do you mean, by putting your head in at the door in that manner?" "*C'est que je tremblai pour vous.*"—"It is because I trembled for your safety," replied Rapp, "for perhaps you do not know, that the person with whom *you have been closeted* is a *traitor*, a *rogue*, a *swindler*, in a word, he is a *Corsican!*"

ALEXANDER AND FREDERICK ; OR THE MILITARY TAILORS.

A VERY amusing account, in Napoleon's own words, of the talents and pursuits of those redoubted heroes, Alexander of Russia and Frederick of Prussia, is thus given by Mr. O'Meara.

"Alexander is the only one of the three [Alexander, Francis, and the King of Prussia], who has any talent. *He is plausible, a great dissimulator, very ambitious, and a man who studies to make himself popular.* It is his foible to believe himself skilled in the art of war, and he likes nothing so well as to be complimented upon it, though every thing that originated with himself relative to military operations, was ill judged and absurd. At Tilsit, Alexander and the King of Prussia used frequently to occupy themselves in contriving dresses for dragoons; *debating upon what button the crosses of the orders ought to be hung, and such other fooleries.* They fancied themselves on an equality with the best generals in Europe, because they knew how many rows of buttons there were upon a

dragoon's jacket. I could scarcely keep from laughing sometimes, when I heard them discussing these *coglionerie* with as much gravity and earnestness as if they were planning an impending action between two hundred thousand men.

“ *I was the most ignorant of the three in military affairs.* These two sovereigns, especially the King of Prussia, were completely *au fait*, as to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. *Not a tailor in the army knew better than King Frederick, how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket.* In fact,” continued Napoleon, laughing, “ I was *nobody* in comparison with them. They continually tormented me with questions about matters belonging to tailors, of which I was entirely ignorant, though, in order not to affront them, I answered just as gravely as if the fate of an army depended upon the cut of a jacket. *When I went to see the King of Prussia, instead of a library, I found he had a large room, like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, in which were placed fifty or sixty jackets of various modes.* Every day he changed his fashion, and put on a different one. He was a tall, dry looking fellow, and would give a good idea of Don Quixote. He attached more importance to the cut of a dragoon, or an hussar, uniform, than was necessary for the salvation of a kingdom. At Jena, his army performed the finest and most showy manœuvres possible, but I soon put a stop to their *coglionerie*, and taught them, that to fight, and to execute dazzling manœuvres and wear splendid uniforms, were very different affairs. *If,*” added

he, "*the French army had been commanded by a tailor, the King of Prussia would certainly have gained the day, from his superior knowledge in that art ; but as victories depend more upon the skill of the general commanding the troops, than upon that of the tailor who makes their jackets, he consequently failed.*"

Mr. O'Meara having at another time, asked Napoleon if the King of Prussia was a man of talent.—"Who!" exclaimed the emperor, "the King of Prussia?" He burst into a fit of laughter. "He a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. *Un ignorantaccio che non ha nè talento, ne informazione.* A Don Quixote in appearance. I know him well. He cannot hold a conversation for five minutes. Not so his wife. She was a very clever fine woman, but very unfortunate. *Eribella, graziosa, e piena d'intelligenza.*"

THE BRIDGE OVER THE PO.

THIS bridge is one of the finest raised during the French occupation of Italy. As there is a medal of Napoleon buried beneath its arches, the King of Sardinia lately proposed having it removed and replaced with one of his own, *that posterity might never know that an upstart had possessed the dominions of the oldest royal house in Europe.* But upon its being represented that it would be difficult to get out the medal without destroying the bridge, *his majesty of Jerusalem, Sardinia, and Piedmont had the moderation to give up the scheme!*

NAPOLEON CHALLENGES A FELLOW STUDENT.

WHILST Napoleon was at the military school of Auxonne, the Prince of Condé one day communicated his intention of visiting the pupils; and the cadets considered it as a high honour to be examined by that military prince. The commandant, in spite of the hierarchy, placed young Napoleon at the head of the polygon, in preference to others of superior rank.

“On another occasion,” Napoleon used to relate, “one of my comrades, who lodged above me, unluckily took a fancy to learn to play the horn, and made such a hideous noise as completely disturbed the studies of those who were within hearing. We met each other one day on the stairs;—‘Are you not tired of practising the horn?’ said I. ‘Not at all,’ he replied.—‘At any rate you tire other people.’—‘I am sorry for it.’—‘It would be better if you went to practise elsewhere.’—‘I am master of my own apartment.’—‘Perhaps you may be taught to entertain a doubt on that point.’—‘I scarce think any one will be bold enough to attempt to teach me that.’”

A challenge ensued; but before the antagonists met, the affair was submitted to the consideration of a council of the cadets, and it was determined that the one should practise the horn at a greater distance, and that the other should be more accommodating.

In the campaign of 1814, the emperor again met his horn player in the neighbourhood of Soissons or

Laon : he was residing on his estate, and gave some important information respecting the enemy's position. The emperor made him one of his aides-de-camp ;—this officer was Colonel Bussy.

THE IMPERIAL ROAD-MAKER.

ITALY, with all her treasures of art and associations of history, has nothing to exhibit, that strikes the traveller like the Alps which meet his view on his ascent to the summit of Mount Cenis, or of the Simplon. Masses like these sublime deformities, starting out of the ordinary proportions of nature, in their contemplation, reduce man to what he is—an atom. In such regions nothing is in conformity with him, all is at variance with his end and being, all is commemorative of those elementary convulsions, which sweep away whatever lives and breathes, in the general wreck of inanimate matter. Engines and agents of the destructive elements that rage around them, these regions are fitted only to raise the storm and to launch the avalanche, to cherish the whirlwind, and attract the thunderbolt ; until some convulsive throe within their mystic womb, awakens fiercer contentions : then they heave and shift, and burst and burn, again to subside, cool down, and settle into awful stillness and permanent desolation ; at once the wreck and the monument of changes, which scoff at human record, and trace in characters that admit no controversy the fallacy of calculations and the vanity of systems. Well may the countless races of successive ages have left the mysteries of the Alps unexplored, their snows untrack-

ed : but immortal glory be the meed of them, the brave, bold spirits, whose unaccommodated natures, in these regions, where "cold performs the effect of fire," braved dangers in countless forms, to oppose the invading enemies of their country's struggling rights; who climbing where the eagle had not soared, nor the chamois dared to spring, raised the shout of national independence amidst echoes which had never reverberated, save to the howl of the wolf, or the thunder of the avalanche. Gratitude as eternal as the snows of Mont Blanc to them or him, who grappled with obstacles coeval with creation, levelled the pinnacle and blew up the rock, pierced the granite and spanned the torrent, disputing with nature in all her potency her right to separate man from man, and made straight in the desert a highway for progressive civilization!

Than such great works as this, one only greater remained—to facilitate the communion of knowledge, and spread the means of civil liberty from pole to pole by their sole omnipotent agent, A FREE PRESS. He who did much, did not this—he who levelled mountains and turned aside torrents, and did more than a thousand ages of feudal patrons could effect, of all his possible performances left this "*greater still behind*;" and by that one false calculation, made on the model of examples he derided, and of men he had crushed, he fell himself; and at length became the victim of the system he revived and the policy he cherished.

The art of road-making ranks high in the means of civilization; and its utility, better felt than understood in the dark ages, was sufficiently appreciated to render it an object of monopoly to the

church. To build a bridge, or clear a forest, were deeds of salvation for the next world, as for this; and royal and noble sinners literally paved their way to heaven, and reached the gates of Paradise by causeways made on earth. St. Benedict laid the basis of his own canonization with the first stone of the famous bridge of Avignon; which, says Pope Nicholas the Fifth, was raised by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. The *freres pontifs* by dint of brick and mortar built up a reputation, which rendered their order the most opulent as well as the most revered of their day; and the "vicegerents of God on earth" could find no higher title to indicate their power than that, borrowed from Roman priests and emperors, of Pontifex Maximus, or chief bridge builder. But if there is one, by whom this significant epithet is merited more than by all others, it is he who made roads, cleared forests, and built bridges, from the Alps to the Pontine marshes.

From the summit of Mount Cenis, Napoleon Buonaparte, at the head of an ill appointed, long suffering, and neglected army, pointed to the plains of Lombardy, and promised victory. His soldiers accepted the pledge, rushed like an Alpine torrent over crags and precipices, and won that Italy, in two brief and splendid campaigns, which had through ages resisted the forces, and witnessed the disasters of millions of Frenchmen, led on by kings, and organized by experienced generals, (under Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I.; and in more recent times, under Louis XIII., XIV., and XV.). Four armies of the mightiest coalition the world had ever seen united against the independence of a single nation, were swept away, as the

snows of Mont Blanc are scattered by the eddying whirlwinds; and the peace dictated by Napoleon at Leoben, attests the military genius of the young commander, who was one day to number more battles gained, and greater triumphs achieved, than any captain of any age could boast since the time of Alexander. But if Buonaparte *commanded*, it was the *national* army of France that *fought* and *conquered*. It was an army of peasants and artisans, and of citizens, who quitting their fertile valleys, their vine covered hills, and their luxurious cities, ill appointed, ill accoutred, traversed the Mount St. Bernard, and struggling against destruction in a thousand forms, scrambling over the icy crags, or sunk in snowy gulfs, braved the terrors of the season and the clime, with a gaiety that no suffering could subdue,—that no interest could sully.

The campaigns of Italy, under the directory and consulate, were well worth all the imperial battles fought in the days of France's splendid degradation. The pass of Mount St. Bernard (an account of which we have given in our first volume, enriched with a beautiful engraving) stands unrivalled in modern military history. The artillery were dragged up the heights by sheer strength of arm, by efforts almost superhuman. Pecuniary motives for exertion, proffered by the general, were rejected by the army. The soldiers, one by one, climbed through the crevices of the ice rock, and in five hours they reached the convent of St. Peter. The descent was yet more perilous. The infantry cut short the difficulty by sliding on their backs down the ice. *The first consul followed their example,*

and, in the sight of his army, slid down a height of two hundred feet!

Buonaparte, before his departure for this campaign, traced a slight sketch of his intended operations at a private house. In this plan, Millissimo is marked, in the confidence of success, as being the first site of the defeat of the enemy. "*Je chasse-rai*" he says, "*les Autrichiennes des gorges du Tyrol.*" "I shall drive the Austrians from the passage of the Tyrol;" and he finishes the sketch with these words: "*C'est aux portes de la Vienne que je vous donnerai la paix.*" "It is at the gates of Vienna, that I shall give you peace." Speaking afterwards of his treaty of Millissimo, he said, "*C'étoit la plus forte sensation de ma vie.*" "This was the strongest sensation of my life."

THE SURRENDER OF ULM.

THE emperor, when the army occupied the heights which commanded Ulm, sent for the Prince of Lichtenstein, major-general, who was shut up in the town, to communicate to him, that he wished the place to capitulate, telling him that if he took it by storm, he should be under the necessity of acting as he did at Jaffa, where the whole garrison was put to the sword; that it was one of the melancholy rights of war; that he wished that both he, and the brave Austrian army, were spared the necessity of so dreadful an action; that the place was not tenable; and that in consequence it ought to surrender. The prince required that the officers and soldiers should have liberty to return to Austria.

"I will grant it," replied the emperor, "to the officers, but not to the soldiers; for who will be my security that they will not be made to serve again?" Then, after hesitating a moment, he added: "Well then, I will rely upon the word of Prince Ferdinand. If he is in the town, I wish to give him a proof of my esteem, and I will grant to him what you require of me, hoping that the court of Vienna will not break the word of one of its princes." Upon M. de Lichtenstein assuring him that Prince Ferdinand was not in the town; "*If that be the case,*" said the emperor, "*I do not see who is to be my guarantee, that the soldiers I send you back, will not be employed again;*" then fixing his regard full upon the general, he resumed—"Yet you are Prince LICHTENSTEIN, and I do not see why that surname is not equivalent to the Christian appellation of Ferdinand; therefore I rely, sir, upon your word."

GENERAL BUONAPARTE'S VOYAGE FROM EGYPT TO FRANCE.

NOTHING material occurred to Buonaparte after his quitting the shores of Egypt; he sometimes played and laughed with his companions, and amused himself with geometry and chemistry on board the ship. On arriving off the coast of Corsica, a storm obliged the vessel to enter the port of Ajaccio, his native town, where the reception he met with from his countrymen was precisely such as the *éclat* of his victories was calculated to procure. At Corsica he learned the extent of the calamities that France had suffered, and again set out for the French coast, of which he was within

sight, when the sailors discovered some English ships, amounting to about seven sail. The topmasts of his ship were immediately lowered with a view to escape observation, and it was proposed to return to Corsica, but Buonaparte assumed the command, and insisted upon making for the coast of Provence, where he arrived safe in the midst of an astonished multitude, who refused to credit the fact upon the mere hoisting of his flag at the mast head; and was only convinced of the reality, when they beheld him in the bosom of their encircling crowds. When the directory at Paris were informed that Buonaparte had landed at Frejus, from Egypt, they made known the general's arrival to the two councils, who received the message with cries of "*Vive la REPUBLIQUE!*" The general remained at Frejus only one hour, while a carriage was procured to take him to Paris, and he arrived at the capital on the 16th of October, being hailed on every side, during his journey, with the cry of "*PEACE! PEACE!*" as if the nation sighed for that blessing only, and expected it at his hands alone.

FREEDOM OF THE SEA.

THE following was the curious mode adopted by Buonaparte to signify his intention of crushing the maritime superiority of Great Britain.

About the middle of January, in 1801, some very valuable books, magnificently bound, were presented to the Royal Society of London, from the National Institute of France; which were accompanied by a complimentary letter, bearing the signature of *Buonaparte, President of the National*

Institute, and First Consul of France ; upon which packet was a finely executed vignette, representing Liberty sailing upon the open ocean in a shell, with the following motto :—" LIBERTE DE MER."

FIRST IMPERIAL PAPER SIGNED BY NAPOLEON.

THE ensuing letter, addressed to Cambaceres and Lebrun, his former coadjutors in the consular dignity, was dispatched by Buonaparte immediately after his coronation.

" CITIZEN CONSUL CAMBACERES,

" Your title is about to be changed ; but your functions, and my confidence, remain the same. In the high dignity of arch-chancellor, with which you are going to be invested, you will manifest, as you have done in that of consul, the wisdom of your counsels, and those distinguished talents which have given you so important a share in all the good that I can have done. I have nothing, therefore, to request of you, but the continuation of the same sentiments for the state and for me.

(Signed)

" NAPOLEON."

NAPOLEON'S RELIGIOUS FEELINGS.

ON Napoleon's religious feelings and habits, we have the following declaration by himself.

He was reading a little book (says Mr. O'Meara), which I perceived to be a French New Testament. I could not help observing to him, that many peo-

ple would not believe that he would read such a book, as it had been asserted and credited by some that he was an unbeliever. Napoleon laughed and replied, "*Cependant ce n'est pas vrai. Je suis loin d'être Athée,*" (Nevertheless, it is not true. I am far from being an Atheist.) In spite of all the iniquities and frauds of the teachers of religion, who are eternally preaching up that their kingdom is not of this world, and yet seize every thing which they can lay their hands upon, from the time that I arrived at the head of the government, I did every thing in my power to re-establish religion. But I wished to render it the foundation and prop of morality and good principles, and not *à prendre l'essor* of the human laws. Man has need of something wonderful. It is better for him to seek it in religion than in Mlle. le Normand. [A celebrated fortune-teller at Paris, consulted by emperors and kings.] Moreover, religion is a great consolation and resource to those who possess it, and no man can pronounce what he will do in his last moments.

NAPOLEON AT BERLIN.

AFTER the complete defeat of the King of Prussia and his allies, Buonaparte held a court day at the Prussian capital, at which he received the whole of the Lutheran and Calvinist churches, mostly descended from French Protestants, whose ancestors sought refuge there in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The emperor then conversed with the principal personages amongst

them, and concluded by saying:—" *You have a just claim upon my protection; all your privileges and your worship shall be secured to you.*"

Count Von Neale coming into the hall of audience, Napoleon said to him: " *Well, sir, your ladies wished for war*, and they have been gratified, it becomes you to manage your household better.*" The warlike spirit of the Queen of Prussia had also infused itself into the mind of the count's daughter, a letter having been intercepted under her hand, which the emperor perused, wherein she stated: " *Napoleon will not continue the war, let others carry on the war against him.*" His majesty, dwelling on this letter, said to Count Von Neale, " *No, I will carry on no war, not that I doubt my own prowess as you have suggested, but in order to spare the blood of my subjects which is most dear to me. But the good people of Berlin have been sacrifices of the war, while those who fomented it have left them and become fugitives. I shall reduce these noble courtiers to such extremities, that they shall be compelled to beg their bread:*" in issuing his instructions to the civil administration of the city, Napoleon remarked: " *I will not suffer any windows to be broken. My brother, the King of Prussia, ceased to be a king from the day when Prince Lewis Ferdinand was bold enough to break the windows of his majesty's ministers. His majesty should have ordered him to have been hanged*" Then turning to Prince Hatzfeldt, the emperor said: " *Do not appear, sir, in my presence, I have no need of your*

* Alluding to the Queen of Prussia who had equipped herself like an Amazon, breathing nothing but war and vengeance.

services ; retire forthwith to your estates." The treason of this prince was then known to Buonaparte, who so nobly spared him at the intercession of his wife. This anecdote we have before given to our readers.

NAPOLEON'S BRAVERY AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

GENERAL GOURGAUD informed Mr. O'Meara, that at the close of the battle of Waterloo, when the charge made by the French had failed, and the English charged in their turn, a part of the cavalry of the latter, with some *tirailleurs* intermingled with them, approached to within a hundred or a hundred and fifty toises of the spot where the emperor was standing, with only Soult, Drouot, Bertrand, and himself. Close to them was a small French battalion, drawn up in a square. Napoleon ordered Gourgaud to fire some shots from two or three field pieces which belonged to the battalion, to drive away the cavalry, which were approaching nearer. This was put into execution, and one of those shots carried away the Marquis of Anglesea's leg. Napoleon then placed himself with the column, and wanted to charge, exclaiming, "*Il faut mourir ici, il faut mourir sur le champ de bataille.*" At this time the English *tirailleurs* were firing at them, and they expected every moment to be charged. Labedoyère was galloping about like a madman, with his arms extended before him, seeking to be killed. Napoleon was prevented from throwing himself amongst the enemy by Soult, who laid hold of the bridle, exclaiming, that he would

not be killed but taken prisoner; and, with the aid of the others, finally succeeded in compelling him to leave the field at the time when there was none other than the above mentioned small column to oppose the Prussians, who were advancing.

GENERAL BUONAPARTE AND COUNT FERZEN AT RASTADT.

BUONAPARTE, after passing through Switzerland, stopped at Rastadt, to open the conferences of the congress, and then proceeded on his journey. During his short stay at that place, he gave a specimen of what the other powers of Europe had to expect from him and the French republic, by his treatment of Count Ferzen, the envoy of Sweden to the congress,—a man well known for his attachment to the old court of France, and his hatred to the revolution. When he was introduced to him, Buonaparte received him coolly but with civility, and then asked what minister the court of Sweden had at Paris. To which the count replied with evident confusion, “None.” Buonaparte then expressed his surprise, *that the king should send a person to meet the plenipotentiaries, who was so very disagreeable to every French citizen.* He remarked that the king would be much offended if a French minister should be sent to Stockholm, who had endeavoured to excite the people to insurrection; and by the same rule, the French republic could not suffer his majesty to send men too well known for their attachment to the old court, to face the ministers of

the first nation on earth, which well knew how to preserve its dignity. The count retired, much irritated and confused, saying, "he should report to his majesty what he had just heard."

THE EMPEROR'S FOOT GUARDS AT JENA.

AT the conclusion of the battle of Jena, and at a very critical period of that sanguinary conflict, Napoleon was every moment annoyed by his troops shouting, "Long live the emperor." The imperial foot guards, enraged at not being allowed to press forward, while they saw every other corps in motion, several voices from among them vociferated "*Forward!*"—"What is that I hear?" said Napoleon; "*it can come from none other than beardless boys, who wish to give orders independent of me; let them wait till they have commanded in thirty battles before they take upon themselves to advise me.*"

In the heaviest of the fire, when the enemy had nearly lost all their generals, not a man of distinction, on the side of the French, was even wounded. Marshal Lasnes was grazed by a musket ball on the breast, but escaped unhurt. Marshal Davoust had his hat and clothes shot through in several places with small bullets. The emperor was continually surrounded wheresoever he appeared, by the Prince of Neufchatel, Marshal Bessieres; the grand master of the horse, Caulincourt; and also by his *aides-de-camp*, and equerry in waiting; who were all anxious to preserve the life of the emperor, whose person they shielded by exposing their own.

DREADFUL RE-ACTION IN TUSCANY.

WHEN the French revolution broke out, and the invasion of Italy followed, the Tuscan government exhibited all the indecision of weakness; and, vibrating between fear and policy, it passed through an incessant vicissitude of war and neutrality, attacked by French power, worried by English intrigue, and menaced by both. Always temporizing, and never deciding, it purchased a humiliating and precarious existence by sacrifices the most mortifying; but obtained, from its neutrality, advantages denied to the other states of Italy. After the well known defeat of the Neapolitans under General Mack, by the gallant Championet, Tuscany was formally invaded by the French army. It was then that Ferdinand the Third, obliged to abandon his states to the French, exhorted his subjects, by a public edict, to obey their new sovereigns. The Florentines took this counsel *tout de bon*, and acted under the politic suggestions of their new sovereign. The result was singular: the names of all who obeyed the edict were noted, and there was scarcely one who accepted employment, or entered into the national guard, but upon the temporary restoration of the Tuscan government, during the successes of the Austro-Russian invasion, became a mark for persecution. The re-action which took place was horrible. Instructions were secretly transmitted from the cabinet of the grand duke to the Florentine senate (a body of nobles marked by the execration of their compatriots, for a cruelty founded in bigotry and ignorance), which in Tus-

cany are never even yet mentioned but with a thrill of horror.

In the *processi-æconomici* which occurred in this interval of vengeance, the accuser and the accused were never confronted; and every rule of justice was violated. Every sigh was counted, every smile noticed and brought in accusation against the Florentines, who had submitted to the new government:—even such crimes as it belonged exclusively to ecclesiastical discipline to notice; namely, eating *meat* on fast days, was taken as a sign of revolutionary tendency, and punished as a civil delinquency. The number of these processes amounted to *fourteen thousand*: almost the whole of the youth of the city were prosecuted—all that were noted for superior talent were marked for persecution, and there are but few families in Florence who will bear to have that dark moment of re-action recalled to them, in which *Austria, England*, and the rabble of *Tuscany* played so infamous a part. During this reign, Mascagni, a celebrated anatomist and physician, was near falling a victim to the popular rage. The axe of an assassin was ready to fall on his head, when some of the people exclaimed against the murder of so great a man, whatever might be his political principles, and saved him. Others, of equal merit, if not equal celebrity, were less fortunate. On this occasion many persons of distinguished merit evinced a courage that, in ruder times, would have claimed the palm of martyrdom; and a frenzied populace, armed against them by the church, the state, and the *English minister*, could not subdue their fortitude, nor induce them to forego their principles.

But in this deep tragedy there is an episode, which the truth of history demands to be told, and from which British humanity will turn revolting. The town of Arezzo had been long noted for the bigotry and ultraism of its inhabitants; and materials were supposed to exist there, more than in any city of Tuscany, for forwarding a re-action. A Madonna was made to perform a miracle, to raise the populace against what was called the revolutionary party: the most ferocious of the ignorant population mounted a leaden Madonna in their hats, seized arms, and, drunk with wine and fanaticism, proceeded with most sanguinary designs to Florence. *Their leader was Mr. Wyndham, the British minister*: he rode at the head of this infuriate mob, his frail but beautiful mistress* on his right (dressed and mounted as an Amazon); on his left a monk, with the crucifix in one hand and a pistol in the other.

Countrymen of Milton, of Newton, and of Locke, it is thus your glorious name and honourable wealth have been prostituted at various epochs to aid the cause of oppression and of bigotry! It is thus that while you have been instigated to persecute your Catholic brethren at home, your agents have been made instrumental abroad in reviving and upholding an abject mummerly and a barbarous fanaticism; which, however beneficial to the corrupt interests of temporal dominion, are despised and execrated by the sincere of all religions.

Nothing that has been revealed or recited of the horrors of the counter revolution in France, or under the reign of terror, approached the deeds of

* Now a baroness of the German empire—created such for having “*done the state some service.*”

blood, executed in the horrible interval of this reaction in Tuscany.—At Siena, seventeen persons, principally Jews, *were burnt alive; an infant at the breast shared the same fate with its wretched mother*; while the cardinal archbishop of Siena remained tranquilly in his palace (like him of Arezzo) to bless the fury of the populace, and the zeal of the *Protestant English minister*; and to return thanks to heaven, that in spite of the heresy and philosophy of the age, one Jew more was roasted to the honour and glory of God!! But if the natives suffered—if they burnt and bled, as the “BLACK CHAMBER” (a society composed of the most furious fanatics, both in sect and politics, in Italy) marked them with the name of jacobin, or revolutionist, of heretic, or Jew—the tortures inflicted on such of the straggling French as fell into the power of these terrible bands, shames the ingenuity of savage cruelty. Be it hoped that they were the expiring efforts of a ferocity and a fanaticism incompatible with the growing intellectual illumination of the day; the last impulsions of that feudality which has heaped upon the European population fourteen hundred years of poverty, of slavery, of ignorance, and of blood.

*To these atrocities, over which allied sovereigns and diplomatic cabinets have thrown a veil**, THE BATTLE OF MARENGO put a period; but their remembrance will be indelible in hapless Italy, so long as one true Italian heart shall throb with love of country and hatred of persecution!

“I regret (says Lady Morgan), that an English name—a name otherwise so respectable should

* The British ministry gave out that Mr. Wyndham was mad!

be found coupled with transactions of so dark a character; but the facts were subjects of common conversation, even in the highest circles of Florence. They are known to all the English, who mix in Italian society; and belong so entirely to history, that to pass them over in silence would be a delicacy equally misplaced and unavailing. In such cases, all that the traveller or historian can do, is to keep out of sight anecdotes of a purely private or personal nature; and that has been carefully done on the present occasion.—*Lady Morgan's Italy.*

A GOOD MILITARY POST.

WHEN Buonaparte had expelled the directory, whose residence was in the palace of the Luxembourg, being asked where he would take up his abode; after a moment's pause, replied: "At the palace of the *Tuilleries*; it is a good *military post.*"

CANOVA AND THE FIRST CONSUL.

CANOVA never figured as the advocate of any political party, for his whole mind being devoted to the study of those arts wherein he so much excelled, precluded him from taking any share in the fate of empires and of kings. To impoverish Rome, however, of those statues which were so lately her boast, and which had afforded him models from whence he perfected his task, was a crime in Napoleon he could never obliterate from his recollection; wherefore he very frankly acknowledged his dislike of

Buonaparte, at that period first consul, and rejected all the offers made to him of residing at Paris. Even while modelling the head of Napoleon, he frankly told him, that *he was surprised to find himself in that place, and employed in performing such an office.*—Communicated by Monsieur David.

THE CONSCRIPTION.

FRANCE was indebted to the conscription, which still exists, for all her conquests; and by its means Buonaparte proposed perhaps to realize the dreams of Louis XIV. Every man in France, with few exceptions, was destined to become in turn a soldier, and was obliged to pass a certain portion of his life under arms. To achieve this, the country was divided into thirty military governments, each subject to a general and his staff, together with a certain portion of commissioners, and it is not a little remarkable, that Oliver Cromwell, after overturning the English commonwealth, made a distribution nearly similar in all its parts. But the civil as well as military division of the empire was subject to the strictest responsibility; for the departments, one hundred and twenty-two in number, with their circuits (*arrondissement*), cantons, and municipalities, the prefects, the sub-prefects, the commissaries of police, the mayors, the inspectors, the counsellor of prefecture, and the adjunct, were all strictly responsible in respect to the new levies. The first grand military effort of France commenced with the *requisition*, a measure which made no little noise, and was succeeded by the *conscription*, which has produced far more powerful effects. This originated under the

short lived and ill fated directorial government; the author was Carnot, himself a director, and who contributed not a little by his plans to the aggrandisement of his country. By this institution, which seems fitted for convulsive struggles alone, and can only be employed on the part of a military nation, every Frenchman becomes a soldier, during that portion of his life when his services can be rendered most effectual. If the country, in case of any great emergency, is declared by proclamation "to be in danger," all the male inhabitants are to be summoned to its defence. On other occasions of less importance, the wants of the army are also supplied by the conscription, the number being decreed by the legislation, and the contingents for each department are specifically fixed, as the *quantum* of population regulates the levy. The particular mode by which the whole is effected is as follows. The executive government, or, in other words, the sovereign, who is supposed to be best acquainted with what is requisite for the campaign, specifies the number supposed to be required, and of course takes care that it shall exceed what is really demanded by the nature of the service. Having announced the *quantum* by means of one of his ministers to the senate, assembled for that purpose, the request, or rather injunction, is generally complied with. The precise number of male inhabitants being known, the quota of each department is regulated in the same manner as in our own counties, and levied by orders of the prefect in the district, and of the sub-prefect, in the cantons and municipalities. To this levy every Frenchman is liable between the ages of twenty and twenty-five: these are divided yearly into five

different classes, and as the registers of births are scrupulously examined, an accurate calculation is forwarded to the minister of war, within the space of eight days. The persons thus drawn are then assembled in their respective cantons, in the presence of a body of *gendarmerie*, who enforce obedience with their swords. On this occasion every one who has any pretext for exemption has an opportunity to offer it; if infirmity be pleaded, an actual inspection on the part of the attending physicians takes place, and the delay is permitted, every thing being done speedily, and in a *military* manner. All absentees are considered and treated as deserters.

The number competent to serve being ascertained, the ballot commences, the tickets are drawn, and the names of those chosen for actual service, as well as for the levies for the reserve, or to supply the places of the former in case of death or illness, are declared; the latter are immediately to be armed and disciplined within their own particular districts, exactly in the same manner as our local militia.

The directory, doubtless at the instigation of Carnot, was inexorable in respect to substitutes, but Napoleon was less scrupulous in certain instances on this subject. Thus a considerable number of exemptions were permitted, under the pretext of personal incapacity, or official service; in every case, however, a substitute must be provided, and, on the occurrence of death or desertion, he must be replaced at any period within two years. But in respect to those selected and approved of, the utmost strictness was used. They were marched in bodies, who were never to exceed the number of one hundred, and these were strictly guarded by the *gendarmes*, a

class of men armed like soldiers, and at the same time provided with a species of authority, somewhat resembling our constables. After being marched to their respective stations, they were then supplied with arms and clothing. As they were still imbued with the spirit of citizens, and might possibly retain a certain degree of indignation, in consequence of the manner in which they were treated, they were never permitted to be formed into distinct regiments, but separated from each other, and incorporated among the veterans, who had been already drilled into servitude and obedience. Formerly, married men who had children were exempt from the laws of conscription. This, however, naturally produced an abuse, as all the youths provided themselves with wives in order so escape from the odious ballot. In consequence of the multitude who had been thus secured, in 1798 this cause of exemption was declared to be annihilated, so that an immense portion of the population was then at the command of Napoleon, and an army of five, six, or even seven hundred thousand men, including the allies, and the domestic reserve, might be obtained at his bidding. Such was the nice discrimination resorted to, in respect to all those not immediately under the protection of the court, that temporary diseases afforded but a temporary suspension of service, and even then, under the name of indemnification, a certain sum, in proportion to the supposed wealth of the absentee, was to be paid to the government. Among other exemptions from actual service, were included, the eldest brother of an orphan family, who was supposed to act as a parent and protector: the only son of a widow woman who looked to him for her

bread, or of a labourer who had attained the full age of seventy, or any person who had a brother already engaged in the army. The same privilege extended to those who had become sub-deacons in the Gallican church: but none of these were wholly and entirely dismissed; on the contrary, it was considered a great favour for them to be allowed to appertain to the army of reserve, and thus be obliged, only on great occasions, to repair to the scene of action.

But the greatest of all oppression was the responsibility of parents for their absent children, who were then rendered liable to be punished for actions over which they could have no possible control, up to the very moment that they produced an official certificate of their deaths. To render the means of escape more difficult, all false attestations were punished with a peculiar degree of rigour. Accordingly, any surgeon or civil officer who forged a certificate for this purpose, was liable to an imprisonment, of five years duration, in irons. Military men, favouring an escape, were subjected to severe fines, while those who actually counterfeited infirmities, or proceeded so far as to mutilate themselves, were condemned to five years labour on the highway. For refractory conscripts, the law held forth all its terrors. Nine garrisons were assigned for their detention, they were lodged in the citadel, clad in a particular uniform, obliged to work, and they were to have their heads shaved during the term of five whole years. But the necessities of the state generally called for their services at an earlier period, so that under pretence of lenity and forgiveness they were sent to their respective regiments long before

the expiration of this term. In certain cases the punishment of the ball, which weighs eight pounds, and must be fastened to the leg of the culprit, was superadded.

Death was justly inflicted on those conscripts who went over to the enemy: but this was perhaps an exaggerated measure of punishment, when applied to those who merely carry off their arms. To the credit of the French code however, the horrid, brutal, and degrading punishment of the *lash* was entirely unknown; and we trust it will soon be abolished throughout Europe, as exhibiting the appearance of a hated engine of military torture, which renders the military service disgusting, without producing any correspondent good effects.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

I WAS favoured with the sight of a note to Josephine (says Count Las Cases) in the emperor's hand-writing, at the time of the treaty of Tilsit. It contained the following words:—"The Queen of Prussia is really a charming woman. She is fond of coqueting with me; but do not be jealous: I am like a cerecloth, along which every thing of this sort slides, without penetrating it. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant."

On this subject an anecdote was related in the saloon of Josephine. It was said that the Queen of Prussia one day had a beautiful rose in her hand, which the emperor asked her to give to him. The queen hesitated for a few moments, and then presented it to him, saying—"Why should I so readily

grant what you request, while you remain deaf to all my entreaties?" She alluded to the fortress of Magdeburgh, which she had earnestly solicited. Such was the nature of the intimacy and such the conversations, that were so unblushingly misrepresented in English works of a certain character, where the emperor was described *as an insolent and brutal tyrant, seeking with the aid of his ferocious Mamelukes, to violate the honour of the lovely queen, under the very eye of her unfortunate husband.*

CHARACTER OF GENERAL HOCHÉ.

“HOCHÉ,” said Napoleon, “was one of the first generals that ever France produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive, and penetrating;—*intrigant* also. If Hoché had landed in Ireland, he would have succeeded. He possessed all the qualities necessary to insure success. He was accustomed to civil war, and knew how to conduct himself under such circumstances. He had pacified La Vendée, and was well adapted for Ireland. He had a fine handsome figure, a good address; he was prepossessing and intriguing, but by some imbecility he was placed on board of a frigate which never reached the Irish coast, while the rest of the expedition of about eighteen thousand men got into Bantry-bay, where they remained for some days perfectly the masters of the means of disembarkation. But Grouchy, who I believe was second in command, did not know what to do; so that after having had it in their power to land and send the ships away, as they ought to have done, they re-

mained a short time, did nothing, and then departed like *imbéciles*. If Hoche had arrived, Ireland was lost to you.

“If the Irish,” added the emperor, “had sent over honest men to me, I would have certainly made an attempt upon Ireland. But I had no confidence in either the integrity or the talents of the Irish leaders that were in France. They could offer no plan, were divided in opinion, and were continually quarrelling with each other.”

EXTRACT FROM NAPOLEON'S LETTER TO GENERAL
KLEBER.

THE letter, left by Buonaparte to be delivered to General Kleber on his quitting Egypt, wherein he enumerates the reasons for his conduct, was dated Alexandria, 23d of August, 1779, and concludes in the following manner.

“Accustomed to look for the recompense of the toils and the difficulties of life in the opinion of posterity, I abandon Egypt with the most poignant regret! The honour and interests of my country and the extraordinary events which have recently taken place there; these, and these alone have determined me to hazard a passage to Europe through the midst of the enemy's squadrons: in heart and in spirit I shall still remain in the midst of you. Your victories will be as dear to me as any in which I may be personally engaged; and I shall regard that day of my life as ill employed in which I shall not accomplish something for the army of which I leave you the command; and likewise for the consolida-

tion of the magnificent establishment, the foundation of which is so recently laid.

“The army entrusted to your care is entirely composed of my own children. I have never ceased, even in the midst of their trying difficulties and dangers, to receive proofs of their attachment; endeavour to preserve them still in those sentiments for me. This is due to the particular esteem and friendship I entertain for you, and to the unfeigned affection I feel for them!”

(Signed)

“BUONAPARTE.”

MOREAU'S REPLY TO NAPOLEON'S INVITATION.

MILITARY men were the only individuals permitted to take a liberty with Napoleon.

General Moreau had received an invitation to attend a procession to the cathedral for the consecration of some stands of colours, and to dine with Buonaparte. To this he returned for answer: “*Of your three invitations, general! I shall accept but one; I will dine with you; but I will neither go to Notre Dame, nor to consecrate colours.*”

NAPOLEON'S SENTIMENTS ON TRIAL BY JURY.

IN one of the emperor's addresses to the legislative body he thus expressed himself on the subject of trial by jury.

“Among the innumerable questions which the discussion of this problem has given rise to, I shall only speak to you of the *jury introduced into the*

code, which you will have to examine in the present session.

“The institution of a jury took its rise amidst the simple manners of our ancestors. *Feudal despotism banished it from France, but it took refuge amongst a neighbouring people where it acquired a great celebrity.*—This people, after a long use of it, have considered a jury as the exclusive guardian of individual liberty, and even of political freedom! They have experienced, that, by confiding, in criminal trials, the judgment of the fact to the conscience of a jury—to a body, sufficiently numerous, of enlightened citizens, rendered impartial by the right of finding an independent verdict, and interested in the purity of their functions by the perceived possibility of being in their turn placed at the bar;—they have experienced I say, that a jury was a mode of investigating the truth, preferable to that of fixed judges, who are often hardened by the exercise of their terrible functions, liable to inattention from fatigue, dependant on the authority which appoints them, and dependant still more upon certain professional maxims, and a kind of jurisprudence de corps, apt at times to darken the understanding.”

GENERAL BUONAPARTE'S INSTALLATION AS A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

THIS ceremony was intended to be kept entirely private, yet, as the day was publicly known, the room was crowded as soon as it was opened; for whenever the hero *could* be seen he was never with-

out a concourse of people. At five o'clock the members all took their places, Buonaparte among the rest, in a plain gray frock, the dress he generally appeared in; there was nothing therefore to point out the man who had lately conquered so many armies, overturned so many states, and created so many new ones. Neither his stature, his manners, nor his dress distinguished him from the crowd; and yet from the great *eclat* of his name, he attracted the notice of every one present: the moment he was discovered, the room rung with applauses, which were repeated whenever any allusion to him occurred in any of the speeches, or indeed any thing which could be applied to the hero of France. It is worthy of remark that Buonaparte was elected in the room of his friend Carnot who had been banished.

MERCIFUL POLICY OF BUONAPARTE.

WHEN the republican forms and revolutionary manners, which had so long prevailed over French society, yielded to modes of superior refinement, it was the wisdom of Napoleon to efface the recollection of the horrors which had marked those days of violence, and to adopt the same merciful policy, by which Henry IV. obliterated the dissensions of the league. Even his personal enemies were forgiven, although of course neglected, while not one of his personal friends were forgotten.

A remarkable instance of Napoleon's dislike to the revival of past events occurred, when Chateaubriand was received at the institute, in the place of the celebrated Chenier. Upon this occasion, Chateaubriand in the *éloge* of his predecessor, alluded to

the part that brilliant wit had taken in the revolution, and revived the recollection of times, which it was so necessary to bury in oblivion. The emperor would not hear of this firebrand being thrown; and the illustrious martyr was rejected from the number of the elect, although in the same discourse he had lavished the most boundless homage on the man whom he has since stigmatized with so many epithets of opprobrium, but whom in his *Atila*, he declares was sent to France from heaven, “*en signe de reconciliation, quand il est las de punir.*” “In token of reconciliation, when it became tired of punishing.”

NAPOLEON NEVER ACCUSED OF INGRATITUDE.

IT is a singular circumstance, that of the multitude of persons, devoted friends, and avowed enemies of Napoleon, not one has ever accused him of ingratitude. A republican, who had been the friend of his youth, but who had refused some distinctions he had offered him, said, that the emperor one day in conversation made the following remark to him:—“*Je ne suis pas bon, si vous voulez, mais je suis sur.*” —“I am not a good man, if you will have it so, but I am sure.”—And in fact, added this person, “*on pourroit toujours compter sur lui,*” “he may always be depended on.”

NAPOLEON'S DEPARTURE FOR THE WAR WITH PRUSSIA.

PREVIOUS to Buonaparte's quitting Paris upon this belligerent expedition, he assembled his ministers, and made to them the following solemn and emphatic appeal.

“ I am innocent of this war ; I have done nothing to provoke it ; it did not enter into my calculations. Let me be defeated if it be of my making. One of the principal motives of the confidence I have, that my enemies will be destroyed, is that I see in their conduct the finger of Providence, who, willing that traitors should be punished, has set wisdom so far aside in their councils, that when they intended to attack me at the moment of weakness, *they chose the very instant when I was stronger than ever.*”

EXPRESSION OF GENERAL MELAS RESPECTING BUONAPARTE.

AFTER the memorable battle of Marengo a convention was signed between the generals of the French and imperial armies, in Italy, and immediately the French prisoners were restored when Buonaparte set out for Milan ; but previous to his departure he made the Austrian General, Melas, a present of a Turkish sabre, which he had brought from Egypt. Upon this occasion, Melas thus expressed himself to Buonaparte's aid-de-camp, who was charged to deliver it. “ *I am sorry that peace should have been so long delayed. I shall contribute my efforts to obtain it in order that I may repair to Paris and behold Buonaparte : nay, I would even go to Egypt to see him !*”

NAPOLEON'S CONFIDENCE IN MOREAU.

IN the famous plot for the assassination of Buonaparte, of which Moreau formed a part, Napoleon sent for him and stated. “ I have heard that you

are leagued with a band of assassins; I give no credit to any such tale; I know you to be incapable of a base action; but such is the effervescence of mind among the military that you will greatly oblige me by passing two or three days at your country seat." With this request Moreau willingly complied, but carefully returned to Paris upon the third day, in order that no misconstruction might be put upon his conduct by any party.—*Communicated by General Verdier.*

NAPOLEON'S SPEECH AT THE OPENING OF THE
LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER ON THE THIRD OF DE-
CEMBER, 1809.

*" Gentlemen Deputies of Departments to the
Legislative Body,*

" SINCE our last session, I have reduced Arragon and Castile to submission, and driven from Madrid the fallacious government formed by England. I was marching upon Cadiz and Lisbon, when I was under the necessity of treading back my steps, and of planting my eagles on the ramparts of Vienna. Three months have seen the rise and termination of this fourth punic war. Accustomed to the devotedness and courage of my armies, I must nevertheless, under these circumstances, acknowledge the particular proofs of affection which my soldiers of Germany have given me. The genius of France conducted the English army—it has terminated its projects in the pestilential marshes of Walcheren. In that important period I remained four hundred leagues distant, certain of the new glory which my

people would acquire, and of the grand character they would display. My hopes have not been deceived—I owe particular thanks to the citizens of the department of the Pas de Calais and the North.

“Frenchmen! every one that shall oppose you shall be conquered, and reduced to submission. Your grandeur shall be increased by the hatred of your enemies; you have before you long years of glory and prosperity. You have the force and energy of the Hercules of the ancients. I have united Tuscany to the empire. The Tuscans were worthy of it by the mildness of their character, by the attachment their ancestors have always shown us, and by the services they have rendered to European civilization. History pointed out to me the conduct I ought to pursue towards Rome: the popes, become sovereigns of part of Italy, have constantly shown themselves enemies of every preponderating power in the Peninsula—they have employed their spiritual power to injure it—it was then demonstrated to me, that the spiritual influence, exercised in my states by a foreign sovereign, was contrary to the independence of France, to the dignity and safety of my throne. Although I acknowledge the necessity of the spiritual influence of the descendants of the first of the pastors, I could not conciliate these grand interests, but by annulling the donative of the French emperors, my predecessors, and by uniting the Roman states to France. By the treaty of Vienna, all the kings and sovereigns, my allies, who have given me so many proofs of the constancy of their friendship, have acquired, and shall acquire a fresh increase of territory. The Illyrian provinces stretch the frontiers of my great empire to

the Saave. Contiguous to the empire of Constantinople, I shall find myself in a situation to watch over the first interests of my commerce in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the Levant. I will protect the Porte, if the Porte withdraw himself from the fatal influence of England. I shall know how to punish him, if he suffer himself to be governed by cunning and perfidious counsels. I have wished to give the Swiss nation a new proof of my esteem, by annexing to my titles that of their mediator, and thus putting an end to all the uneasiness endeavoured to be spread among that brave people. Holland, placed between England and France is equally bruised by both. Yet she is the *debouche* of the principal arteries of the empire—changes will become necessary; the safety of my frontiers, and the well understood intents of the countries, imperiously require them. Sweden has lost, by her alliance with England, after a disastrous war, the finest and most important of her provinces. Happy would it have been for that nation, if the wise prince that governs her, now, had ascended the throne some years sooner. This example proves anew to kings, that the alliance of England is the surest presage of ruin.

My ally and friend, the Emperor of Russia, has united to his vast empire, Finland, Moldavia, Wallachia, and a district of Gallicia. I am not jealous of any thing that can produce good to that empire. My sentiments for its illustrious sovereign are in unison with my policy. When I shall show myself beyond the Pyrenees, the frightened leopard will fly to the ocean, to avoid shame, defeat, and death. The triumph of my arms will be the triumph of the genius of good, over that of evil; of moderation,

order, and morality, over civil war, anarchy, and the bad passions. My friendship and protection will, I hope, restore tranquillity and happiness to the people of Spain.

Gentlemen of the legislative body, I have directed my ministers of the interior to lay before you the history of the legislation, of the administration, and of the finances of the year just expired; you will see that all the ideas I had conceived for the amelioration of my people have been followed with the greatest activity; that in Paris, as in the most distant part of my empire, the war has not produced any delay in the public works. The members of my council of state will submit to you different projects of law, and especially the law upon finances; you will see in it their prosperous condition. I demand of my people no sacrifice: though circumstances have obliged me to double my military means."

THE EMPEROR'S PARTING INTERVIEWS WITH MR. O'MEARA.

THE emperor's parting interviews with Mr. O'Meara, which are characteristic of the man, and equally creditable to both parties, are thus described by the latter gentleman.

"After leaving him with such medical instructions as were judged necessary, Napoleon said, "When you arrive in Europe, you will either go yourself, or send to my brother Joseph. You will inform him, that I desire he shall give to you the parcel containing the private and confidential letters of the Emperors Alexander and Francis, the King of

Prussia, and the other sovereigns of Europe to me, which I delivered to his care at Rochefort. *You will publish them, to couvrir de honte those sovereigns, and manifest to the world the abject homage which those vassals paid to me, when asking favours or supplicating for their thrones.* When I was strong, and in power, *ils briguèrent ma protection et l'honneur de mon alliance*, and licked the dust from under my feet. *Now, in my old age, they basely oppress, and take my wife and child from me!* I require of you to do this, and if you see any calumnies published of me during the time that you have been with me, and that you can say, ‘I have seen with my own eyes, that this is not true;’ contradict them.”

“He soon after dictated to Count Bertrand a letter to the Empress, Marie Louise, which he signed, adding a postscript in his own hand writing, and assuring me, that those few words would say more to the empress for me, than if he had written pages in quarto; he then presented me with a superb snuff box, and a statue of himself; desired me, on my arrival in Europe, to make inquiries about his family, and communicate to the members of it, that he did not wish that any of them should come to St. Helena, to witness the miseries and humiliations under which he laboured. “You will express the sentiments which I preserve for them,” added he. “You will bear my affections to my good Louise, to my excellent mother, and to Pauline. If you see my son, embrace him for me; may he never forget that he was born a French prince! Testify to Lady Holland the sense I entertain of her kindness, and the esteem

which I bear to her. Finally, endeavour to send me authentic intelligence of the manner in which my son is educated." The emperor then shook me by the hand, and embraced me, saying, "*Adieu, O'Meara, nous ne nous reverrons jamais encore. Soyez heureux.*"

Mr. O'Meara's last interview with Napoleon was at an audience of leave by his desire, and at which he declined further medical advice. He said,

"*Eh bien, Docteur, vous allez nous quitter. Le monde concevra-t-il qu'on a eu la lâcheté d'attenter à mon médecin? Puisque vous êtes un simple lieutenant, soumis à tout l'arbitraire et à la discipline militaire, vous n'avez plus l'indépendance nécessaire pour que vos secours puissent m'être utiles ; je vous remercie de vos soins. Quittez le plutôt possible ce séjour de ténèbres et de crimes ; je mourrai sur ce grabat, rongé de maladie et sans secours ; mais votre nation en sera deshonorée à jamais.*"—"Well, doctor, you are going to quit us. Will the world conceive that they have been base enough to make attempts upon my physician? Since you are no more than a simple lieutenant, subjected to arbitrary power and to military discipline, you have no longer the independence necessary to render your services useful to me. I thank you for your care. Quit as soon as you can this abode of darkness and of crimes. I shall expire upon that pallet, consumed by disease, and without any assistance. But your country will be eternally dishonoured by my death." He then bade me adieu."

A GOVERNMENT RE-ESTABLISHED WITHOUT TROUBLE.

IN 1815, France fell, and Europe returned to its ancient *assiette*. Kings crept from their hiding-places, and the institutions of the fifteenth century gradually regained their power and influence. His majesty of Jerusalem and Cyprus, after a retreat of fifteen years in his island of Sardinia, returned from his government of the anchovies, accompanied by an *odd fish* (his grand vizier, Count Cerutti), his priest, his Madonna, his court, and a little army of *tin* soldiers, which he had daily exercised in the queen's dressing room. He entered his good city of Turin, habited in the same costume, with the same peruke, and the same prejudices, in which he had left it. Still the people saw in him, notwithstanding his legitimate wig and appalling coat, the pledge of that liberty which the holy allies had *promised* Europe, when the imperial ogre should be put down. All the relics of ancient feudality, who had lain *perdus* in the old castles of the Alps, in the defiles of the Pas de Suze, or the valleys of Savoy, now hobbled forth, habited in dresses, not seen since the revolution, and with principles as antiquated as themselves.

The king, on beholding himself once more in the gallery of his *palazzo reale*, surrounded by the same figures, faces, and dresses, as when, in less happy times, he had last seen it, could not refrain from expressing his joy that *nothing was changed*, that he had found every thing as he had left it. It was in vain that the old professors of Roman law, in

their silken *soutanes*, the old magistrates in their ermined robes, the old nobles in bags and swords, and the old ecclesiastics once more, in grand pontificals, stunned him with their cries of "*Prostrata banalità,—feodalità,—il tempo del lutto,—i quindici anni sventurati.*" "Prostrate banalities—feudality—times of misfortune—the fifteen unhappy years." It was long before he *could* be made to comprehend what they meant; or believe that a single innovation had been made in the laws of the descendant of Wittikin the Great. At length, however, convinced by reiterated details that there was no feudality, no *corvée*, no *gabelle*, no convents, no stiletos, and no asylums; that nobles were obliged to pay their debts, and were not obliged to ask permission to go to Milan; and that nothing remained of the ancient institutions, but a heavy taxation, a military conscription, and a trammelled press—he invoked every saint in the calendar to witness his astonishment and indignation, and called upon "his bosom's counsellor, his better self," Cerutti, to know what was to be done, how the fragments of the ancient structure were to be collected, how put together, and by whom. Cerutti laughed at the royal consternation; and told the king that for about sixpence of Piedmontese money, he would build up the ancient government *di bel nuovo*. The sixpence advanced, the old minister hobbled off, and in less than an hour returned with a court calendar, or red-book, for the year 1790. "*There, sire,*" said he, "*is your government ready made. Replace all the persons you find here, who are still living, and fill up the vacancies; and then for the price of this book, found on a*

stall near your majesty's palace, you have your government re-established without trouble." The king was enchanted; the active ministry of the previous regime were immediately banished; and in a few days little remained of the former system, but the abuses which it suited the new order of things to retain. The convents were restored; the streets filled with monks*, processions, and soldiers; churches and forts, shrines and garrisons, rose in every quarter; *the code Napoleon was set aside*; the line of distinction between the nobility and the people was more strongly drawn than ever; the queen again let the opera boxes according to the due number of quarterings; and the king declared in the midst of a full court, upon being told that the King of Bavaria was a liberal, and that the King of Prussia had *promised* his people a constitution, "*Io solo sono veramente rè!*"—"I alone am a true king!"

To crown his felicity, England, false to her promises, betrayed Genoa into his hands—Genoa, the object of his hatred, his rivalry, and his ambition; when, lo! in the midst of his triumphs, it was discovered that the old machine, in spite of its new varnish, paint, and gilding, could not be made to move. The springs had grown rusty, the wheels were clogged, its principle of motion forgotten; and in one word, the sixpenny constitution was not worth a groat. All was awry, all confusion, discontent, and incongruity; the people belonged to

* In the middle of the last century, a census, taken at Turin, proved that, out of a population of 76,000 souls, 14,000 were ecclesiastics, and 15,000 nuns and friars.

one age, the government to another. It was in vain that the army, in a time of profound peace, was increased; that citadels were fortified and armories replenished; that capuchins were multiplied, and prayers offered; it was in vain that Count de Maistre wrote to prove that social order depended upon the ignorance of the people; it was in vain that the king dressed and undressed his troops, and manœuvred his *tin* armament, as in the days of his happy retreat; and that the queen received daily inspiration from the aulic council of her kinsman—all would not do. The people of Savoy were dying of want in the ditches; the population of Piedmont were groaning under the weight of taxation; the nobles who were again the vassals of the king, without regaining all their old power over the people, were loud in their complaints; the monks, restored to their convents, had not yet got back their revenues; the liberals and Buonapartists, alike indignant, now felt only as Italians; and they harassed, by their ridicule and opposition, a system they could not abrogate. Genoa, unhappy Genoa, was ready for any sacrifice that might rid her of her disgraceful bondage. Jerusalem and Cyprus indeed remained quiet, but all else was confusion and consternation. The king endeavouring to patch up a more endurable order of things, took back some of the ex-ministers of the imperial regime. They indeed could do but little under a system which, though not that of Piedmont alone, *but of all the states of the continent*, is still incapable of subsisting except *under the protection of vast standing armies*; but their talents, worth, and ex-

perienced merits gave something like confidence to the people, and soothed for a moment the irritation of the public mind.—*Lady Morgan's Italy.*

NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC.

THE conversation, at the Tuilleries, happening one day to turn upon the topic of music, Buonaparte affirmed: "It is so very simple in its principles that no man can be ignorant of it who comprehends the mathematics; it is the most monotonous of studies, since it has no greater variations than may be found in different angles, obtuse or acute."

THE IMPERIAL MUSQUETEER.

ON leaving the Bellerophon to visit the Superb, the emperor stopped short in front of the guard drawn up on the quarter-deck to salute him. He made them perform several movements, giving the word of command himself; having desired them to charge bayonets, and perceiving this motion was not performed altogether in the French manner, he advanced into the midst of the soldiers, put the weapons aside with his hand, and seized a musket from one of the rear rank, with which he went through the exercise, himself, according to the French method. A sudden movement and change of countenance amongst the officers and others who were present, expressed their astonishment, at seeing the emperor thus carelessly place himself amidst English bayonets, some of which came in contact with his person. This circumstance produced a most striking effect. "On returning from

the Superb," says Count Las Cases, "we were indirectly questioned on the subject, and asked whether the Emperor had ever acted in the same way with his own soldiers; while the greatest surprise was expressed at his confidence. Not one amongst the officers had formed any idea of sovereigns who could thus explain and execute their own commands; it was, therefore, easy to perceive they had no just conception of the personage now before them, notwithstanding his having been so marked an object of attention and curiosity for above twenty years."

LIBELS AGAINST THE EMPEROR.

THE philosophical quiet with which Napoleon always regarded the continual abuse which pursued him, and the contemplative eye with which he looked into futurity, is strikingly grand:

"Of all the libels and pamphlets against me," said the emperor to Mr. O'Meara, "with which your ministers have inundated Europe, not one will live to posterity. During the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and even under Henry the Fourth, the press teemed with libels, not one of which is now to be found.

"When I was asked to write, or cause to be written, answers to them; I replied, *une victoire, un monument de plus, est la véritable réponse*. Besides, it would have been said that I paid for the writing of them, which would have been discreditable. Posterity will judge by facts: calumny has exhausted all her poisons on my person. I shall gain every day. *La première fureur passée, je ne*

conserverai pour ennemis que de sots ou des méchants. When there is not a trace of those libels to be found, the great works and monuments that I executed, and the code of laws that I formed, will go down to the most distant ages, and future historians will revenge the wrongs done to me by my contemporaries."

BUONAPARTE'S RETURN TO FRANCE AFTER THE FIRST CAMPAIGN OF ITALY.

GENERAL BUONAPARTE set out with the simple equipage of a private gentleman, attended by two generals, two aides-de-camp, a secretary, and a physician. At Geneva he dined with the French Resident, and having been expected for some days, relays of horses were waiting for him on the road, and immense crowds of people were all in earnest expectation to behold him. At Mondon, where he slept the night before, he had been received with great honours by the celebrated Colonel Weiss, the bailiff of the place, a man well known by his political and philosophical writings, by his zeal and by his profound admiration of Buonaparte. Near Avenche his carriage broke down, and he was obliged to walk some miles. One among the crowd of spectators, who assembled to see him, thus speaks of him.

"I had an opportunity of being very near to him, and he seemed to me always to be talking to those around him, as if he was thinking of something else: he has the mark of great sense in his countenance, and an air of profound meditation, which reveals nothing that is passing within: he seems

constantly big with deep thought, which will some day or other influence the destinies of Europe. A burgess of Morat, a man about five feet ten inches high, observed with astonishment the figure of the general. ‘*How small a stature for so great a man!*’ cried he, loud enough to be heard by one of the aides-de-camp. ‘He is exactly the height of Alexander,’ said another. ‘*Yes,*’ said the aide-de-camp, ‘*and that is not the only trait of resemblance.*’”

At Faubroun, a little village nine miles from Berne, he supped with a large party, who had, out of curiosity and respect, accompanied his train; and after that he went on to Soleure. All the towns through which he passed in the night were illuminated. At Basle he stopped some hours, walked round the town, and received a long and fulsome address from the burgomaster. In passing through Lausanne, they had prepared a great fete for him, which he did not seem to enjoy: three citizens stopped his carriage, and presented to him three young women, who repeated some fine complimentary verses, which they had got by heart; an immense crowd assembled about him, and testified great joy by their shouts and acclamations. He thanked them with great good humour, but seemed to have more need of sleep than of compliments: he appeared, indeed, every where to show a profound contempt for popular opinion and popular applause. He spoke very little to strangers through his whole journey, and seemed to be sensible that every word he said would be noted.

BUONAPARTE'S PRESENTATION TO THE DIRECTORY.

BUONAPARTE, on his arrival at Paris, after the first Italian campaign, shunned every opportunity of being noticed: he lived in a small house and retired street; he received very little company; he avoided all crowded places, and never went out but in a plain carriage with two horses; he dined sometimes with the different ministers of state, and never appeared but twice at any public meeting; in doing this he complied with his natural disposition. He always detested the voice of applause, and avoided giving offence to the directory, who before he left Italy, had appointed him to the command of the army of England.

The ceremony of his presentation to the directory, which took place immediately after his arrival from Italy, was attended with every degree of splendour and parade. They were about to receive a general who by his prowess and talents, had vanquished the most formidable armies ever sent into the field against France; and who had preserved the independence and extended the power of the country against a confederacy formed for the utter destruction of its glory.

The great court of the Luxembourg was the place chosen for this superb spectacle; it was covered with an immense awning, and the walls were decorated with hangings of the national colours and military trophies; at one end was an altar surmounted by the statues of Liberty, Equality, and

Peace, and ornamented with the different standards which had been taken from the enemy; on each side of the altar were seats in a semicircular form, composing a vast amphitheatre, and destined for the constituted authorities and the conservatory of music; from the walls were suspended the colours of the different armies of the republic; an immense crowd lined the court and windows of the palace, and all the neighbouring streets were filled with those who could not gain admittance within; the air perpetually resounded with their acclamations and shouts of joy.

At twelve o'clock at noon the sound of cannon announced the commencement of the *fête*, and the procession, which consisted of the directory, the ministers of state, and constituted authorities, began to move from their different places of meeting towards the Luxembourg. After they had arrived, and were all seated, the president of the directory gave orders to inform the foreign ministers, the ministers of war, and the generals Buonaparte, Joubert, and Andreossi, that the directory were ready to receive them. The conservatory of music began a beautiful symphony, which was soon interrupted by the sound of repeated shouts, rending the air with "Long live the great nation!" The noise continued to increase, the crowd kept pressing forward, every eye sparkled with expectation and curiosity, and turned towards the great door: *Buonaparte entered!* the enthusiasm of the people increased, not a single person was silent, but all cried out, with one impulse and with one accord, "The deliverer of Italy—the pacificator of the continent."

Buonaparte now advanced with calmness and dignity, it was the most sublime moment that a mortal could experience; the greatest trial to the feelings of a man; yet he showed the same coolness he had evinced in the midst of battle. He was accompanied by the ministers for foreign affairs, the minister of war, and his aides-de-camp: the music played the Hymn to Liberty, and every one stood up uncovered. When he had arrived at the steps of the altar, he was presented to the directory by Talleyrand, in a speech suited to the purpose: after it was finished, all seemed eager to hear the conqueror of Italy, the simplicity and modesty of whose appearance formed a fine contrast to the grandeur of his situation, and every one present figured him at the bridge of Lodi, at Arcola, or Campo Formio. A profound silence immediately took place while Buonaparte presented to the president of the directory the emperor's ratification of the treaty, and spoke as follows:—

“ Citizen Directors,—The French people in order to be free had to combat with kings; to obtain a constitution founded upon reason, they had to vanquish the prejudices of eighteen centuries. The constitution of the third year, and you, have triumphed over all obstacles. Religion, feudality, and royalty, have successively governed Europe; but the peace which you have concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have organized the great nation, whose vast territory is circumscribed only by the limits which nature herself hath. You have done more; the two most beautiful parts of Europe, formerly so celebrated for the arts, the sciences, and the great men which

they produced, see with renovated hope the genius of Liberty rise from the tomb of their ancestors. These are the two pedestals on which the destinies have placed other nations. I have the honour to present the treaty signed at Campo Formio, and ratified by his imperial majesty. Peace gives the earnest of liberty, prosperity, and glory, to the republic. When the happiness of the French people shall rest on well formed organic laws, all Europe will become free."

The hero had scarcely finished, when shouts of acclamation on all sides seemed to reach the clouds. "Long live the republic!"—"Long live Buonaparte!" resounded from every mouth.

THE PARISIAN INSURRECTION.

THE real humanity and sound policy displayed by General Buonaparte, in his method of quelling an insurrection at Paris, during the sway of the directory (who employed him on this disagreeable but necessary business), will be evident to every one who reads the following account, given by himself, many years afterwards.

"I made the troops load with powder only, which had the effect of frightening the Parisians, and answered as well as killing them would have done. But, at first, I ordered them to fire ball, because to a rabble, who are ignorant of the effect of fire-arms, it is the worst possible policy to fire powder, only, in the beginning. For the populace after the first discharge, hearing a great noise, are a little frightened, but looking around them, and seeing nobody killed or wounded, pluck up their spirits,

begin immediately to despise you, become doubly outrageous, and rush on without fear, and it is necessary to kill ten times the number that would have been done, had ball been used at first. For, with a rabble, every thing depends upon the first impressions made upon them. If they receive a discharge of fire arms, and perceive the killed and wounded falling amongst them, a panic seizes them; they take to their heels instantly, and vanish in a moment. Therefore, when it is necessary to fire at all, it ought to be done with ball at first. It is a mistaken piece of humanity, to use powder only at that moment, and, instead of saving the lives of men, ultimately causes an unnecessary waste of human blood."

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S CONDUCT TOWARDS ITALY.

WHEN kings met in council at Paris, in 1814, to divide the spoil, and to fix the precise degree of civilization to which Europe might be permitted to graduate; nations, as yet unsuspecting of their impending fate, sent forth their representatives to claim their promised liberties. It was then that Italy, like some splendid but pensive queen of tragic story, presented herself at the bar of the royal tribunal, and produced the manifesto of her princely and imperial champions, stamped in letters of gold*, and bathed in tears of gratitude;—*but there*

* Besides the proclamations issued at Leghorn, standards were distributed, bearing "*Indipendenza*," in golden characters; *but all is not gold that glitters.*

were none to acknowledge the signatures. She turned to the leader of the Genoese patriots, and pointed to the standards he had raised on the heights of the *Bocchetta* :—he pleaded mistake of orders, and as dupe, or as duper, committed himself irremissibly in the eyes of posterity ! She raised her suppliant looks to the representative of the English cabinet, who, “ pale, mild, and penetrating,” smiled blandly on her sorrows ; and to her demand of a free constitution, such as England *once* enjoyed, he coolly hinted, that “ *HER CONSTITUTION WAS NOT THE BEST THING THAT ENGLAND HAD TO BOAST !*” If any man in England was justified in uttering this blasphemous sarcasm, it was that minister, who, having destroyed the liberties of his *own* country, laboured so hard to annihilate those of the nation by which he was adopted.

In her last extremity she approached the imperial throne, and sued for her rights to him who had so lately asked her co-operation in memory of *the league of Lombardy* ! But *CÆSAR* heard her with amazement, and lengthening the longest face in Europe, fluttered his fingers (his imperial *tic*), and fillipped her off with the words, “ *conquest and subjection.*” The answer of the emperor of Austria, as repeated by some of the deputies themselves, was literally as follows : “ *You know, gentlemen, that my victorious arms having conquered Italy, there cannot be any question of constitutions or independence !*”—Remembering, however, his majesty’s call and promise of a constitution, the deputies were not so easily put off, and they became more importunate on the emperor’s visit to Milan. His answer was still pleasanter than that at Paris, and

we give it here in his own words, as taken down by a nobleman present, to whom it was addressed:

“ Gentlemen, I will give you no constitution, because a constitution is an obstacle to the good I mean to do you. A constitution destroys confidence between the sovereign and the people; the good that is to be done I choose to do myself, of my own mere motion. Do not talk to me, therefore, of constitutions, for I will not hear more on the subject !”

When the Emperor of Austria received the institute of Milan, on his return to his Austrian dominions, in Italy, after the treaty of Paris, in 1814, to show them how little he valued the improvement of science, he thus addressed them: *“ Gentlemen, I ask not science of you, I ask only for religion and morality.”*—When the ex-minister asked his majesty if he was contented with the progress of public instruction, the emperor replied: *“ Yes, yes, but there is too much luxury; I am content if my subjects can read and write.”*—When the astronomer Oriani was presented to him, he turned on his heel, without addressing a single word to the man, to converse with whom Napoleon left princes waiting in his anti-room!

The royal congress broke up, and each potentate resuming his ancient states, with as much more as cupidity could grasp, or jealousy grant, returned to his hereditary possessions, to oppose knowledge, to extinguish illumination, to retrograde humanity, and in short,

“ To hatch a new saturnian age of lead.”

Lady Morgan's Italy.

NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE AT A CHATEAU IN THE
ENVIRONS OF LEIPSIK.

“ I ARRIVED,” says an inhabitant of Leipsic, “ nearly at the same moment with a French *mareschel de logis du palais*, to whom I was obliged to show every apartment in the house, and who, to my no small dismay, announced ‘ that the emperor would probably lodge there that night.’ The man having dispatched his errand in great haste, immediately departed.

“ The *mareschel de logis* soon returned, and again inspected all the apartments, and even the smallest closets, more minutely than before. He announced that *sa majesté* would certainly take up his headquarters here, and asked for a piece of chalk, to mark each room with the names of the distinguished personages by whom they were to be occupied. When he had shown me the apartments destined for the emperor, he desired that a fire might be immediately lighted in it, as his majesty was very fond of warmth. The bustle soon began ; the guards appeared and occupied the house and all the avenues. Many officers of rank, with numerous attendants, arrived ; and six of the emperor’s cooks were soon busily engaged in the kitchen. Thus I was soon surrounded on all sides with imperial splendour, and might consider myself for the moment as its centre. I might possibly have felt no small degree of vanity on the occasion, had I not been every instant certain that the part which I should have to act would be that of obedience alone. I heard the beating of drums at a distance, which, as I presently learned,

announced that I was shortly to descend into a very subordinate station. It proclaimed the arrival of the emperor, who came on horseback in a gray surtout; behind him rode the Duke of Vicenza (Caulincourt). When they had come up to the house, the master of the horse sprung from his steed with a lightness and agility which I should not have expected in such a raw-boned stiff looking gentleman, and immediately held that of the emperor.

“ His majesty had scarcely reached his apartment, when I was hastily sought and called for. You may easily conceive my astonishment and perturbation when I was told that the emperor desired to speak with me immediately. Now, in such a state of things, I had not once thought for several days of putting on my Sunday clothes; but to say nothing of this, my mind was still less prepared for an interview with a hero, the mere sight of whom was enough to bow me down to the very ground. In this emergency courage alone could be of any service, and I rallied my spirits as well as the short notice would permit. I had done nothing amiss—at least not that I knew of—and had performed my duty as maitre d’hotel to the best of my ability. After a general had taken charge of me, I mustered my whole stock of rhetorical flourishes, best calculated to win the favour of a mighty emperor. The general conducted me through a crowd of aide-de-camps and officers of all ranks. They took but little notice of such an insignificant being, and indeed scarcely deigned to bestow a look upon me. My conductor opened the door, and I entered with

a heart throbbing violently. The emperor had pulled off his surtout, and had nobody with him. On the long table was spread a map of prodigious size. Roustan the mameluke, who has been so long falsely reported to be dead, was, as I afterwards learned, in the next room. My presence of mind was all gone again when I came to be introduced to the emperor, and he must certainly have perceived by my looks that I was not a little confused. I was just going to begin the harangue which I had studied with such pains, and to stammer out something or other about the high and unexpected felicity of being presented to the most powerful, the most celebrated, and the most sincerely beloved monarch in the world, when he relieved me at once from my dilemma. He addressed me in French, speaking very quick, but distinctly, to the following effect:—

Napoleon. Are you the master of this house?

Inhabitant. No, please your majesty, only a servant.

Nap. Where is the owner?

Inh. He is in the city. He is advanced in years; and under the present circumstances has quitted his house, leaving me to take care of it as well as I can.

Nap. What is your master?

Inh. He is in business, sire.

Nap. In what line?

Inh. He is a banker.

Nap. (*laughing*) O! ho! then he is worth a plum (*un millionaire*), I suppose?

Inh. Begging your majesty's pardon, indeed he is not.

Nap. Well then, perhaps he may be worth two?

Inh. Would to God I could answer your majesty in the affirmative.

Nap. You lend money, I presume?

Inh. Formerly we did, sire; but now we are glad to borrow.

Nap. Yes, yes, I dare say you do a little in that way yet. What interest do you charge?

Inh. We used to charge from four to five per cent; now we would willingly give from eight to ten.

Nap. To whom were you used to lend money?

Inh. To inferior tradesmen and manufacturers.

Nap. You discount bills too, I suppose?

Inh. Formerly, sire, we did; now we can neither discount nor get any discounted.

Nap. How is business with you?

Inh. At present, your majesty, there is none doing.

Nap. How so?

Inh. Because all trade is totally at a stand.

Nap. But have you not your fair just now?

Inh. Yes; but it is so only in name.

Nap. Why?

Inh. As all communication has for a considerable time been suspended, and the roads are unsafe for goods, neither sellers nor buyers will run the risk of coming; and, besides, the greatest scarcity of money prevails in this country.

Nap. (*taking much snuff*) So, so! What is the name of your employer?

I mentioned his name.

Nap. Is he married?

Inh. Yes, sire.

Nap. Has he any children?

Inh. He has, and they are married too.

Nap. In what capacity are you employed by him?

Inh. As a clerk.

Nap. Then you have a cashier too, I suppose.

Inh. Yes, sire, at your service.

Nap. What wages do you receive?

I mentioned a sum that I thought fit.

He now motioned with his hand, and I retired with a low bow. During the whole conversation the emperor was in very good humour, laughed frequently, and took a great deal of snuff. After the interview, on coming out of the room, I appeared a totally different and highly important person to all those who a quarter of an hour before had not deigned to take the slightest notice of me. Both officers and domestics now showed me the greatest respect. The emperor lodged in the first floor, his favourite Mameluke, an uncommonly handsome man, was constantly about his person. The second floor was occupied by the Prince of Neufchatel, who had a very sickly appearance, and the Duke of Bassano, the emperor's secretary. On the groundfloor, a front room was converted into a *sallon au service*. Here were marshals Oudinot, Mortier, Ney, Reynier, with a great number of generals, aides-de-camp, and other officers in waiting, who lay at night upon straw, crowded as close as herrings in a barrel. In the left wing lodged the Duke of Vicenza, master of the horse, and above him the physician to the emperor, whose name, I think, was M. Yvan. The right wing was occupied by the *officiers du palais*. The smallest

room was turned into the bed chamber of a general, and every corner was so filled, that the servants and other attendants were obliged to sleep on the kitchen floor. Upon my remonstrance to the valet of the *mareschal du palais*, I was allowed to keep a small apartment for my own use, and thought to guard myself against unwelcome intruders, by inscribing with chalk my high rank—*maître de la maison*—in large letters upon the door. At first the new comers passed respectfully before my little cell, and durst scarcely venture to peep in at the door; but it was not long before French curiosity over leaped this written barrier. For some time, this place served my people and several neighbours in the village as a protecting asylum at night.

The keys of the hay loft and barns I was commanded to deliver to the emperor's *piqueur*.—I earnestly entreated him to be as sparing of our stores as possible, supporting this request with a bottle of wine, which, under existing circumstances, was no contemptible present. He knew how to appreciate it, and immediately gave a proof of his gratitude. He took me aside, and whispered in my ear, "As long as the emperor is here, you are safe; but the moment he is gone, and nobody can tell how soon that may be, you will be completely stripped by the guards. You had best endeavour to obtain a safeguard, for which you must apply to the Duke of Vicenza."

This advice was not thrown away upon me, I immediately begged to speak with the *grand ecuyer*. I explained my business as delicately as possible, and he with great good humour promised to comply with my request.

Late at night, the King of Naples came with his retinue from Stotteritz. He was attended by a black Othello, who seems to serve him in the same capacity as Roustan does his brother-in-law Napoleon.

Very early, indeed, on the morning of the 16th, I remarked preparations for the final departure of the emperor. The *maître d'hôtel* desired a bill of the provisions furnished him. I had already made out one, but that would not do. It was necessary that the articles should be arranged under particular heads, and a distinct account of each given in. I ran short of time, patience, and paper: all excuses were unavailing, and there was no time to be lost. I readily perceived that all the elegance required in a merchant's counting-house would not be expected here, and accordingly dispensed with many little formalities. I wrote upon the first paper that came to hand, and my bills were the most miserable scraps that ever were seen. The amount was immediately paid. Finding that the *maître d'hôtel* had not the least notion that it would be but reasonable to make some remuneration to the servants who had been so assiduous in their attendance, I was uncivil enough to remind him of it. He then desired me to give him a receipt for two hundred francs, which I immediately divided among the domestics; though he remarked that I ought to give each but three or four at most. I also made out a distinct account for the forage, but this was not paid.

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT TO MOREAU.

It was in 1796 that the directory first introduced the practice of giving arms of honour to those individuals who had distinguished themselves in the field. Buonaparte, on becoming consul, abandoned this custom, and only recurred to it once, in favour of Moreau. Soon after the winter campaign, which had been distinguished by the battle of Hohenlinden, Napoleon presented the victor with a pair of pistols richly set with brilliants, and taking them out of his hands immediately after, gave them to the minister of the interior (Lucien), with directions that the general's victories should be engraven on them. "*But not all of them,*" he added; "*for in that case there will be no room for the diamonds!*"

This fact greatly aggravates the subsequent treason of Moreau. When the news of his being killed at Dresden reached the ears of Napoleon, he suddenly and emphatically exclaimed, "The finger of God was there!"

 A LIFE GUARDSMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE
FRENCH CUIRASSIERS.

A LETTER from a Life Guardsman, speaking of the havoc made among the cuirassiers of the imperial guard, at the battle of Waterloo, contains the following homely, but emphatical description: "Until we came up with our heavy horses, and our superior weight of metal, nothing was done with the cuirassiers; unless one got now and then a random cut at their faces, not one of them gave way. We

therefore galloped at them, and fairly rode them down. When they were unhorsed, *we cracked them like lobsters in their shells*, and by the coming up of the cannon afterwards, thousands of them were squeezed as flat as *pancakes*."

NAPOLEON'S PROCLAMATIONS ON LANDING FROM
THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

Proclamation.

"Gulph of Juan, March the 1st, 1815.

"Napoleon, by the grace of God and constitution of the empire, Emperor of the French, &c. &c.

"*To the Army.*

"SOLDIERS!

"We have not been vanquished: two men, who issued from our ranks, betrayed our laurels, their country, their prince, their benefactor.

"Shall they, whom we have seen for five and twenty years traversing all Europe, to stir up enemies against us—who have spent their lives in fighting against us in the ranks of foreign armies, and cursing our lovely France—now pretend to command us, and to enchain our eagles, the looks of which they could never withstand? Shall we suffer them to inherit the fruits of our glorious toils? to seize upon our honours, and our property, and calumniate our fame? Should their reign continue, all would be lost, even the remembrance of our memorable victories.

"With what virulence do they distort them!

They endeavour to poison what is the admiration of the world; and if any defenders of our glory still remain, it is among those very enemies whom we combated in the field.

“Soldiers! in my exile I heard your voice: I am arrived through every obstacle, through every danger.

“Your general, called to the throne by the voice of the people, and raised on your shields, is restored to you. Come and join him.

“Tear down those colours which the nation has proscribed, and which for five and twenty years served as a signal to rally all the enemies of France. Mount that tri-coloured cockade, which you wore in our great victories. We must forget that we have been the masters of other nations; but we must not suffer any to interfere in our affairs. Who shall pretend to be our masters? Who is able to be so? Resume the eagles you bore at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Wagram, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmuhl, at Essling, at Smolensko, at Moscow, at Lutzen, at Wurtchen, at Montmirail. Think you that handful of Frenchmen, now so arrogant, can support their sight? They will return whence they came; and there, if they please, they may reign, as they pretend to have reigned for nineteen years.

“Your property, your rank, your glory—the property, the rank, the glory of your children—have no greater enemies than those princes, who have been imposed on us by foreigners. They are the enemies of our glory; since the recital of so many glorious actions which have rendered illustri-

ous the French people, fighting against them to emancipate themselves from their yoke, is their condemnation.

“The veterans of the armies of the Sambre and Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the West, of the Grand Army, are humiliated; their honourable scars are disgraced; their successes would be crimes, the valiant would be rebels, if, as the enemies of the people assert, legitimate sovereigns were among the foreign armies. Their honours, rewards, affections, are for those who have served them, against us and against our country.

“Soldiers! come and arrange yourselves under the standards of your chief: his existence consists only in yours; his rights are only those of the people and of you; his interest, his honour, his glory, are no other than your glory. Victory will march forward with the charge step; the eagle with the national colours will fly from steeple to steeple till it reaches the towers of Notre Dame. You may display your scars with honour, you may then boast of what you have done, you will be the deliverers of your country.

“In your old age, surrounded and respected by your fellow citizens, they will listen with veneration to the recital of your noble deeds; you may proudly say, ‘I too was in that grand army which twice entered the walls of Vienna, and those of Rome, of Berlin, of Madrid, and of Moscow, and which cleansed Paris from the stain inflicted on it by treason and the presence of the enemy. Honour to those brave soldiers, the glory of their country! and eternal shame to those guilty Frenchmen,

in whatever rank it was their fortune to be born, who fought for five and twenty years in company with foreigners, to wound the bosom of their country.

(Signed)

“ NAPOLEON.

“ By the Emperor.

“ The grand marshal, executing the functions of major general of the grand army.

(Signed)

“ BERTRAND.”

Proclamation.

“ Gulph of Juan, March 1, 1815.

“ Napoleon, by the grace of God and the constitution of the empire, Emperor of the French, &c. &c.

“ *To the French People.*

“ FRENCHMEN !

“ The defection of the Duke of Castiglione gave up Lyons without defence to our enemies. The army, the command of which I had entrusted to him, was capable, from the bravery and patriotism of the troops of which it was formed, of beating the Austrian army opposed to it, and taking in the rear, the left flank of the enemy’s army, that threatened Paris.

“ The victories of Champ Aubert, of Montmirail, of Chateau Thierry, of Vauchamp, of Mormane, of Montereau, of Craone, of Rheims, of Arcy-sur-Aube, and of St. Dizier ; the insurrection of the brave peasantry of Lorraine, of Champagne,

of Alsace, of Franche Comté, and of Burgundy; and the position I had taken in the rear of the enemy's army, cutting it off from its magazines, its parks of reserve, and convoys, and all its waggons, had placed it in a desperate situation. The French were on the point of being more powerful than ever, and the flower of the enemy's army was lost without reserve; it would have found its grave in those vast countries, which it had so pitilessly ravaged, when the treachery of the Duke of Ragusa, delivered up the capital, and disorganized the army. The unsuspected conduct of these two generals, who betrayed at once their country, their prince, and their benefactor, changed the fate of the war; the situation of the enemy was such that, after the affair that took place before Paris, he was without ammunition, in consequence of being separated from his park of reserve*.

“ Under these new and important circumstances, my heart was torn, but my mind remained unshaken; I consulted only the interests of our country, and banished myself to a rock surrounded by the seas; my life was useful to you, and was destined still to be so. I would not permit the great number of citizens, who were desirous of accompanying me, to share my fate: I deemed their presence advantageous to France, and I took with me only the handful of brave fellows necessary for my guard.

“ Raised to the throne by your choice, every thing that has been done without you is illegal. Within these five and twenty years France has acquired new interests, new institutions, new glory, to be

* They had fled precipitately as far as Basil.

guaranteed only by a national government, and a dynasty born under these new circumstances. A prince who should reign over you, who should be seated on my throne by the power of the same armies that have ravaged our territories, would seek in vain to support himself by the principles of feudal right; he could secure the honour and the rights only of a small number of individuals, enemies to the people, who have condemned them in all our national assemblies for five and twenty years. Your tranquillity at home and estimation abroad would be lost for ever.

“Frenchmen! in my exile I heard your complaints and wishes; you called for that government of your own choice, which alone is legitimate; you blamed my long slumber; you reproached me with sacrificing the great interests of the country to my own repose.

“I have crossed the seas amid perils of every kind; I arrive among you to resume my rights, which are also yours. Every thing that individuals have done, written, or said, since the taking of Paris, I shall consign to everlasting oblivion; it shall have no influence on the remembrance I retain of the important services they have rendered, for there are events of such a nature, that they are above the frame of man.

“Frenchmen! there is no nation, however small, that has not possessed the right of withdrawing, and that has not withdrawn itself from the disgrace of obeying a prince imposed upon it by an enemy temporarily victorious. When Charles VII. re-entered Paris, and overturned the ephemeral throne of Henry VI. he acknowledged, that he held his

crown from the valour of his brave people, and not from the Regent of England.

“It is to you only, and to the brave men of the army, that I make, and shall always make it my glory to owe every thing.

(Signed)

“NAPOLEON.

“By the emperor.

“The grand marshal, executing the functions of major general of the grand army.

(Signed)

“BERTRAND.”

ADMIRAL DUMANOIR.

ADMIRAL DUMANOIR, who attempted to save his four ships at Trafalgar by flight, was afterwards taken, with his squadron, by Admiral Strachan. He fought well, and when brought to Tiverton, was wounded in three places. On being congratulated on his prospect of being exchanged, he shook his head, and observed, “I shall be tried by a court-martial on my return, and as my ships were taken, I know my fate.” However, instantly recovering himself, he added, with true French *nonchalance*, “*by gar, monsieur, l'empereur will very soon have no admirals left,—for all that will fight, you shoot ; and all that will not fight, he shoots.*”

A VALUABLE PICTURE.

SHORTLY after the Russian campaign, which ended so disastrously for Napoleon, he was told that his mother had concealed a sum of five millions of

francs behind a picture hung in one of her rooms. One day, while at the Tuilleries, Napoleon observed, "Mother, I know you have got money, and I never was more in want of cash than at present; you will therefore infinitely oblige me by lending me some."—"Your majesty has been most wofully deceived," answered Madame Letitia, "for I have not one farthing more than is absolutely necessary for my immediate and daily expenses."—"This is a service I expect from you in the present critical state of my affairs," rejoined the emperor. "I assure you, sire, you have been misinformed, as all the money I had was lately sent to a person of our acquaintance whom you know," (Lucien).—"Well," said Napoleon, "I hope that is the case."

Here the conversation ended for that time.

Napoleon, however, took an early opportunity of going to dine with his mother, incognito. When they rose from table, his first attention was directed towards the pictures, which he praised in the highest terms, and on coming opposite to the one he wanted, fresh admiration was bestowed upon it: this ended by expressing a great wish to have it placed in his own collection.—"Most assuredly, my son, it is perfectly at your service," said Madame Letitia; "I will have it taken down and sent to the Tuilleries immediately."—"No, no, do not trouble yourself to send it: I'll take it with me in the carriage."—Saying this, the servants were called, and directed to take down the picture, when lo! the casket made its appearance! and, together with the picture, was conveyed to the emperor's chariot, which as quickly took him and his prize to the palace, leaving poor Madame Letitia in silent astonishment to deplore her loss.

INGENIOUS AND PATRIOTIC REMARK MADE BY A
SWISS YOUTH.

UPON Napoleon's proceeding to Paris after the first Italian campaign, he was accompanied by a deputy who had been dispatched by the government of Berne, together with his son a youth of thirteen, and of parts far beyond his years, and with whom Buonaparte was fond of conversing. Upon one occasion he found the lad, eagerly examining a map of Switzerland. "*What are you looking at there?*" said the general. "Some parts of my own country which I am not acquainted with," replied the youth. "*Do you know that part?*" said Buonaparte, pointing to Porentrui. "That does not belong to us," replied the youth. "*We mean to give it you,*" returned the general. "And what do you mean to ask in exchange?" said the boy. "*Nothing,*" said Buonaparte; "*we will make you a present of it.*"—"Nothing!" returned the youth, thoughtfully. "AH, TIMEO DANAOS ET DONA FERENTES *." Buonaparte immediately turned to the father, and said, "*Take care of that boy's education, he will be no common man some day or other.*"

REAL GENEROSITY.

WHEN the preliminaries of Leoben were signed, the Emperor of Austria sent three of the principal nobility of his court as hostages. On their arrival, Buonaparte invited them to dine with him. The

* I fear the Greeks when they bring gifts.—*Virgil.*

dessert being brought in, "Gentlemen," said the general, "you are free.—Tell your master that if his imperial word requires a pledge, you cannot serve as such; and if it require none, that you ought not."

LOVE OF THE FRENCH SOLDIERS FOR NAPOLEON.

THE French soldiers identified the name of Napoleon with their country and their honour. When the accession of Louis XVIII. put an end to the sufferings and captivity of those who were imprisoned in England, they returned to France, cursing the cause of their liberty, and exclaiming, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Even in the deserts of Russia, neither threats of ill treatment, nor promises of assistance offered to the French prisoners, at the moment when they were starving, could extort a single complaint against Napoleon!

VOYAGE FROM ELBA TO FRANCE.

NAPOLEON, when he set foot on board his vessel, exclaimed with Cæsar, "The die is cast!" His countenance was calm, his brow serene; he appeared to think less of the success of his enterprise than of the means of promptly attaining his object. The eyes of Count Bertrand sparkled with hope and joy; General Drouot was pensive and serious; Cambronne appeared to care little about the future, and to think only of doing his duty well. The old grenadiers had resumed their martial and menacing aspect. The emperor chatted and joked with them incessantly; he pulled their ears and

their mustachios. He reminded them of their dangers and their glory, and inspired their minds with that confidence with which his own was animated.

All were burning to know their destination; respect did not allow any one to ask the question; at length Napoleon broke silence. "Grenadiers," said he, "we are going to France; we are going to Paris!" At these words every countenance expanded, their joy ceased to be mingled with anxiety, and stifled cries of "France for ever!" attested to the emperor, that in the heart of a Frenchman the love of his country is never extinct.

An English sloop of war, commanded by Captain Campbell, appeared to have the charge of watching the island of Elba; she was continually sailing from Porto Ferrajo to Leghorn, and from Leghorn to Porto Ferrajo. At the moment of embarkation she was at Leghorn, and could occasion no alarm; but several vessels were descried in the channel, and their presence gave room for just apprehensions. It was hoped, however, that the night breeze would favour the progress of the flotilla, and that before daybreak it would be out of sight. This hope was frustrated. Scarcely had it doubled Cape St. Andrew, in the island of Elba, when the wind fell and the sea became calm. At day break it had advanced only six leagues, and was still between the islands of Elba and Caprea.

The danger appeared imminent; several of the seamen were for returning to Porto Ferrajo. The emperor ordered them to hold on their course, as, at the worst, he had the chance either of capturing the French cruisers, or of taking refuge in the island of Corsica, where he was assured of being well

received. To facilitate their manœuvres, he ordered all the luggage embarked to be thrown overboard, which was cheerfully executed at the instant.

About noon the wind freshened a little. At four o'clock they were off Leghorn. One frigate was in sight five leagues to leeward, another on the coast of Corsica, and a man of war brig, which was perceived to be *Le Zéphir*, commanded by Captain Andrieux, was coming down upon the imperial flotilla right before the wind. It was first proposed to speak to him, and make him hoist the three-coloured flag. The emperor, however, gave orders to the soldiers of the guard to take off their caps and conceal themselves below, choosing rather to pass by the brig without being known, and reserving himself in case of necessity, for the alternative of making him change his colours. At six o'clock the two brigs passed alongside of each other, and their commanders, who were acquainted, spoke together. The captain of *Le Zéphir* inquired after the emperor's health, and was answered through a speaking trumpet *by the emperor himself*, that he was extremely well!

The two brigs, steering opposite courses, were soon out of sight of each other, without Captain Andrieux having any suspicion of the valuable prize that he had allowed to escape.

In the night of the 27th, the wind continued to freshen. At day break a seventy-four was descried, which appeared steering for San Fiorenzo, or Sardinia, and it was soon perceived, that she took no notice of the brig.

The emperor, before he quitted the isle of Elba,

had prepared with his own hand, two proclamations, one addressed to the French people, the other to the army; and he was desirous of having them copied out fairly. His secretary and General Bertrand, being neither of them able to decipher them, carried them to Napoleon, who, despairing of doing it himself, threw them into the sea from vexation. Then, after meditating for a few moments, he dictated to his secretary two other proclamations (for which see another part of this work) on the spot.

The emperor, while he dictated these proclamations, appeared to be animated with the most profound indignation. He seemed to have before his eyes, both the generals whom he accused of having given up France, and the enemies who had subjugated it. He incessantly repeated the names of Marmont and Augereau, and they were always accompanied with threats, and with epithets, suited to the idea he had conceived of their treachery.

When the proclamations were transcribed, the emperor directed them to be read aloud, and invited all those who could write a good hand to copy them. *In an instant benches and drums were converted into tables, and soldiers, sailors, and officers, gaily set themselves to work.*

After a certain time, Napoleon said to the officers around him, "Now, gentlemen, it is your turn to speak to the army; you must tell it what France expects of it under the important circumstances in which we shall soon find ourselves. Come, Bertrand, take your pen." The grand marshal, however, begged to be excused. The emperor then resumed his discourse, and dictated, without stopping, an address to the generals, officers, and soldiers of

the army, in which the imperial guard was made to conjure them, in the name of honour and their country, to shake off the yoke of the Bourbons.

“Soldiers!” said they to them, “the drum beats the general, and we march; run to arms; come and join us; join your emperor, and our eagles.

“And if these men now so arrogant, who have always fled at the sight of our weapons, dare wait for us, where can we find a fairer occasion of shedding our blood, or of chanting the hymn of victory?

“Soldiers of the seventh, eighth, and nineteenth military divisions, garrisons of Antibes, Toulon, and Marseilles, retired officers, veterans of our army, you are called to the honour of setting the first example; come with us to recover that throne, which is the palladium of your rights; and let posterity one day tell that ‘Foreigners, seconded by traitors, had imposed a disgraceful yoke on France; the brave arose, and the enemies of the people, of the army, disappeared, and returned to their original nothingness.’”

This address was scarcely finished, when the coast of Antibes was descried at a distance. Immediately on this, the emperor and his brave followers saluted the land of their country with shouts of “France for ever! Success to the French!” and at the same instant resumed the tri-coloured cockade*.

On the 1st of March, at three o’clock, they entered the Gulph of Juan. General Drouot, and a certain number of officers and soldiers, who were on board the felucca, Caroline, landed before the

* The cockade adopted by Napoleon, as sovereign of the island of Elba, was white and amaranth powdered with bees.

emperor, who was still at a considerable distance from the shore. At this moment they perceived to the right a large vessel, which appeared to them (though they were mistaken in this) to be steering with all sails towards the brig. Suddenly they were seized with the greatest disquiet; they walked backward and forward, testifying by their gestures and hurried steps, the emotion and fear with which they were agitated. General Drouot ordered the Caroline to be unloaded, and hasten to meet the brig. In an instant cannons, carriages, chests, baggage, every thing was thrown out upon the sand, and already the grenadiers and brave sea officers of the guard were rowing away with all their strength, when acclamations from the brig saluted their ears and their affrighted eyes. It was the emperor; whether from prudential motives or impatience, he had got into a simple boat. Their alarms ceased; and the grenadiers stretching out their arms to him, received him with the most affecting demonstrations of devotedness and joy. At five o'clock he landed. He has been heard to say, that he never felt an emotion so profound as upon this occasion.

THE MARRIAGE OF LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

IN his youth, Lucien Buonaparte embraced the revolutionary doctrines with quite as much zeal and ardour as his brother Napoleon. He was appointed to a situation in the civil administration of the army destined to act in the Maritime Alps. His ambition in those days only aspired to the regulation of a magazine for military subsistence, that of Saint Maximin, a small town between Toulon and

Antibes. Ardent, gay, and animated with an impetuous temperament, he would at one time give up his time to the captivating society of the fair sex, and as suddenly turn with equal ardour to the pursuit of politics, passing whole days in the tribune of the popular assembly, where he never ceased to entertain his hearers with harangues in favour of the revolution. These orations were sometimes varied by the recital of verses and sentimental epistles, which had been inspired by his own muse. Thenceforward, Lucien became distinguished as an orator and a poet.

His employment of store-keeper had placed Lucien on terms of intimacy with the family of M. Boyer, who was respectable though not rich. He was not, however, without some patrimony. M. Boyer was the father of two children, a boy and a girl; the latter, named *Christine*, was of an interesting figure, and possessed a very amiable disposition, although timid and reserved. Lucien, familiarly admitted into the house, became shortly after enamoured of Christine, and soon contrived to create a reciprocal feeling on her part.

This attachment, which increased daily, could not fail to make some noise in a small provincial village. One day, when Lucien had just concluded an oration in favour of equality, made at the assemblage of the people, he was thus accosted in the language of the day by the honest Boyer, who never omitted going to admire his fine speeches: "*You have amply proved our equality; and therefore, as we are all equal, why do not you marry my daughter? You pay court to her, by which her*

reputation suffers ; so that if you are an honest man, you ought not to hesitate."

This address, which was made before a great number of patriots, electrified Lucien ; but it was absolutely necessary to sustain his reputation, by practising what he preached ; he therefore took Boyer by the hand, and giving it a hearty squeeze, exclaimed ; "*Very well, be it so ! I'll marry your daughter.*"

Faithful to his promise, this marriage accordingly took place shortly afterwards, notwithstanding some opposition on the part of his family, the members of which objected to it, more on the principle of its having been contracted at too early an age (for Lucien was now scarcely twenty-one), than the inequality of the alliance. The revolution had, in fact, already effected a great change in the manners and customs of the day, causing the disparities of rank, which had hitherto existed in society, totally to disappear ; on the other hand, it should be added, that the conduct and character of the young lady were altogether irreproachable.

After the marriage, Lucien was occupied in superintending the education of his wife, who, in a short time, made a sufficient progress to enable her to appear in the midst of her new family. She was, however, naturally imbued with a melancholy turn, which, added to bad health, prevented her from enjoying the exalted fortune which awaited her on a future day.

It was during the period that he was minister of the interior, under the directory, that Lucien lost this amiable and excellent woman. Madame Lu-

cien possessed a mild disposition and great goodness of heart. Soon after her decease, Lucien ordered the erection of a monument, worthy of his sorrow, at the park of Du Plessis Chamont, near Senlis, to the memory of his beloved consort. This tomb, composed of bronze and marble, contains the following inscription :

A DAUGHTER,
 WIFE,
 AND MOTHER,
 WITHOUT REPROACH !

Her bust executed in marble, is placed on a small column, surrounded with genii, and various emblematical bas-reliefs, which recall the virtues of this estimable woman, who died in the flower of her age.

While at Plessis, Lucien passed an hour or two every day near his wife's grave, where he sometimes conducted his children ; all of whom, accompanied by the governess, repaired to the spot every evening before sunset, and, kneeling at the tomb of their mother, repeated their evening orisons ; after which flowers were strewed over the grave. Even the bouquet which the children presented to Lucien on his birthday was gathered from those which grew around Christine's grave.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF BENEVOLENT FEELINGS IN THE YOUNG KING OF ROME.

As soon as young Napoleon could speak, he became, like most other children, very fond of asking questions. He was always much diverted by looking at the people in the garden of the Tuilleries, who

frequently collected under his windows to obtain a sight of him. He soon remarked that many persons entered the palace with rolls of paper under their arms, and he asked his governess what was meant by it? She informed him that they were unfortunate persons who came to solicit some favour from his father. From that time, whenever he saw a person passing by with a petition, he cried, and allowed his attendants no rest until it was brought to him, and he never failed to present to his father every morning at breakfast, all that he had collected on the preceding day. It may well be supposed that when this habit became known, the child received an abundance of petitions.

He one day observed under his window a woman in mourning, with a little boy by her side. The child, who was likewise dressed in mourning, had in his hand a petition, which he held up to the young prince. The latter immediately inquired why the "poor little boy" was dressed in black? His governess replied, that it was doubtless because his father was dead. He expressed a great wish to speak to the child. Madame de Montesquieu, who neglected no opportunity of developing his sensibility, gave orders that the woman and her child should be called in. She proved to be a widow, whose husband had fallen in battle, and who, having no means of supporting herself, had come to solicit a pension. Young Napoleon took the petition and promised to present it to his father. On the following morning he, as usual, collected his petitions, but kept separate from the rest that in which he took particular interest. Having, according to custom, delivered the other papers to the

emperor, "Papa," said he, "here is a petition from a very unfortunate little boy; you have been the cause of his father's death; he has nothing in the world left; pray grant him a pension."—

Napoleon raised his son in his arms, embraced him tenderly, granted the pension, and ordered the patent to be made out that very day.

RATIFICATION OF THE CONCORDAT WITH THE POPE.

WHEN Napoleon ratified the concordat with the pope, the Catholic religion was to be recognised as that of the majority of the French, while its ministers were to have salaries, and a sanction was to be given for the sale of ecclesiastical property. The form of the engagement to be entered into by the clergy, was, "I promise fidelity to the government of the French republic, as established by the constitution."

Objections being raised to this measure by some of the members of the council of state, who considered it as too great a deviation from the original principles of the revolution, and that it might be followed by consequences dangerous to the existing government; Buonaparte with a mixture of seriousness, and irony replied: "Do you not take into account then, a clergy who will pray every day for the safety of the republic, and of the bishops who will be obliged, by their oaths, to reveal all plots against it?"

Upon this occasion a vast number of squibs and epigrams were circulated throughout Paris, and

among the rest, the following was in particular much the subject of conversation.

Politique plus fin que Général habile;
 Bien plus ambitieux que Louis, dit le Grand :
 Pour être Roi d’Egypte, il croit à l’Alcoran ;
 Pour être Roi de France il croit à l’Evangile.

Thus Anglicised.

More versed in politics than famed in arms,
 Ambitious as Great Louis in each deed ;
 For Egypt’s sway the *Alcoran* had charms,
 For Gallia’s throne he took the *Gospel* creed.
Communicated by the late Count du Roure.

MARSHAL NEY’S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON AFTER HIS RETURN FROM ELBA.

THE emperor, in his progress from Elba to Paris, imagined that he should find Ney at Auxerre on his arrival. “ I cannot conceive,” said he to General Bertrand, “ why Ney is not here ; I am surprised at it and uneasy ; has he changed his opinions ? I cannot think so ; he would never have suffered Gamot* to implicate himself. Yet we must know on what we are to depend ; see to it.”—A few

* M. Gamot, Prefect of Auxerre, who had married the sister of Madame Ney. When the emperor arrived at Auxerre, he was received for the first time, since his departure, by a prefect. He alighted at M. Gamot’s house. On the mantle-piece of the first saloon, were the busts of the empress and her son ; and in the next was a whole length portrait of Napoleon, in his imperial robes :—it might have been supposed that the reign of the emperor had never been interrupted.

hours after, the marshal arrived. It was about eight o'clock, and Count Bertrand came to inform the emperor of it. "The marshal, before he comes into your majesty's presence," said he, "is desirous of collecting his ideas, and justifying in writing his conduct both previous and subsequent to the events of Fontainebleau."—"What need is there of any justification to me?" answered Napoleon: "tell him, that I love him still, and that I will embrace him to-morrow." *He would not receive him the same day, as a punishment for having had to wait for him.*

The next day the emperor, as soon as he perceived him, said: "Embrace me, my dear marshal, I am glad to see you. I want no explanation or justification; I have honoured and esteemed you as the bravest of the brave."

Ney. Sire, the newspapers have told a heap of lies, which I wish to confute: my conduct has ever been that of a good soldier and a good Frenchman.

Napoleon. I know it, and accordingly never doubted your attachment.

Ney. You were right, sire. Your majesty may always depend upon me, when my country is concerned.—*It is for my country I have shed my blood, and for it I would still spill it to the last drop. I love you, sire, but my country above all! above all! —*

Nap. (interrupting him) It is patriotism too, that brings me to France. I learned that our country was unhappy, and I am come to deliver it from the emigrants and the Bourbons. I will confer upon it all that it expects from me.

Ney. Your majesty may be assured that we will

support you: he who acts with justice may do what he pleases with the French. The Bourbons have ruined themselves, by having wished to act as they thought proper, and thrown aside the army.

Nap. Princes who never saw a naked sword could not honour the army: its glory humiliated them, and they were jealous of it.

Ney. Yes, sire, they incessantly thought to humiliate us. I am still enraged, when I think, that a Marshal of France, an old warrior like me, was obliged to kneel down before that —— of a Duke of B—— to receive the cross of St. Louis!—It could not last; and, if you had not come to expel them, we should have driven them out ourselves.

Nap. How are your troops disposed?

Ney. Very well, sire; *I thought they would have stifled me, when I announced to them, that they were about to march to meet your eagles.*

Nap. What generals are with you?

Ney. Le Courbe and Bourmont.

Nap. Why are they not come hither?

Ney. They showed some hesitation, and I left them.

Nap. Are you not afraid of Bourmont's bestirring himself and embarrassing you?

Ney. No, sire; he will keep himself quiet; besides, he would find nobody to second him. I have expelled from the ranks all the light infantry of Louis XIV.* who had been given to us, and all the country is fired with enthusiasm.

Nap. No matter; I shall not leave him any possibility of disturbing us: you will direct him and the

* A nickname given to the emigrant officers.

royalist officers to be secured till we enter Paris. I shall be there, without doubt, by the 20th or 25th, or sooner. If we arrive, as I hope, without any obstacle, do you think they will defend themselves?

Ney. I do not think they will, sire; you know what the Parisians are,—*more noise than work.*

Nap. I have received despatches from Paris this morning; the patriots expect me with impatience, and are on the point of rising; I am afraid of some quarrel taking place between them and the royalists. I would not for the world, that my return should be stained with a single drop of blood. It is easy for you to hold communication with Paris: write to your friends—write to Murat, that our affairs go on well, that I shall arrive without firing a single musket; and let them all unite to prevent the spilling of blood. Our triumph should be as pure as the cause we serve.

Generals Bertrand and Labedoyère, who were present, then mixed in the conversation; and after a few minutes the emperor left them and retired into his closet.

NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

WHEN the Emperor Francis had determined upon the union between Maria Louisa and Napoleon, he was not ignorant of the animosity borne by his daughter, wife, and mother-in-law (Maria Beatrix d'Este), against his intended son-in-law. He had not the courage to make the first overture to his daughter; but charged the Countess Chanclos, governess to the princess, to use every persuasion to

prepare her for a close and near alliance with the French Emperor.

The countess, thinking she had found one evening a proper occasion for introducing this subject, informed the princess, that the emperor, her father, had affianced her to the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte. No words could do justice to the princess's emotions upon hearing this declaration: she fell down upon the sofa, screaming, fainting, and crying, "*No, no, never will I be married to such a monster;*" and she forbade the countess, once for all, ever to repeat his name in her presence.

The countess having reported to the emperor the ill success of her overture, his wishes and feelings inclined him to undertake the matter himself. On the day and hour appointed, accompanied by his daughters Leopoldina and Clementina, he repaired to the apartments of the princess; and, with candour and sincerity stated the necessity of such an alliance, as being the only means left to save the imperial family, and the whole country from subjection; that, should she persist in her refusal, they would be obliged to abandon the empire a second time to the conqueror.

This conversation took place in a room, the windows of which opened upon the ruined walls and demolished fortifications of Vienna. Maria Louisa, taking her father by the hand, led him to the view of what that devoted city had already experienced—a scene of wide extended desolation. "Can you (said she) give the hand of your beloved child to such a destroyer?"—"True (said Francis), but the evils which you deplore—all the misfortunes of

the country—arise from the laws of war; the destructive machinations of which will begin with more fury than ever, involving the state, and all of us, perhaps, in one common ruin.”

The emperor, observing the repugnance of his daughter, yet feeling the necessity of this sacrifice, besought the princess with tears, and with so much importunity that she could no longer resist. “Be composed, my beloved father (said she), and weep not so bitterly, my good sisters; you shall be obeyed: from this moment I will do every thing that you require of me.”

It is asserted by the Countess of Chanclos, who was present, that when the Princess Leopoldina (then between thirteen and fourteen years of age), had seen the aversion of her eldest sister to this union, she said she would be married to the Emperor Napoleon, to deliver them all out of their painful situation. The Emperor Francis, tenderly smiling, replied, “You are a child; you don’t understand what you say.”

The Princess Maria Louisa was then married by proxy to Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel; after which she was accompanied by the whole imperial family to Branau, the frontier town.—There she was confided to the care of the Queen of Naples, Napoleon’s sister, and Murat’s wife. Proceeding on her way through France, the Emperor Napoleon met her near Compiegne, and in the open road, entered her travelling coach.

In the month of June, 1810, Count Joseph Metternich, brother to the Austrian prime minister, and one of the chamberlains that accompanied the prin-

cess to Paris, returned to Vienna, and, with other dispatches for the imperial family, was charged by the Empress Maria Louisa with an autograph letter, in German, for the old Count Edling, her quondam governor. The following is a translation of, and extract from, the same :—

“ MY DEAR COUNT EDLING,

“ I have received from you so many testimonies of your kind care and affection, that I feel an ardent desire to inform you, by Count Joseph Metternich, of the particulars of my present situation. When I left you, and all my friends in Vienna, I saw the good people plunged in deep sorrow, from the persuasion that I was going as a sacrifice to my new destination. I now feel it an agreeable duty to assure you, that, during three months’ residence at this court, I have been, and am, the happiest woman in the world. From the first moment I saw, and met the Emperor Napoleon, my beloved husband, he has shown me on every occasion such respectful attentions, with every token of kindness and sincere friendship, that I should be unjust and ungrateful not to acknowledge his noble behaviour.

“ Believe not, my dear Count, that this is written by any order from my husband ; these sentiments are dictated from my heart : nor has any one so much as read the letter.

“ The emperor, who is at this moment by me, but will not know the contents, has desired me to send you, in his name, the insignia of the order of the legion of honour. This he had promised you, as a mark of his high esteem for you.

“ Respecting your wish to visit me at Paris, my husband and I will be very glad to see and receive you, in the month of September, at the Tuilleries; we shall then have returned from a little tour. You will then be a witness of my satisfaction, which I cannot describe to you in this letter.

“ Adieu, my dear and good Count Edling, remember me to all my beloved family and friends; tell them that I am happy, and that I thank God for this felicity. God bless and preserve you, my dear count; and believe me that I remain, for ever, your affectionate

“ MARIA LOUISA.

“ Paris, June 16, 1810.”

PARTING WORDS ON LEAVING FONTAINEBLEAU, FOR ELBA.

UPON the 20th of April, 1814, in pursuance of the treaty of Fontainebleau, preparations were made for the departure of Napoleon for Elba, and the carriages were drawn up in the court-yard of the palace of Fontainebleau. Napoleon addressed the Austrian General Koller to this effect?—“ I have reflected upon what I have to do, and I am firmly resolved *not to depart*. The allies do not faithfully observe the engagements they have entered into with me: I may therefore revoke my abdication, which was only conditional; above a thousand addresses, in which I am invited to resume the reins of government, have been received by me this night. It is only to spare France the horrors of a civil war that I have renounced my rights to the French

throne, for I have never had any other object than the glory and happiness of France. Now that I am acquainted with the whole extent of the discontent which the measures taken by the new government inspire—*now that I see how the promises made to me are kept*—now I can declare to my guards the motives that have made me resolve to revoke my abdication; and it will appear if it is possible to alienate from me the hearts of my old soldiers.

“The number of the troops upon whom I can reckon amounts indeed to only thirty thousand men; but it will be easy for me to increase it to one hundred and fifty thousand in a few days, and without the slightest violation of my honour. I might say to my guards, that I have indeed renounced my rights, but that to promote the peace and happiness of the country, I now feel myself called upon to follow the wishes of the nation.”

The emperor making here a little pause, General Koller took the opportunity to say to him, that “magnanimous resignation was the finest of all his actions, that he had thereby given a proof of patriotism, which few monarchs had done, and that he would tarnish all the great and noble actions he had ever done, if he now drew back; that he (the general) was quite ignorant that the allies had, in any respect, violated their engagements to him.”

The emperor silent for a moment, then said, “*Well, I'll be faithful to my engagements, but as soon as fresh cause of complaint shall be given me, I shall consider myself as released from all my engagements.*”

UNEXPECTED RETURN FROM MOSCOW.

NAPOLÉON had several times written to the empress, but without informing her of his intended return, and he arrived most unexpectedly. Marie Louise having been for some time indisposed and dejected in spirits, had just retired to rest, and the lady who was to sleep in the adjoining apartment was proceeding to fasten the doors when she heard the sound of voices in the antichamber. The door immediately opened, and she beheld two men wrapped in large furred cloaks. She ran towards the door of the empress's chamber, to prevent their entrance, when one of them threw aside his mantle, and she recognised Napoleon; she uttered a shriek, which warned the empress that something extraordinary had occurred, and she was on the point of rising from her bed when her husband rushed forward to embrace her. The interview was extremely affecting. The emperor's companion was Caulaincourt. They had both arrived in a wretched caleche, and Napoleon found considerable difficulty in gaining admittance to the palace, so little was his return expected.

PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF CAIRO.

TOWARDS the latter end of October, 1798, a dreadful insurrection broke out among the inhabitants of Cairo. On the 22d, in the morning, General Dupuis, hearing that a great crowd had assembled near one of the principal mosques, mounted his horse, and

put himself at the head of twelve of his cavalry in order to disperse the mob, who pretended that discontent at the taxes was the sole cause of their mutiny. Finding them, however, not disposed to retire, he attacked them: they returned the attack with stones and other missile weapons, by one of which the general was so severely wounded that being taken home he shortly after expired. The Turks continued to assemble in still greater multitudes: they betook themselves to their mosques, which they endeavoured to fortify: the French forced the gates of most of them, and put many of the wretched insurgents to death. Buonaparte's proclamation to the people of Cairo after this insurrection, was couched in the following terms:—
“ People of Cairo, perverse men have led you astray, and they have perished. God hath commanded me to be mild and merciful to the people, and I have been so towards you all. *Is there a man among you so blind as not to see that fate directs all my operations?* Is there a man among you so incredulous as to doubt that the whole universe is subject *to the empire of destiny?* Let the enemies of the people know, that when the world began, *it was written*, that, after having destroyed the enemies of Islamism, and overthrown the cross, *I should come from the farthest part of the west to fulfil the task which is imposed upon me.* Let the people see that, in more than twenty passages of the Koran, *that which has happened has been foretold*, and that which will happen is equally explained. I might demand of each of you to tell the most secret thoughts of his heart, for I know them all, even those which you have never divulged to any one;

but the day will come when all the world shall know, by evidence too strong to be denied, that I am conducted by orders from above, and that no human efforts can prevail against me. Happy they who are the first to attach themselves to me."— Here followed the names of a divan of sixty persons from among the Turks themselves, to render justice to the people.

NAPOLEON'S MOMENTS OF GAIETY.

ONE day as he entered the apartments of the empress, he observed a young lady seated with her back towards the door. He beckoned to those who saw him to be silent, and advancing softly to the back of her chair, he placed his hands over her eyes. She knew of no one who was likely to behave in this familiar way, except M. Bourdier, an old and respectable man, attached to the empress's household in quality of chief physician, and she immediately concluded it was he. "Have done, then, M. Bourdier," she exclaimed, "do you think I don't know your great ugly hands!"—"Great ugly hands!" repeated the emperor, restoring the use of her eyes, "you are hard to please, madame!" The poor young lady, overwhelmed with confusion, withdrew to an adjoining apartment.

Being one day in the empress's chamber while she was dressing, he accidentally trod on the foot of the lady who presided at the toilette, and immediately cried out, as though he had himself been hurt. "What is the matter?" inquired the empress anxiously. "Nothing, nothing," he replied, whilst he burst

into a fit of laughter; "I trod on the lady's toe, and I cried out only to prevent her from doing so. You see my plan succeeded."

IMPERIAL MUNIFICENCE.

VARIOUS traits of beneficence and generosity are related of Napoleon; among these we instance the following:

As he was one day hunting in the forest of Compeigne, he dismounted and proceeded on foot, accompanied only by Caulaincourt. He met two woodcutters who, being fatigued by labour, had seated themselves for a few moments on the trunk of a tree. They had served in the French army during the war in Egypt. One of them recognised the emperor, and immediately rose. Caulaincourt was about to desire the other to rise also. "No, no," said the emperor, "don't you see that they are fatigued?" He desired the man who had risen to sit down again, and seating himself for a few minutes on the trunk of the tree, he entered into conversation with them concerning the Egyptian expedition and their own private affairs. On being informed that one of the men had not obtained his retirement pension, he granted it, and on departing gave ten Napoleons to each.

TRUE CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON had all the great qualities of the greatest monarchs, whilst he was exempted from their vices. Napoleon was not stained by the lechery of Cæsar,

the drunkenness of Alexander, nor the cruelty of Charlemagne.

At an early age when others scarcely start in life, his years were outnumbered by his victories; and the kings of Europe, conquered by his sword, or subjugated by his genius, lowered before the imperial eagle.

In France, when aggrandized by the conquests of Napoleon, the empire of ancient Rome was reproduced before the astonished world. The French name, tarnished by the crimes of the revolution, regained its ancient honour and its mastery. The nation was feared, admired, and respected by the entire universe.

Philosophy graced Napoleon no less than warlike prowess. After he had covered the nation with glory by his victories, he was willing to insure its welfare by his laws. He bestowed upon France that immortal code of jurisprudence, which invested him with the title of the legislator of France, a title to which its former kings had aspired in vain. He organized that admirable system of finance and administration, which their people, groaning under misrule, implored, but without effect.

Still he had not accomplished enough to satisfy his noble and beneficent ardour. Arts, sciences, and industry were to flourish in France. The munificent aids which were granted by Napoleon created the thousands and thousands of manufactories, from whence proceeded those finished works of skill and labour which became the pride of the French, and the despair and ruin of foreign nations. The sons of Apollo, on whom he lavished his gifts and favours, seized the crayon, the compass, and the chisel. Paris became a second Athens

when adorned by the wonders of art to which his munificence gave birth. We then saw the venerable Louvre rise, as by enchantment, from its deserted ruins; the palaces of the kings of France became more gorgeous; the temples of the arts were enriched by productions which rivalled the relics of antiquity; Renovated France brought forth those establishments so proudly useful to the public, and those monuments destined to transmit the recollections of her fame and glory to the most distant posterity.

At the same moment his sovereign will guided the hands which curbed the waves of the ocean, and caused them to roll over a new abyss. He directed those labours which substituted wide harbours, superb dock yards, and fertilizing canals, in the place of desert shores and pestilential marshes, restoring commerce and existence to the innumerable inhabitants of the sea coast; and of the banks of the Scheld and the Somme. At the same moment his voice created those Roman highways, branching through all parts of France, Germany, and Italy, equally useful and majestic, and which afforded to the inhabitants of those countries means equally speedy and secure, of communicating with each other, and of exchanging the products of their industry; and never will the friend or even the enemy of Napoleon cross the summits of the Alps, or ascend their craggy sides, without venerating the magnanimous sovereign, who, anxious to guide the steps and protect the life of the traveller, has enclosed the precipice, chained the torrent, and linked the great mountains of the earth, which, during so many ages, have braved the might of man and of time. When future ages shall gather up in memory

the glorious and transcendent deeds of Napoleon ; when they shall number the blessings which he dispensed, and the victories which he gained, never will they believe that one man can have worked such miracles in so short a period. They will rather fancy that the historian was playing with the credulity of posterity ; that he called out all the great deeds performed by successive generations of the greatest men, during an infinite series of ages, and that he has attributed them all to his ideal hero.

THE EMPEROR'S INTERVIEW WITH THE ABBE DE PRADT AT WARSAW.

ON the 10th of December, 1812, (says the Abbé de Pradt, archbishop of Mechlin and ambassador at Warsaw), I had just received a dispatch from the Duke of Bassano, announcing the speedy arrival of the *corps diplomatique*, which had passed the summer at Wilna. I was replying and pointing out the inconvenience of its residence in an open town, with the enemy in front, when suddenly the doors of my apartments were thrown open, and a tall man entered, who, as he approached, supported himself on one of my secretaries of embassy—"Come with me," said this phantom. His head was enveloped in black taffety, his face was lost in the mass of fur within which it was sunk. A double armour of boots and fur made his walk unwieldy. In short, it was a species of apparition. I rose, accosted him, and catching some traits of his profile, I recognized him, and said, "Ah! is it you, Caulaincourt? where is the emperor?"—"At the hotel d' Angleterre. He expects you."—"Why did he not alight at the palace?"—"He wishes not

to be known.”—“Are you in want of any thing?”—“Give us some Burgundy and Malaga.”—“The cellar, the house, and all things else are at your service; but whither are you going?”—“To Paris.”—“And where is the army?”—“It is gone,” said he, turning up his eyes to heaven.—“But what of the victory of Beresina, and the six thousand prisoners of the Duke of Bassano?”—“They are all gone, by ***. Some hundreds of men have escaped—we had something else to do than to guard them.” Then taking him by the arm, I said, “It is time that all the faithful servants of the emperor should unite in telling him the truth.”—“Ah! what a failure,” said he; “but I have not to reproach myself with not having foretold it.”

I hurried out and arrived at the hotel d’Angleterre about half past one o’clock. A Polish gendarme guarded the gate; the master of the hotel examined me, hesitated a little, and then allowed me freely to pass the threshold of his house. I saw a small carriage body placed on a sledge made of four pieces of fir: it had stood some crashes, and was much damaged. There were two other open sledges which had served for conveyance to General Lefebvre Desnouettes, another officer, the mameluke Roustan, and a valet. This was all that remained of so much grandeur and magnificence. I thought I beheld the winding sheet carried before the great Saladin.

The door of a room on the ground floor was mysteriously opened. A short parley took place. Roustan recognised me, and admitted me. Preparations were making for dinner; the Duke of Vicenza came, introduced me to the emperor, and left me with him. He was in a small cold lower apart-

ment, and had the window-shutters half closed, the better to preserve his incognito. An awkward Polish servant kept blowing at a fire of green wood, which, rebel to her efforts, diffused with a loud cracking, far more water over the stove than heat to the apartment. This spectacle had no charms for me. It was passing directly from the scenes of Dresden to this situation in a wretched inn. I had not seen the emperor since that period, and I cannot describe what a crowd of new and painful sentiments assailed my heart.

The emperor was, according to his custom, walking about his apartment. He had come on foot, from the bridge of Praga to the hotel d'Angleterre, I found him wrapped up in a superb pelisse, lined with green, and with magnificent gold Brandenburgs. The covering of his head was a kind of fur cap, and his boots were also surrounded with fur.—“ Ah! monsieur the ambassador!” said he to me smiling.

I approached quickly, and addressed him thus: “ You look well. You have made me uneasy; but at length you are here. I am happy to see you.” This was spoken with a rapidity and a tone which ought to have shewn him what was passing within me, but he, unfortunate as he was, did not perceive it. A moment after I helped him off with his pelisse. “ How are you off in this country?” said he. I proceeded to trace with the precautions necessary to be observed with all sovereigns, and particularly with a prince having such a temper as he whom I had to deal with, the actual state of the duchy. I was not brilliant; I had that very morning received the report of an affair which had oc-

curred on the Bug, near Krislaw, in which two newly raised battalions had thrown down their arms on the second discharge. I had also been informed that out of twelve hundred horses belonging to these troops, eight hundred had been lost from want of care on the part of the new soldiers, and that five thousand Russians with cannon were marching on Zamosk.

I urged on the ground of prudence, of the dignity of the emperor, and the confederation, the quiet removal of the embassy and the council before the arrival of the enemy; I pointed out the inconvenience of the diplomatic body residing at Warsaw, and spoke to him of the distress of the duchy and the Poles. This last idea he opposed, and asked with vivacity, "Who has ruined them?" I replied, "What has been doing for these six years. The scarcity of last year and the continental system deprive them of all commerce." At these words his eyes were lighted up, and he exclaimed, "*Where are the Russians?*" I told him. "*And the Austrians?*"—"I have not heard of them for a fortnight."—"General Regnier?"—"Nor of him neither." I informed him of all the duchy had done for subsistence of the army. He knew nothing of it. I spoke to him of the Polish army. "*I have seen none of them,*" said he, "*during the campaign.*" I explained the reason of that, and why the dispersion of the Polish forces had at last rendered invisible an army of eighty-two thousand men. "*What do the Poles want?*"—"To be Prussians if they cannot be Poles."—"And why not Russians?" replied he with an air of irritation. I explained to him the causes of the preference of the Poles to

the Prussian system of government. He had no idea of it; but I was the better informed on the subject in consequence of some ministers of the duchy, who the day before remained long with me after dinner, having concluded that the best thing they could do would be to cling to the Prussian government as a plank to save them in their shipwreck.

He said, "*We must raise ten thousand cossacks. A lance and a horse is sufficient for them. With that force the Russians may be stopped.*" I discussed the idea, which appeared to me to deserve every sort of reprobation. He insisted. I resisted, and concluded by saying, "For my part, I see no use in armies except those that are well organized, well paid, and well kept up. All the rest is good for very little."

I complained of some French agents, and when I observed that it was a pity to employ, in foreign countries, men who had neither decorum nor talents, he asked, "*And where are there men of talents?*" The course of the conversation had led me to speak of the little zeal the Austrians had found among the inhabitants of Volhinia. On this subject I adduced the testimony of Prince Louis of Lichtenstein, whom I had received at Warsaw, whither he came in consequence of a wound he had received on the Bug. As I was adding to his name an honourable epithet, which I considered justly his due, the emperor looked at me sternly. I paused. "Well," said he, "*this prince,*" repeating word for word my expressions, "*continue.*" I perceived I had displeased him.

Soon after, he dismissed me, recommending me to

bring, after dinner, Count Stanislaus Potocki and the minister of finance, whom I had described as the two members possessing most credit in the council. Our interview had lasted about a quarter of an hour, and during that time the emperor had never ceased to walk about with much agitation, as I had always been accustomed to see him. Sometimes he would, as was his habit, seem to fall into a profound reverie.

We met again at the hotel d'Angleterre, at three o'clock, he had just arisen from table,—“ *How long have I been in Warsaw?*”—“ *Eight days.*”—“ *How do you do, Stanislaus, and you, M. Minister of the Finances.*” On these gentlemen repeatedly expressing the satisfaction they felt at seeing him well after so many dangers, he replied—“ *Dangers! not the least, agitation is life to me; the more trouble I have the better I am. None but sluggish kings fatten in their palaces. Horseback and camps for me. I find you are very much alarmed here.*”—“ *It is because we know only what public rumour informs us.*”—“ *Bah! the army is superb, I have one hundred and twenty thousand men, I always beat the Russians, they durst not stand before me. They are no longer the soldiers of Friedland and Eylau. I am going to raise three hundred thousand men. Success will render the Russians rash. I shall give them three or four battles on the Ader, and in six months I shall be again on the Niemen. I am more wanting on the throne than with my army. All that has happened is nothing. It is a misfortune—it is the effect of climate. The enemy was good for nothing—I beat him everywhere. They wished to cut me off at the Beresina. I laughed at that fool of an admiral, he could never articulate his*

own name. *I had good troops and cannon ; the position was superb, fifteen hundred toises of morass and a river.*" This was twice repeated. He added a good deal on strong and feeble minds, and mostly all that was inserted in the twenty-ninth bulletin. He then proceeded.

" It used to be otherwise. At Marengo, I was beaten until six in the evening ; next day I was master of Italy. At Essling, I was master of Austria. That archduke thought to stop me. He published I know not what. My army had already advanced a league and a half. I did not do him the honour to make any dispositions, and it is well known what the state of things is when I act so ; but I could not prevent the Danube from rising sixteen feet in one night. Ah ! had it not been for that, the Austrian monarchy was ended ; but it was written in heaven that I should marry an archduchess (this was said with an air of great gaiety). It has been the same with Russia. I could not prevent the frost. I was told every morning that I had lost ten thousand horses during the night. Well ! bon voyage. Our Norman horses are not so hardy as the Russian ; they did not survive nine degrees of the frost. It is the same with the men. Look at the Bavarians, there is not one of them remaining. Perhaps it will be said I stopped too long at Moscow. It may be so, but the weather was good, the season was more advanced than usual, I expected peace. On the 5th of October I sent Lauriston with an overture. I thought of going to Petersburg. I have time for passing the winter in the southern provinces of Russia : at Smolensko. We will maintain ourselves at Wilna. I have left the king of

Naples there, ah ! ah ! What a grand political scene. He who risks nothing gains nothing. The Russians have shewn themselves. The Emperor Alexander is beloved, they have clouds of cossacks, that nation is something. The crown peasants love their government ; the nobles have turned out on horseback. It was proposed to me to set the slaves free ; that I did not wish to do ; they would have made a general massacre, which would have been horrible. I therefore made regular war on the Emperor Alexander ; but whoever could suppose they would have struck such a blow as the burning of Moscow. They now attribute that to us, but it was really they. Such an action would have done honour to Rome."

He then got into a rambling discourse on every subject, particularly the levying of the cossack corps. In vain the ministers represented the state of their country. He would yield nothing. I did not mix in the conversation, except when an opportunity offered for commiserating the state of the duchy. He granted as a loan a sum between two and three millions of Piedmontese mixed coin, which had been for three months at Warsaw, and three or four millions in bills, proceeding from contributions on Courland. I drew up the order for the minister of the treasury. The speedy arrival of the diplomatic corps was announced ; "*They are spies,*" said he, "*I wish to have none of them at my head quarters. They have come, however. They are nothing but spies solely occupied in sending bulletins to their courts."*

In this manner the conversation continued for three hours. The fire had gone out, and we all felt the effects of the cold. The emperor, however,

seemed to keep himself warm by his vehement utterance. He asked whether he was known, and saying that he cared not—renewing the assurances of his protection to the ministers, and recommending to them to take courage, he signified his wish to leave us. I once more assured him that nothing which concerned his service had been forgotten in the course of the embassy. The ministers joined me in addressing to him the most respectful and affectionate wishes for the preservation of his health and the prosperity of his journey. He replied, “I never was better; if I carried the devil with me I should be all the better for that.” These were his last words. He then mounted the humble sledge which bore Cæsar and his fortunes, and disappeared. A violent shock which the vehicle received in passing out at the gate had nearly overturned it.

THE EMPEROR’S MODE OF PERUSING A BOOK.

It is sufficient (says the Abbé de Pradt) to have seen Napoleon read a book, &c. to form an idea of his mind and manner; the leaves flew beneath his fingers; he just glanced over the pages, and in a very short time the poor writer was almost always rejected with some mark of contempt, or some of the common expressions of disdain. Stuff! Nonsense! Chimeras! a Jansenist! This last word was the *maximum* of his reproaches. With his head constantly in the clouds, his flight was always towards the empyreum; from this point of elevation, he undertook to view the earth with the eye of an eagle; and when he descended, to walk over it like a giant.

SENTIMENTS OF A CAPTAIN OF THE IMPERIAL
GUARD RESPECTING NAPOLEON AND LOUIS XVIII.

WHILE dinner was prepared, (says Mr. Shepherd, who visited France during Napoleon's absence in 1814,) I lounged into the stable, where I found a number of cavalry horses. Being struck with the beauty of one of them, I was proceeding to examine it, when I was accosted by its owner, who happened to be a captain of the imperial guard. We discoursed some time upon cavalry equipments; though he was not unwilling to do justice to the powers of the British cavalry, he preferred, for the details of a campaign, the lightness and activity of the French. Turning from this topic, which I did not feel myself qualified to discuss, I touched him on the subject of the emperor. This I did, by observing that Napoleon was a man of extraordinary genius. On hearing his late master thus characterized, the soldier's eyes glistened with pleasure, and he requested I would do him the favour to drink a glass of wine, which he had left to look after his horse. I told him I had not yet dined, but that if he would become my guest, I should be happy to see him. He accordingly accompanied me to our apartment. On his recurring to the subject of Buonaparte's character, I thought it my duty to qualify what I had said in commendation of his talents, by remarking, that his ambition was so unbounded that while his power lasted, it was impossible for his neighbours to rest in security. This drew from him a vehement philippic against Talleyrand and the senate, who, he said, had instigated Napoleon to every

mischievous act which he had committed; and after involving him in difficulties, had basely deserted and betrayed him. "But the seizure of the sceptre in Spain"—that was the suggestion of Talleyrand; "and the expedition to Russia"—was suggested by Talleyrand; and after all, it only failed in consequence of the premature setting in of the frost." In short, I found that Napoleon could do no wrong; and that for every error into which he had fallen, and for every crime of which he had been guilty, his ministers were made responsible. But, on the contrary, Louis XVIII. could do nothing right. He had falsified, said the plain spoken soldier, every promise he had made on his accession to the throne. He had accepted a constitution, but had violated every article of it. He had solemnly engaged to continue the constituted authorities as he found them; but he had made the most capricious changes:—he had flattered the army with assurances that he had the most perfect reliance on their support, and yet he had sent the imperial guard away from Paris:—he had diminished their privileges and appointments, and intended to revive the old establishment of the *gardes Suisses*. To say all, in a word, he had given up himself to the guidance of "those rascally priests," whose evil council had brought his brother to the scaffold. He was also led into error by the returning *émigrés*, men who had deserted their country at a period when their services were most needful, and who now had the audacity to lay claim to the most distinguished honours. With considerable humour M. le Capitaine mimicked the air and manner of one of these characters, an old man of seventy, whom he had lately heard declare his in-

tention of serving under the new regime in a military capacity, under the idea that he could make his marches and even his charges in a cabriolet. He then asked me what we thought of Louis in England, to which I replied, that he had lived so much in retirement, that little or nothing had been said among us of his habits or proceedings, till the late events summoned him from his retreat. "Je vous comprends," replied he, "il a bien mangé et bien dormi; et voilà des grands préparatifs pour conduire un affair d'un grand royaume." In short he was full of grief and bitterness of spirit; and on my suggesting to him the probability of his incurring peril in consequence of his freedom of speech; he said, he had no fear on that head, for he spoke the sentiments of thousands, as I should find when I arrived at Paris; which city, he said, was very sad and very discontented. This man had undergone the horrors of the campaign of Moscow.

MARSHAL LANNES' OPINION OF THE EMIGRANTS.

THIS general, who was of humble origin, had by a series of brilliant actions obtained the favour and friendship of Napoleon. His frankness was extreme, and he was the only man who never disguised his thoughts in the presence of the emperor. The old nobility and the emigrants in particular were the objects of his sovereign hatred. He had made every endeavour to dissuade Napoleon from recalling them to France, and particularly from attaching them to his person. He even entered into several warm disputes on the subject with the Em-

press Josephine, by whom they were protected. He did not seek to conceal this aversion, and the emigrants who knew it, cordially returned him the same sentiment. One day when a considerable number of emigrants had assembled in one of the apartments of the Tuilleries, which Lannes had occasion to pass through in order to present himself to the emperor, they placed themselves before him in such a way as to intercept the passage. The general immediately drew his sword, and swore that if any one prevented him from passing, he would cut his ears off. All obstacles were then removed, the emigrants instantly withdrew, for it was well known that Lannes never failed to keep his word.

One day after Lannes had made many useless entreaties to prevail on Napoleon not to admit any emigrant to his court, he flew into a violent rage, and assuming the familiar style in which he had been accustomed to address him some years before. "You are always determined to have your own way," said he, "but you will repent of it. They are traitors. And though you overwhelm them with favours, they will assassinate you on the very first opportunity." This sally cost him a temporary exile.

VENDEANS SENT FROM PARIS TO AUXERRE, IN 1815, TO ASSASSINATE NAPOLEON DURING HIS PROGRESS TO THE CAPITAL.

It was from the newspapers, and private correspondence, that the friends of Napoleon learned, that some Vendéans were sent off from Paris, with the design of assassinating the emperor in his pro-

gress to the capital. One paper, which it is unnecessary to name, even said, that these *gentlemen* were disguised as soldiers and as women, and that most assuredly the Corsican could not escape them.

Though Napoleon did not appear uneasy about these criminal plots, his friends were under great apprehensions for him. Previously, when travellers were desirous of telling him news (says Baron Fleury, his private secretary), I stepped aside to enjoy a few minutes liberty; but from that time I never quitted him, and, with my hand on my sword, I never for a moment lost sight of the eyes, attitude, and gesture of the persons I admitted to his presence.

Count Bertrand, General Drouet, and the officers of his household equally redoubled their care and attention. But it seemed as if the emperor made a point of setting his murderers at defiance. That very day he reviewed the fourteenth of the line in the public square at Auxerre, and afterwards mixed with the people and the soldiers. In vain did we endeavour to surround him; we were jostled with so much perseverance and impetuosity that it was impossible to remain close to him for two minutes together. The way in which we were elbowed amused him extremely: he laughed at our efforts, and, in order to brave us, plunged himself still deeper amid the crowd that besieged us.

Our mistrust was nearly proving fatal to two of the enemy's emissaries.

One of them, a staff officer, came to offer his services. Being questioned, he scarcely knew what answers to make. His embarrassment had already excited violent suspicions, when it was (unfortu-

nately for him) perceived that he had on green pantaloons. This was sufficient to convince every body, that he was one of Artois' guards in disguise. Interrogated anew, he answered still more awkwardly; and, attainted and convicted of being a highly suspicious person, and of wearing green pantaloons to boot, he was on the point of being thrown out of the window, when Count Bertrand happened to pass by, and ordered him merely to be turned out at the door.

The same day witnessed another scene. A *chef d'escadron* of hussars, adorned with a sabre-cut in the face, came also to join us at Auxerre. He met an extraordinarily good reception, and was even invited to breakfast at the table of the great officers of the household. In wine there is truth; and the new comer, forgetting his part, explained himself so clearly that it was easy to distinguish in him a false brother. He told us, that the national guard of Paris, and all the imperial guard were for the king! that every soldier, who retained his fidelity, had a gift of a hundred francs, every officer of a thousand, and was promoted a step, &c. &c.; that Napoleon had been outlawed, and that if he were taken—At these words Colonel Labedoyere who sat next him, seized him by the collar; every body was for knocking him on the head at once, but the emperor's private secretary was against it. "Gentlemen," said I, "the emperor will not hear of any blood being shed; you have sworn to give no quarter to assassins, but this man is not one; he is no doubt a spy. We are not afraid of them; let them go, and report what they have seen to those who

have sent them." He was accordingly spitten upon, turned out, and we saw him no more.

Another *deserter* from the royal army presented himself, to reveal an important secret, as he said, to the emperor. Napoleon, who knew no secret but strength, would not waste time in listening to him, and sent him to the grand marshal. He was an officer of hussars, the friend and accomplice of Maubreuil! The substance of what he said was, that he, as well as Maubreuil, had been commissioned by the provisional government, and by *very great persons*, to assassinate the emperor, at the time of his departure for the island of Elba: that he held in abhorrence such an execrable crime and would not commit it; and that, *after having once saved the life of Napoleon, he now came to place himself near his person, to make a rampart for him with his body in case of necessity!*

This precious personage delivered to the grand marshal a memorial of Maubreuil's, and divers papers, of which the emperor directed me to give him an account. I examined them all with the greatest care. They proved incontestably that mysterious rendezvous had been given to Maubreuil in the name of the provisional government; but they contained no clue, that could enable any one to penetrate the object and end of these secret conferences. This officer reaped no benefit from his disclosures, real or pretended, and disappeared.

From hearing so much of plots against his life, however, a painful impression was at length made on the emperor. "I cannot conceive," said he, "how men liable to fall into my hands can be in-

cessantly urging my assassination, and setting a price upon my head. Had I wished to get rid of *them* by similar means, they would long ago have been mingled with the dust. Like them, I could have found Georges, Brularts, and Maubreuils! Twenty times, if I had wished it, persons would have brought them to me bound hands and feet, dead or alive. I had always the foolish generosity to despise their rage; I despise it still; *but woe be-tide them, woe to all their infernal gang, if they dare touch one of my people; my blood boils, when I think, that they have dared, in the face of nations, to proscribe without trial the thousands of French-men, who are marching with us!* Is this known to the army?"

"Yes, sire," I replied; "some persons have had the imprudence to spread the report, that we are all proclaimed out of the protection of the laws, and that some of the body guards and Chouans have set out to assassinate you: accordingly, the troops have sworn, to give them no quarter, and already two spies have with difficulty escaped being knocked on the head before my eyes."

"So much the worse, so much the worse," continued Napoleon; "such are not my intentions. I wish not a single drop of French blood to be shed, not a single gun to be fired. Girard* must be desired to restrain his soldiers; write to him to this effect: '*General Girard, I am informed that your troops, being acquainted with the decrees of Paris, have resolved, by way of reprisals, to kill all the royalists they meet:—you will meet none but French-*

* He had just been appointed to the command of the advanced guard.

men; I forbid you to fire a single musket: calm your soldiers; contradict the reports by which they are exasperated; tell them, that I will not enter Paris at their head, if their weapons be stained with French blood.'

Napoleon had already given similar orders to General Cambronne. The following is his letter: "General Cambronne, to you I entrust my noblest campaign; all the French expect me with impatience; everywhere you will find none but friends; do not fire a single musket; I will not have my crown cost a drop of blood."

Ministers of Louis XVIII. guilty authors of the parricidal ordonance of the 6th of March, read this and blush!—*Baron Fleury's Memoirs.*

TALLEYRAND, A SATIRIST.

A GENERAL, whom Prince Talleyrand had one day invited to dine, kept him a long time waiting. He had dinner served. In the middle of the first course the guest arrived, and excused himself for being so late, on the plea that he had been detained more than an hour by a *Pequin*. "What is a *Pequin*?" asked M. Talleyrand.—"What, sir?" replied the general, "do you not know that we military men are accustomed to call *Pequin* every one who is not *military*."—"Ay, ay," cried Talleyrand, "'tis just like us, who are accustomed to call every one military who is not *civil*."

"They make epigrams against the *Compte Lieges*," said Cambacères one day: "they do him injustice. I assure, that in the different speeches which I have heard him deliver in the tribune of our assemblies

I have always perceived a very *deep* mind.”—“Deep is not the word,” replied Talleyrand: “it is *hollow* that your highness should have said.”

DEATH OF JOACHIM, KING OF NAPLES.

AT the time of the king's sailing from Ajaccio, in Corsica, for Naples, as well as for a considerable time before, the weather had been uniformly fine and serene, but on the night after his sailing, a violent storm dispersed his little squadron, which consisted of five small vessels. The intention of the king had been to land at Salerno, which is within thirty miles of Naples, and where a considerable number of old Neapolitan troops were reorganizing. On the storm subsiding, he found himself at the entrance of the gulf of St. Euphemia, entirely separated from the rest of his squadron. Thus situated, he for reasons, with which I am not well acquainted, decided on landing immediately in the vicinity of Pizzo, in preference to returning towards Salerno in search of the rest of his force. The felucca which carried the king was the smallest and the swiftest of the flotilla. Besides sailors, the number of persons on board consisted of thirty-one, all veteran officers, amongst whom was General Franceschetti. These, with the king at their head, who was habited in a splendid uniform, landed within half a mile of the town of Pizzo. At this eventful moment, the first who re-beheld the person of their heroic but unfortunate sovereign were a few soldiers, called coast-guards, who from curiosity, or in execution of their duty, had repaired to the spot where he landed. Some of the men immediately recognised the king, and, placing their *shakos* on their bayonets, saluted

him with the most enthusiastic cheers. He now lost no time in proceeding with his party to the town of Pizzo, and arrived at the market-place, where he addressed the throng by which he was surrounded. Many of the inhabitants saluted him as king, and prepared to join him, the rest manifested a degree of timidity and suspense. He, however, did not think proper to wait there to increase his force; but having been supplied by the inhabitants with a sufficient number of horses, immediately proceeded towards Monteleone.

It may be necessary to observe that the principal part of the town of Pizzo and its dependencies belong to the Spanish grandee, the Duke del Infantado. This circumstance naturally gives to the agent of the duke, who resides there, much influence over the inhabitants. The king had no sooner quitted the town than this agent of the duke harangued the people in the market-place, appealing principally to their fears, and demanding whether they could be aware of the dreadful punishment and extermination to which they would be subjected for not having opposed the progress of the invader. He thus contrived to induce several of the people to take up arms, and place themselves under his command. In the mean time King Joachim was hastening towards Monteleone*; he had not, however, proceeded far before he was met by

* From the various and concurring accounts (says Colonel Macirone), which I have obtained from many respectable persons, who were at that time at Naples, it appears that, if the king had but reached Monteleone, the capital of the Calabrians, he would undoubtedly have succeeded in his enterprise. The Calabrians were in a most unsettled state; and the dauntless warlike inhabitants were greatly attached to King Joachim. They also detested the Austrians, who had not been able to obtain the least footing in the country.

a colonel of gendarmes, named Trentacapelli, who was on his way from Monteleone to Pizzo. The king invited the colonel to join him, and proceed with him to Monteleone; but the colonel, fearing perhaps to confide in such apparent feeble means, respectfully declined the proposal, and pointing towards Monteleone, he observed, "he would regard him as his sovereign, whose flag he should behold flying on the castles." On this the king imprudently suffered him to proceed to Pizzo, where he found the agent of the Duke del Infantado using his utmost influence with the people, to induce them to arm in the cause of Ferdinand. The arrival of the colonel gave a new impulse to this measure; he united his efforts and authority to the persuasions and influence of the agent, and, without loss of time, put himself at the head of a strong party, and hastened to pursue the king, who by this time had got half way to Monteleone.

The colonel and his party had not proceeded far from the town, before his approach was perceived by King Joachim, whose ruin was at this moment consummated by a most fatal mistake. It occurred to the king and his followers, that the armed party, which from their elevated situation, they could see at a considerable distance, had been collected by Colonel Trentacapelli with the intention of joining them. With this idea the king suspended his march, thinking it more advisable to await this expected reinforcement, previous to his entrance into the city of Monteleone. On the nearer approach of these supposed friends, the king advanced some steps to meet them, and some of his little troop shouted, "viva il Rè Gioachino!" when to their surprise

they were answered by a volley of musketry. A sharp contest immediately ensued; the king's party fought desperately, some of them were killed, and many wounded. It was not possible for them entirely to disperse a force so superior in point of numbers, and they could not advance to Monteleone with these enemies in their rear; the king therefore determined to regain his vessel. Followed by General Franceschetti and about twelve others, he rushed through the thickest of his enemies, of whom he slew several with his own hand, and discharged his last pistol in the face of Colonel Trentacapelli, but without killing him. The hostile party were astonished by this daring attack, and thrown into confusion, when the king, profiting by their consternation, pushed forward and reached the beach, where he had left his vessel, himself unhurt, though all the others were wounded.

At this moment he would undoubtedly have been saved, if his vessel had been there to receive him, but she was standing out to sea. The commander, Captain Barbara, had heard the firing between the king and his pursuers, and, consulting only his own safety, left the coast, and abandoned the king to his fate. In this desperate situation the king threw himself into the water, and gained a fishing boat which lay close at hand, Franceschetti and the rest followed him. The boat was unfortunately aground, and the king's efforts to push it off proved ineffectual. Finding this boat immoveable, the king again threw himself into the sea and got into another, a very small one, which was about twenty yards distant from the other. By this time the beach was crowded by the king's pursuers, but none of them

now attempted to fire at him, nor dared to approach him. All stood gazing at him in astonishment, and in the little boat he might have escaped, but it was unfortunately fastened to the shore, and he could not disengage the rope. The fisherman to whom it belonged, perhaps from the fear of losing it, at length seized the head and pulled it towards the beach, while one of his companions waded into the sea, got into the boat, and attempted to seize the king, who struck the fellow on the head with his fist, and knocked him overboard. Numbers now followed the example of the two fishermen, and the boat was completely surrounded, but still no one attempted to offer violence to the king's person. He stood up unarmed in the midst of his assailants, entreating them to suffer him to depart, and, as a last hope, produced his passport for Trieste. Finding his persuasions and resistance useless, he was constrained to deliver himself into the hands of his enemies.

The intelligence of the event was immediately conveyed by telegraph to Naples. The military commander of the district, lately placed there by King Ferdinand, received orders by the same expeditious conveyance to assemble a court martial to try King Joachim. The trial was very summary; the king received his sentence with a smile of contempt and indignation. He wrote a most affectionate farewell letter to his wife and children, which he earnestly begged might be safely delivered. He declared that he thought it incumbent upon him to die in the profession of the religion in which he had been educated, and requested the assistance of a clergyman, from whom he received the Eucharist. He had upon his person a portrait of

his queen and children, which he placed upon his breast; and, refusing to sit upon a stool which was offered him, or to have his eyes covered, he smiled upon his executioners, and received the fatal fire.—*Macirone's interesting Facts, relative to the Fall and Death of Murat.*

FANATICAL CONSPIRACY OF MALLET.

SHORTLY after Napoleon's departure for Russia, an extraordinary event took place in Paris; a man who had escaped from prison seized the minister of police, and threw him into confinement, and having gained possession of the military posts, was on the point of overthrowing the imperial government in the course of a few hours. This enterprise was ill conducted, but the moment for attempting its execution could not have been better chosen. The war with Russia had excited general dissatisfaction. The new levies of men which had been found necessary, had given rise to complaints in every class. There was even reason to fear that Napoleon might gain too much success, for he evidently intended, subsequently, to send troops by land to attempt the overthrow of the English power in India, which was in reality the grand object of his desire and ambition; his distance from the capital of France now afforded an opportunity for venting murmurs without restraint; the ministers inspired contempt rather than fear, and every circumstance combined to favour a conspiracy.

Mallet, a general who had incurred the suspicion of the emperor, and was confined in an hospital under pretence of insanity, now conceived the pro-

ject of a revolution, and ventured to attempt its execution, without any fixed plan, without accomplices, and without money. Having escaped from the place of his confinement, he provided himself with some pretended decrees of the senate, announcing the death of the emperor, and appointing General Mallet to be the military commander of Paris. He proceeded at midnight to a barrack, where he read the forged decree, of which he was the bearer, and was immediately followed by a regiment quartered at the barrack. He next went to the prison of La Force, and in virtue of the dignity with which he had invested himself, he liberated a general officer named La-Horie, who was detained there by order of the police, and on whom he thought he could rely. The latter, with a detachment of the regiment from the barrack, proceeded to the hotel of the minister of police, informed him of the death of Napoleon, and added that he was directed by the senate to secure his person. The Duke of Rovigo, confounded at this unexpected intelligence, suffered himself to be led off without resistance. Before seven in the morning he was secured in the prison from which La-Horie had a few hours before been liberated, and he soon enjoyed the company of the prefect of police, who had suffered himself to be arrested with equal spirit.

In the meanwhile Mallet had proceeded to the head-quarters of the garrison staff to arrest General Hulin; but the general, not being quite so credulous as Savary, insisted on seeing the decree of the senate, and Mallet, under pretence of searching for it in his pocket, drew forth a pistol, which he fired, and wounded the general in the jaw. At this mo-

ment Adjutant-general La-Borde, an active and intrepid officer, arrived at the head-quarters. On being informed of what had taken place, he assured the officers who had followed Mallet that they were the dupes of an impostor, and accordingly secured him. He then proceeded to the office of the minister of police; there he found La-Horie, who had just directed the clerks to draw up a circular letter, and was holding a serious conference with a tailor, of whom he had ordered a uniform. He immediately arrested him, and then hastened to La Force, and liberated the minister of police. On his arrival at the court of the department, he found another emissary sent by Mallet and the prefect, who being as credulous as the Duke of Rovigo, was busily preparing a large room, in which he had been informed the provisional government would meet on the following day. At eleven o'clock in the morning, order was restored.

Marie Louise was at St. Cloud, when this commotion took place at Paris. To her honour it must be acknowledged, that on this occasion she manifested the utmost deliberation and courage. She ordered the few troops who were at St. Cloud to place themselves under arms, but they had scarcely time to obey her directions when she learned that the conspirators were arrested.

On the following day the affair was so lightly thought of that sarcastic jokes were thrown out against the minister of police, who, among other things, was said, on that occasion, to have made a *tour de Force*.

NAPOLEON AND MR. FOX.

“ Fox came to Paris (said Napoleon to Count Las Cases) immediately after the peace of Amiens. He was engaged in writing a History of the Stuarts, and asked my permission to search our diplomatic archives. I gave orders that every thing should be placed at his disposal. I received him often. Fame had informed me of his talents, and I soon found that he possessed a noble character, a good heart, liberal, generous, and enlightened views. I considered him an ornament to mankind, and was very much attached to him. We often conversed together upon various topics without the least prejudice; when I wished to engage in a little controversy, I turned the conversation upon the subject of the *infernal machine*; and told him that his ministers had attempted to murder me; he would then oppose my opinion with warmth, and invariably ended the conversation by saying, in his bad French, *First Consul, pray take that out of your head*. But he was not convinced of the truth of the cause he undertook to advocate, and there is every reason to believe that he argued more in defence of his country, *than of the morality of its ministers*. *Half a dozen such as Fox and Cornwallis would be sufficient to establish the moral character of a nation.*— *With such men I should always have agreed; we should soon have settled our differences, and not only France would have been at peace with a nation, at bottom most worthy of esteem, but WE SHOULD HAVE DONE GREAT THINGS TOGETHER.*”

NAPOLEON'S UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT.

THE night before the affair of Brienne, Napoleon slept in a cottage, where he received intelligence of the movements of the enemies that nearly surrounded him. After passing several hours of cruel suspense and anxiety, an aid-de-camp came to inform him, that the causeway leading to Brienne was again unoccupied; in consequence of the direction which the enemy had taken, he jumped up, and with considerable vivacity made use of an exclamation which betrayed the ruling passion of his life, "*I may yet,*" said he, "*be master of the world.*"

PROCLAMATION AFTER THE BATTLE OF FRIEDLAND.

"SOLDIERS,—On the 5th of June we were attacked in our cantonments by the Russian army. The enemy mistook the causes of our inactivity. He found, too late, that our repose was that of the Lion—he regrets having disturbed it.

In the affairs of Guttstadt, Heilsberg, and the ever memorable one of Friedland,—in ten days campaign, in short, we took one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, seven standards; killed, wounded, or took sixty thousand Russians; carried off all the enemies' magazines and hospitals; and took Königsberg, with the three hundred vessels that were there laden with all sorts of ammunition, besides one hundred and sixty thousand fusils sent by England to arm our enemies.

“From the banks of the Vistula we have reached the borders of the Niemen, with the rapidity of the eagle. You celebrated at Austerlitz the anniversary of the coronation—you celebrated this year, in an appropriate manner, the battle of Marengo, which put a period to the second coalition.

“Frenchmen, you have been worthy of yourselves and of me.—You will return to France covered with laurels, and after having obtained a glorious peace, which carries with it the guarantee of its duration. It is time that our country should live at rest, secure from the malignant influence of England. My benefits shall prove to you my gratitude, and the full extent of the love I bear you.”

NAPOLEON'S STATUE.

MANY remarks have been made respecting the vanity of the late emperor, and in particular respecting the placing of his colossal statue on the summit of the column in the Place Vendome. This has been frequently alleged as a proof that vanity was inherent in his nature.

But Napoleon, so far from wishing that any public statues might be raised to his memory, uniformly expressed himself in a contrary sense, leaving it for posterity to judge concerning his claims upon its gratitude. The statue therefore placed on this famous column, was not done by Napoleon's order, nor even with his cognizance; as Monsieur Denon took the whole transaction upon himself. Buonaparte upon his return from St. Cloud to Paris, a day or two after the placing this effigy, and Denon happening to be in his carriage; on crossing La Place

Louis Quinze, otherwise *Place de la Revolution*, addressed himself to Denon as follows, "*What is that statue? it seems to resemble me; and you know my wish has been, to leave any such testimony to a future generation, should I be thought deserving.*" In reply to this, Denon informed the emperor, that the statue was certainly a representation of his majesty, which had been executed under his (M. Denon's) own auspices; and that he would take upon himself any responsibility that might accrue in consequence of the proceeding; at which Napoleon smiled, and thus the conversation terminated.

PATRIOTISM OF THE PARISIAN YOUTH.

DURING the siege of Paris in 1814 the French artillery was served by the pupils of the Polytechnic school, young men between seventeen and twenty, who fought like lions. They were in want of shot, when a covered waggon chanced to arrive within sight: they eagerly ran to seize on it, but finding that it contained nothing but bread, "*we do not want bread,*" they exclaimed, "*we want cannon balls!*" A supply was immediately sent, but whether through treachery, or the confusion which prevailed, *the balls were for cannon of a different calibre!* At Montmartre, these young men, when their ammunition was expended, got astride their guns, determined to die rather than abandon their posts. The Emperor of Russia, on witnessing this cool act of heroism, ordered the firing to cease, and sent a flag of truce requesting them to surrender. This, however, they would not consent to do; and they nobly remained at the post of honour, until the capitulation put an end to all belligerent operations.

NAPOLEON'S METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE
CORRECTNESS OF HIS ACCOUNTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING his numerous occupations while on the throne of France, Napoleon revised all his accounts himself. He had his own method of doing this, and they were always made out to him in their details. He would cast his eye on the first article, sugar for example, and finding some millions of pounds set down, he would take a pen, and say to the person who drew up the accounts: "How many individuals are there in my household?—" "Sire, so many:" (and it was necessary to give the answer immediately.)—"And how many pounds of sugar do you suppose they consume per day on an average?"—"Sire, so many."—He immediately made his calculation, and having satisfied himself, he would give back the paper, saying, "Sir, I have doubled your estimate of the daily consumption, and yet you are enormously beyond the mark. Your account is faulty. Make it out again, and let me have greater correctness." This reproof would be sufficient to establish the strictest regularity. Thus he sometimes said of his private as well as of his public administration, "I have introduced such order, and employed so many checks, that I cannot be much imposed on. If I am wronged at all, I leave the guilty person to settle the matter with his own conscience. He will not sink under the weight of his crime, for it cannot be very heavy."

IMPERIAL ECONOMY.

NAPOLEON was fond of splendour and magnificence on all public occasions, but it was his wish that economy should be observed in the interior of his household. As he was once journeying to Compeigne, finding that his carriage did not proceed so rapidly as he wished, he let down the window, exclaiming to the lancers who accompanied him: "*Plus vite! plus vite!*" Caulincourt, who in quality of Master of the Horse preceded the emperor in another carriage, thrust his head out at the window and declared with an oath that he would dismiss all the lance-men if they offered to quicken their pace. The horses accordingly proceeded at a moderate trot. When the emperor reached Compeigne, he complained of the tardiness of his journey: "*Sire,*" replied Caulincourt, very coolly, "*allow me more money for the maintenance of your stalls, and you may kill as many horses as you think fit.*" Napoleon changed the conversation.

MALMAISON.

THIS chateau is about six miles from Paris, on the road to St. Germain. It is chiefly remarkable for its beautiful gardens, enriched with an extensive collection of the rarest shrubs and plants. It was the residence of the Ex-empress Josephine, who died here on the 29th of May, 1814, respected by every body for her amiable and benevolent mind. The major part of her fortune was devoted to charitable purposes. Such was the estimation in which she

was held that the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia paid her a visit a few days before her death. It was currently reported that she died of a broken heart, occasioned by the great and sudden turn in the fortune of the emperor, to whom she was greatly attached. "*Ah! monsieur,*" said a female in the neighbourhood, "*L'Empereur n'a pas eu un seul moment de bonheur après le divorce avec Joséphine!*"—"Ah! sir, the emperor has not enjoyed one moment of happiness since his divorce from Josephine."

NAPOLEON'S GENEROSITY TO COUNT BERTHOLET.

THE following charming trait in the emperor's character is worthy of record: Bertholet had sustained losses which involved him in difficulties; when the circumstance having come to the emperor's knowledge, he sent him one hundred thousand crowns, adding, that he had reason to complain of him, since he seemed to have forgotten that he, Napoleon, was always ready to serve his friends. Bertholet, however, behaved very ungratefully to the emperor, at the period of his disasters. His conduct deeply affected Napoleon at the time, and he was often heard to exclaim:—"What! Bertholet—on whom I thought I could rely with such confidence!"

On the emperor's return from Elba, Bertholet seemed again inclined to manifest his former sentiments of attachment to his benefactor. He ventured to show himself at the Tuilleries, and desired Monge to inform the emperor, that if he did not obtain a sight of him, he would put a period to his

existence, the moment he left the palace. The emperor could not refuse his request, and saluted him with a smile as he passed by.

THE IMPERIAL NURSE.

THE coldness of the Empress Maria Louisa, when not among her intimate friends, was so notorious that she was even reproached with extending it to her own child. This, however, was not want of affection, but rather excess of sensibility. Having never been accustomed to see young children, she scarcely dared venture to take her son in her arms or caress him, lest she should do him some injury. Thus the child naturally became more attached to his governess than to his own mother, a circumstance which excited a little jealousy on the part of Maria Louisa. The emperor, on the contrary, took him in his arms whenever he saw him, kissed him, and carried him to a looking-glass, where he would make all kinds of grimaces to divert him. When at breakfast, he sometimes took him on his knee, dipped his finger into a glass of jelly or preserves, and made him suck it, while some portion of the sweets was usually scattered over the child's face and dress; then the governess expressed her displeasure, the emperor laughed, and the child, almost always in good humour, seemed to receive with delight the rough caresses of his father.

Before the young prince was two years old, he and the empress were always present during Napoleon's breakfast.

NAPOLEON'S WHOLE HISTORY SUMMED UP BY
 HIMSELF IN A FEW WORDS.

" I CLOSED the gulf of anarchy and cleared the chaos. I purified the revolution, dignified nations, and established kings. I excited every kind of emulation, rewarded every kind of merit, and extended the limits of glory! This is at least something! And on what point can I be assailed on which an historian could not defend me? Can it be for my intentions? But even here I can find absolution. Can it be for my despotism? It may be demonstrated that the dictatorship was absolutely necessary. Will it be said that I restrained liberty? It can be proved that licentiousness, anarchy, and the greatest irregularities still haunted the threshold of freedom. Shall I be accused of having been too fond of war? It can be shown that I always received the first attack. Will it be said that I aimed at universal monarchy? It can be proved that this was merely the result of fortuitous circumstances, and that our enemies themselves led me step by step to this determination. Lastly, shall I be blamed for my ambition? This passion I must doubtless be allowed to have possessed, and that in no small degree; but, at the same time, *my ambition was of the highest and noblest kind that ever perhaps existed! That of establishing and consecrating the empire of reason, and the full exercise and complete enjoyment of all the human faculties! And here the historian will probably feel compelled to regret that such ambition should not have been fulfilled and*

gratified !”—Then after a few moments of silent reflection ; “ this,” said the emperor, “ is my whole history in a few words.”

IMPROPER FAMILIARITY OF DUGAZON.

BUONAPARTE retained for a long time the friendships which he had contracted at earlier periods, and having become first consul, he continued to receive at St. Cloud those friends whom he had known in his humbler fortune. What contributed to make him change his conduct in this respect was, that many of them forgot what was due to the chief of the French government, and thus forced him to remember himself. Dugazon was amongst this number: one day that he was at St. Cloud, Buonaparte remarked that the *en bon point* of this actor had increased considerably—“ How round you are growing, Dugazon,” said he, patting him on the stomach. “ Not so much as you, my little man,” replied the buffoon, allowing himself the same liberty. *The little man* said nothing, but Dugazon was never admitted into his presence again.

THE BRIENNE COURT MARTIAL.

ALL the meetings of the students of Brienne were upon a military establishment; they were formed into companies, each under the command of a captain and subaltern officers, the whole composing a battalion, having a colonel at its head. The officers were chosen by the scholars, and received decorations similar to those attached to the French uni-

form; such distinctions being conferred for pre-eminent good conduct or ability; so that they were considered by those who were fortunate enough to obtain them, as the most honourable insignia of merit. Napoleon was for a certain period chosen captain of one of the companies, but as he disdained to court the approbation of his troop, he was, shortly after, summoned before a court martial, which was called with all due solemnity, and the charges being proved against him, he was pronounced unworthy to command those comrades whose good will he despised. His sentence was to be degraded to the lowest rank in the battalion, being also stripped of the distinguishing marks of his command; to all which he submitted without deigning to show that he was in the smallest degree humiliated, by what he conceived an unmerited disgrace.

DANGER INCURRED BY NAPOLEON WHILE DRIVING HIS CALASH AT ST. CLOUD.

AT St. Cloud the emperor one day wished to drive his calash, six in hand. The horses were startled by his aid-de-camp, Cafarelli, inadvertently crossing the road in front of them. Before the emperor had time to recover the reins, the horses set off at full speed, and the calash, which rolled along with extreme velocity, struck against a railing. The emperor was thrown out to the distance of eight or ten feet, and lay stretched on the ground with his face downwards. He was, he said, dead for a few seconds. He felt the moment at which life became extinct, which he called the *negative moment*. The

first individual of the suite who alighted immediately revived him by a touch. He observed, that the mere contact suddenly restored him to life, as in the night-mare, the sufferer is relieved as soon as he can utter a cry.

MADAME PAULOWSKI.

IN his youth, Napoleon had entertained a passion for Madame de Paulowski, a Polish lady. She is one of the two women, who, after an intimate connexion with him, still retained his esteem and friendship; and he often received from her the most touching proofs of affection. On his abdication she repaired to Fontainebleau to bid him farewell: and when she learned that Maria Louisa had not followed him to the island of Elba, she repaired thither with a son she had by him, and determined to reside on the island merely as a friend, whose society might be agreeable to him. But to this Napoleon did not consent. *He could not think of giving the empress the mortification of learning, that a woman whom he had loved, though before marriage, was living in his society; and Madame de Paulowski remained only three days at Elba.*

SMART REPLY OF AN OLD GRENADIER.

A GRAND review took place at Lyons in 1815, just after the emperor had landed, on his return from Elba. The commanding officer remarked to his soldiers, that they were well clothed and well fed, that their pay might be seen on their persons:—"Yes, certainly," replied the grenadier to whom he

addressed himself.—“ Well!” continued the officer, with a confident air, “ it was not so under Buonaparte. Your pay was in arrears; he was in your debt?”—“ *And what did that signify,*” said the grenadier smartly, “ *if we chose to give him credit?*”

YOUTHFUL ENERGY IN THE CAUSE OF CORSICA.

THE attachment of Buonaparte to Corsica made him listen with the most lively interest to the various successes of the Corsican patriots in arms. Some of the French officers who had served in the island frequently repaired to the seminary at Brienne, when the conversation would turn upon the Corsican war, in the course of which they not unfrequently exaggerated the advantages they had gained over the islanders. To this Napoleon would listen in silence, occasionally, however, asking a shrewd question; but when he was confident that it was in his power to falsify a position, he would exclaim then with eagerness: “ *Are you not ashamed, gentlemen, for a momentary gratification of vanity thus to calumniate a whole nation?*” and upon one occasion in particular, after an officer had described a victory which he asserted had been gained by six hundred of the French, Buonaparte indignantly said, “ You state that there were only six hundred of you engaged, whereas I know you were six thousand, and that you were only opposed by a handful of wretched Corsican peasantry.” Upon this he ran for his journals and maps, and referring to the same for proofs, concluded by inveighing with the most biting sarcasms, upon the vainglorious boasting of French officers.

MARSHAL SOULT THE SLAVE OF HIS WIFE.

“SOULT,” said Napoleon one day to Count Las Cases, “had his faults as well as his merits. The whole of his campaign of the south of France was admirably conducted. It will scarcely be credited that this man, whose deportment and manners denoted a lofty character, was the slave of his wife. When I learned at Dresden our defeat at Vittoria, and the loss of all Spain through the mismanagement of poor Joseph, whose plans and measures were not suited to the present age, and seemed rather to belong to a Soubise than to me; I looked about for some one capable of repairing these disasters, and I cast my eyes on Soult who was near me. He said he was ready to undertake what I wished; but entreated that I would speak to his wife, by whom, he said, he expected to be reproached. I desired him to send her to me. She assumed an air of hostility, and decidedly told me that her husband should certainly not return to Spain; that he had already performed important services, and was now entitled to a little repose. “Madame,” said I to her, “I did not send for you with the view of enduring your scolding. I am not your husband; and if I were I should not be the more inclined to bear with you.” These few words confounded her; she became as pliant as a glove, turned quite obsequious, and was only eager to obtain a few conditions. To these, however, I by no means acceded; and merely contented myself with congratulating her on her willingness to listen to reason. *In critical circum-*

stances, madame," said I, " it is a wife's duty to endeavour to smooth difficulties ; go home to your husband, and do not torment him by your opposition."

PRAYER USED BY THE YOUNG KING OF ROME.

MADAME DE MONTESQUIEU seized every opportunity to inspire her august pupil with the principles of piety, for which she was herself distinguished, and accustomed him every morning and evening to address a prayer to the Almighty. After the disasters which took place in Russia, she added the following words to his infantine prayers: "Oh! Lord, inspire papa with the wish of restoring peace for the happiness of France and of us all." Napoleon happened one day to be in his son's apartments at the hour the child was about to retire to rest; Madame de Montesquieu made no alteration in the prayer, and the child repeated the words quoted above. The emperor smiled, but made no remark whatever; he knew the sentiments of the governess: she had already been courageous enough to tell him what his flatterers endeavoured to conceal, namely, how much France wished for peace, and how urgent was the necessity for it. Napoleon listened tranquilly, observed that it was his wish to restore peace, and then changed the conversation.

NAPOLEON'S IMPERIOUS MIND.

INSURRECTIONS frequently occur in the public seminaries of France, and such often took place at Brienne, where Buonaparte either figured at the head of each rebellion, or was selected to advocate

the complaints of the students against their masters. He therefore underwent upon many occasions the severest chastisement, notwithstanding which he would uniformly vindicate his conduct, but was never known to sue for pardon. He listened alike to reproaches and to reproofs, to promises and to threats, without evincing any emotions of fear or surprise. He was never humiliated by those punishments which were intended to disgrace him, and the raillery of an ungenerous comrade, or a powerful superior, was equally received with a sullen silence bordering upon contempt; in fine, he neither courted good-will nor was to be intimidated by resentment.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF LORD CORNWALLIS AT THE TREATY OF AMIENS.

“ LORD CORNWALLIS,” said the Emperor, one day at St. Helena, “ was the first Englishman who gave me, in good earnest, a favourable opinion of his nation. Cornwallis was, in every sense of the word, a worthy, good, and honest man. At the time of the treaty of Amiens, the terms having been agreed upon, *he promised to sign the next day at a certain hour. Something of consequence detained him at home, but he had pledged his word. The evening of that same day, a courier arrived from London, proscribing certain articles of the treaty, but he answered that he had signed, and he immediately came and actually did so.* We understood each other perfectly well; I had placed a regiment at his disposal, and he took pleasure in seeing its *manœuvres*. I have preserved an agreeable recollection of him

in every respect, and it is certain that a request from him would have had more weight with me, perhaps, than one from a crowned head. His family appears to have guessed this to be the case; some requests have been made to me in its name, which have all been granted."

NAPOLEON'S SECRET POLICE.

THE Emperor had organized a secret police, or system of espionage, which he superintended himself within the palace. He not only employed it for political purposes, but derived from it a kind of amusement. He was fond of knowing all the little scandalous anecdotes relative to his courtiers, and he took a particular pleasure in jeering husbands on the adventures of their wives. Having in this way discovered an intrigue of the Duchess de Bassano,—"Well," said he, one day, to the duke, "*your wife has a lover it seems.*" "I know it, sire." "*And who informed you?*" "Herself, sire; and for that reason I do not believe it." The emperor, disconcerted by this reply, struck his forehead with his hand, and said, "*Oh! how artful! how adroit these women are!*"

It was the Duke de Rovigo who had given the information which the emperor wished to make use of in teasing Bassano; to him Napoleon repeated the duke's reply. "The story is not less true," said Savary, "it is certain that, on such a day, and at such an hour, the duchess left her carriage in the Champs Elysées, hastened to get among the trees, and after walking there for about five minutes, entered by a private door, which was designedly kept half-open,

where General * * * was waiting for her.”—“ I know all that,” replied the emperor. “ I knew it before you told me; but you should also have informed me, that the duchess was, in about a quarter of an hour after, followed by another lady, in whom you have a greater interest, and who made a visit to the same general’s aide-de-camp.” The fact was correct, and the tale-bearer was not a little disconcerted to find *that the last mentioned lady was his own wife!*

AN OBLIGATION CANCELLED.

ONE of the generals had been guilty of irregularities in his department, which, had they been brought before the military tribunals, might have cost him his honour, and perhaps his life. This general had rendered the most important services to Napoleon, on the day of Brumaire. The emperor sent for, and reproached him with his misconduct. “ *However,*” said he, “ *you have laid me under obligations which I have not forgotten. I am perhaps about to transgress the laws, and to fail in my duty. I pardon you, sir; begone! but know that from this day forward we are QUIT. Take care of yourself for the future, I shall look sharply after you.*”

NAPOLEON’S QUARREL WITH JOSEPHINE.

NAPOLEON was ambitious to enjoy the glory of being the founder of a fourth royal dynasty in France; he was resolved on having an heir, and one whom, at an early age, he could model according to his own principles. He therefore began to

think of a divorce; but though he despised mankind, he still entertained some degree of respect for public opinion. Napoleon took especial care to suffer the report of his intended divorce to spread abroad, though he affected to contradict it; and he at length saw that he might venture on such a proceeding whenever he thought fit, without shocking, in any violent way, the sentiments of his subjects. Josephine maintained her ground for a considerable time. She was universally beloved; she had been styled the good star of the emperor, and she enjoyed as much ascendancy over him as it was possible for any body to gain. Besides, her manners were so replete with grace and captivation, and she knew so well how to avail herself of the power of pleasing, that she frequently averted storms, and seemed, alone, to possess the gift of calming a temper naturally imperious and irascible.

Fortune had, however, pronounced her fall, and a remarkable fatality decided it. The emperor on his return from Vienna, had directed her to meet him at Fontainebleau. She had been long accustomed to these rendezvous, which she regarded as orders, and she was always the first to reach the appointed place. On this occasion, however, Napoleon arrived full six hours before her. Vexed for having waited so long, he reproached her in a strain of language not the most choice. Josephine mortified, suffered a few harsh words to escape; observations fell from both parties of a nature, of which nothing can obliterate the remembrance. The word *divorce* was pronounced; from that moment it became the object of the emperor's most serious

consideration; it took place about four months afterwards, and was, perhaps, the origin of Napoleon's downfall, from the immoderate impulse which his second marriage gave to his ambition.

THE DEAD NO PLEA FOR A TRUCE.

UPON Buonaparte's advance to Berlin, the fourteenth bulletin that appeared, mentioned the Marquis de Lucchesini being at the advanced posts with a letter from the King of Prussia; that Magdebourg was blockaded; that General Belleard, chief of the French staff, saw there, Prince Hohenloe. The Prussian officers spoke very differently, "What," said they, "does your emperor want?—Will he continually pursue us?—We have not had a moment's repose since the battle!" They demand three days to bury our dead.—"*Think of the living,*" said the emperor, "*leave to us the care of burying the dead; there is no need of a truce for that.*"

NAPOLEON SEVEN YEARS A LIEUTENANT.

ON one occasion, on the parade, a young officer stepped out of the ranks, in extreme agitation, to complain that he had been ill used, slighted, and passed over, and that he had been five years a lieutenant, without being able to obtain promotion. "*Calm yourself,*" said the emperor, "*I was SEVEN years a lieutenant, and yet you see that a man may push himself forward for all that.*" Every body laughed, and the young officer, suddenly cooled by those few words, returned to his place.

MURAT ELEVATED TO THE RANK OF PRINCE.

WHEN Napoleon created a new nobility, he gave General Lannes the title of Duke. With this, however, the general was not satisfied, and he declared openly, that *he* deserved the title of prince better than those on whom it had been bestowed. He made no secret of the profound contempt he entertained for Murat, who, though a brave soldier, possessed no military knowledge. The day on which Murat was to return thanks for the title of prince which had been conferred on him, Lannes, with several other military officers was standing in the hall of audience. When the porter threw open the folding doors, and announced "PRINCE MURAT,"—" *Beau prince de mon c——!*" exclaimed the general aloud turning towards the officers. This language was reported to Murat who wished to send a challenge to Lannes, but the emperor forbade him. This circumstance happened about the time when Lannes was sent to Portugal.

EXPENSE OF THE EMPEROR'S TABLE AT THE TUILLERIES.

ONE million of francs was allowed for the table, and yet the expense of the emperor's own dinner did not exceed one hundred francs a day. It had never been found possible to manage to give him his dinner hot, for when once engaged in his closet, it was impossible to know when he would leave it. Therefore, when the hour of dinner arrived, a fowl was put on the spit for him every half hour; and it

has sometimes happened that several dozen have been roasted, before that which was finally set before him.

MAGNANIMOUS REPLY OF MADAME LETITIA BUONAPARTE TO PAOLI.

WHEN Paoli manifested his determination to surrender the island of Corsica to the English, the Buonaparte family continued to head the French party, and had the fatal honour of being *threatened* with a *march* of the inhabitants of the island, that is to say, they were attacked with a levy *en masse*; twelve or fifteen thousand peasants made a descent from the mountains on Ajaccio. The house occupied by Napoleon's family was pillaged and burnt, and the vines and flocks were destroyed. Madame, surrounded by a few faithful friends, wandered for some time on the sea-shore, and was at length obliged to fly to France. The Buonaparte family had always been much attached to Paoli, and he in his turn had professed particular respect towards madame. It is, however, but just to remark, that he employed persuasion before he resorted to force. "Renounce this opposition," said he, "it will prove the ruin of yourself, your family, and your fortune; you will bring irreparable misery on yourself." Madame like another Cornelia, heroically replied, "*That she, her children, and her relatives would only obey two laws,—those of duty and honour.*"

Had old Archdeacon Lucien* been living at that

* Napoleon's grand-uncle. He possessed numerous herds of goats, and defended them like a true patriarch. In his rage he reproached his nephew with being an *innovator* and blamed *philosophic ideas*, for the danger with which his goats were threatened.

time, his heart would have bled at the idea of the danger of his sheep, goats, and cattle, and his prudence would not have failed to allay the storm.

NARROW ESCAPE OF NAPOLEON AT A BOAR HUNT.

ON one occasion while hunting the wild boar at Marly, all his suit were put to flight; it was like the flight of an army. The emperor, with Soult and Berthier, maintained their ground against three enormous boars. "*We killed all three; but I received a hurt from my adversary, and nearly lost this finger,*" said the emperor, pointing to the third finger of his left hand, which indeed bore the mark of a severe wound. "But the most laughable circumstance of all was, to see the multitude of men, surrounded by their dogs, screen themselves behind the three heroes, and calling out lustily:—'*Save the emperor! save the emperor!*' while not one advanced to my assistance!"

DOMESTIC OPPOSITION TO NAPOLEON'S ELEVATION TO THE IMPERIAL THRONE.

WHEN it became known that Buonaparte had resolved to renounce the consulship for the imperial crown; his mother, Cardinal Fesch, and his brother Lucien, exerted every effort to prevail on him to give up his intention. After many useless remonstrances, the two former quitted France, in order to reside for some time at Rome. Lucien, who was almost as passionate as his brother, after a scene of violent dispute, in which he in some measure foretold all the disasters that ultimately befell Napo-

leon, bade him farewell, declaring, *that he would never consent to live under his despotism!* He accordingly departed from France with all his family, and he did not return until the hundred days. Murat was only declared King of Naples on the refusal of Lucien, who, when his brother proposed that he should accept the crown, proudly replied, that if he ever consented to assume the title of king, he was resolved to be sole master of his kingdom, and to govern it, not as a prefect, but as an independent sovereign.

JOSEPHINE'S ATTACHMENT TO NAPOLEON.

IN a conversation with Count Las Cases one day at St. Helena, the emperor said he was well convinced that he was the individual whom Josephine loved best in the world. She never failed to accompany him on all his journeys. Neither fatigue nor privation could deter her from following him; and she employed importunity and even artifice to gain her point. "If I stepped into my carriage at midnight, to set out on the longest journey, to my surprise I would find Josephine all ready prepared, though I had had no idea of her accompanying me. 'But,' I would say to her, 'you cannot possibly go, the journey is too long, and will be too fatiguing for you.'—'Not at all,' Josephine would reply.—'Besides, I must set out instantly.'—'Well, I am quite ready.'—'But you must take a great deal of luggage.'—'Oh, no! every thing is packed up;' and I was generally obliged to yield. *In a word, Josephine rendered her husband happy, and*

constantly proved herself his sincerest friend. At all times and on all occasions, she manifested the most perfect submission and devotedness; and thus I shall never cease to remember her, but with tenderness and gratitude."

REASON FOR NOT SIGNING THE TREATY OF PEACE AT DRESDEN.

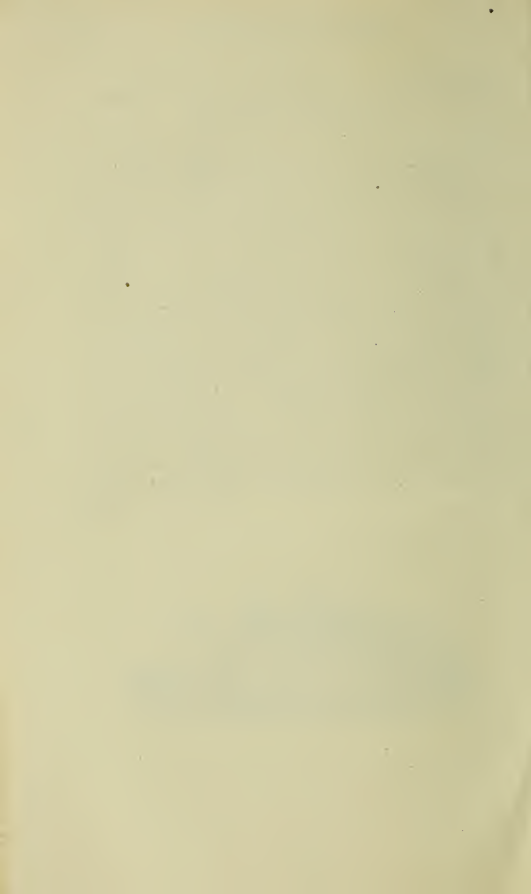
NEGOTIATIONS for peace were carried on at Dresden; previous to the battle of Leipsic the preliminaries were even agreed upon and drawn up, and Napoleon was ready to sign them, when a few imprudent words from the Duke of Bassano prevented it. "Sire," said the duke, as he presented the pen, which was to insure the tranquillity of Europe, "*for once it may be said that you do not give peace but that you receive it.*" Whether the duke had any secret motives for wishing for the continuance of the war, or whether he suffered these words to escape him without reflecting on their fatal consequences, it is impossible to decide; be this as it may, the emperor at that moment fancied he saw all the glory of his life eclipsed, and he threw down the pen, declaring that he would sign nothing. The battle of Leipsic took place a few days after, and it was followed by the defection of his allies. Napoleon was obliged to quit Germany with the same precipitation as he fled from Russia; and he was only enabled to reach Mentz through the devotion of his guards, who suffered themselves to be cut to pieces for the sake of covering his retreat.

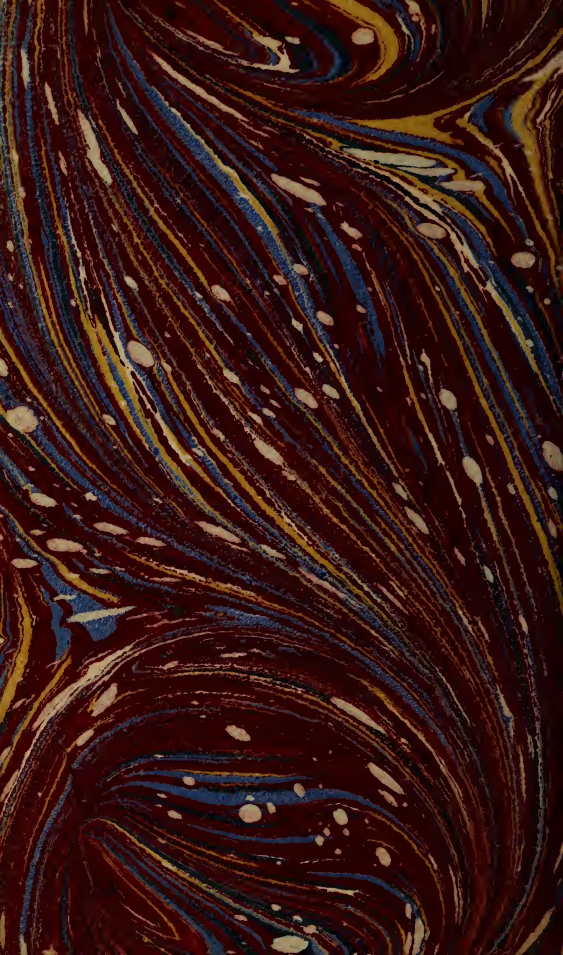
ADOPTION OF THE CHILDREN OF THE SOLDIERS
KILLED AT AUSTERLITZ.

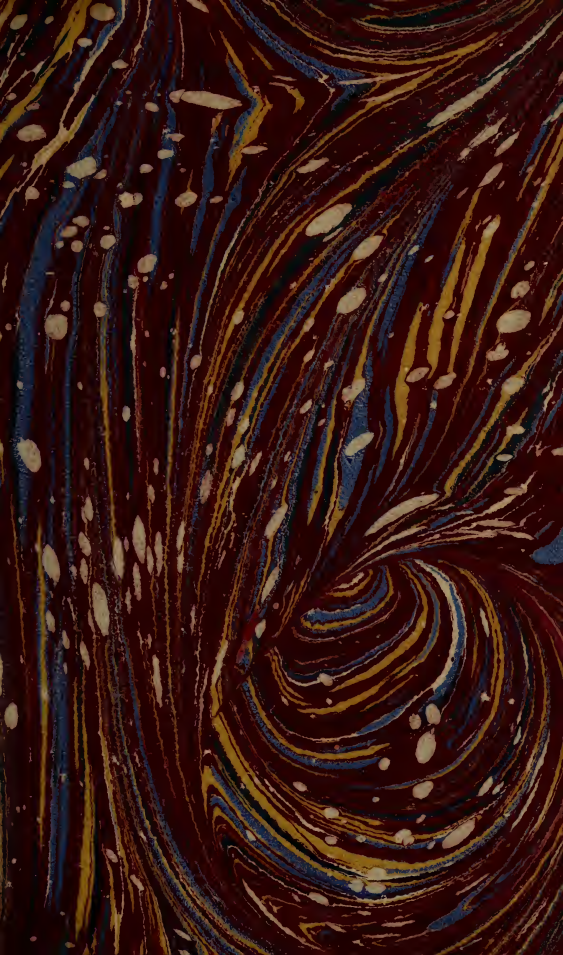
NAPOLEON adopted all the children of the soldiers and officers killed at Austerlitz, and with him, such an act would not have been one of mere form; had he lived, he would have provided for them all.

One of these youths had been fortunate enough, when yet very young, to attract the emperor's notice by some signal proof of his devotedness; Napoleon asked him what profession he would wish to embrace; and without waiting for his answer, pointed out one himself; the young man observed that his father's fortune was not sufficient to allow him to follow it. "*What has that to do with it;*" replied the emperor hastily, "*am not I also your father?*"—Those persons who have known Napoleon in his private life, and who have lived near his person, can quote a thousand traits of the same kind.









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